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THE CONTINENT IN 1835.

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SKETCHES

IN

BELGIUM, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, SAVOY, AND FRANCE;

INCLUDING HISTORICAL NOTICES;

AND

STATEMENTS RELATIVE TO THE EXISTING ASPECT OF THE PROTESTANT RELIGION IN THOSE COUNTRIES.

BY JOHN HOPPUS, M.A.

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VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

He who ventures to add to the list of travels, over regions that have become familiar to so many who leave their native shores in quest of health, or relaxation, may, perhaps, hazard, from some, the imputation of vanity, or presumption.

Others may be disposed to a more lenient construction of his motives:—he received, it may be, intense gratification from many of the objects which came under his observation:—they appeared to him invested with as great a charm of novelty, as though no one had trodden the same ground before him; and this might have been the impulse which prompted him to compose his journal on the spot, and afterwards to begin transcribing it,—originally with the view of fixing in his mind, by a permanent record, scenes which he might never more revisit. After some attention had been devoted to this review of his notes, the impression might

easily be felt, that he had materials for a volume, which might gratify some indulgent friends,—especially if they themselves had thrown into the scale, the weight of their own expressed wishes for some details.

In a manner similar to this, the author has been induced to submit the following pages to the candour of his readers: and it occurred to him that by adding some compendious historical notices, connected with the several countries, he might render the publication in some degree intructive to Young People; and that by interspersing an ordinary subject, with references to that which, of all others, is the most momentous in its bearing on the welfare of nations, and of individuals—the State and Progress of Religion, his work might not be destitute of a Moral Use.

If the author has expressed himself freely respecting the Roman Catholic religion, or the tenets that have been avowed by many of the Protestants on the Continent, he has taken the common liberty of giving utterance to his own views of Truth:—but it is his entire conviction that no body of men ought to suffer any inconvenience whatever, as members of the State, on account of their religious opinions,—or their mode of worship, so long as the latter does not necessarily involve, in itself, some overt breach of public order, or morality. Argument and persuasion are

the only proper weapons of Truth, and perfect Religious Liberty is the best arena on which she may achieve her triumphs. To withhold equal civil rights, benefits, or advantages, from any portion of our fellow-men, on account of religion, is bigotry, intolerance, and persecution:—to regard all religious opinions alike, is incompatible with maintaining the idea of a Revelation.

London, July, 1836.

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SKETCHES ON THE CONTINENT,

IN 1835.

LETTER I.

Voyage; and its contrast with one in August 1833—Landing in Belgium—Ostend—Siege of 1601—Travelling—Romanism in Belgium—Military mass at St. Peter's—English Church—Sunday Evening—Canal, and country—Bruges—Nunnery—Churches—Academy—Former prosperity, and subsequent decay of the city—Passage to Ghent—Superstition—Approach to Ghent—Ancient grandeur of Belgium—Ghent—Its vast size—Costume—Churches, and charge for funeral masses—Town-house—Grand Mass at the Cathedral in honour of Leopold's accession—Splendour of the church—Costly pulpit—Anecdote of Napoleon and the Ghent clergy—Public library and garden—Charles V.'s cannon—Trade.

My dear Friend: An evening in July, 1835, saw our party on board the Earl of Liverpool steam-boat; with the advantage before us of sleep-

'ing away part of the voyage. I rose at an early hour, and found that we had advanced far down the river, and were rapidly gliding on, with the water as smooth as glass, and every prospect of a delightful passage to Ostend.

How different the scene—when, two summers ago, some of us crossed the same sea, from Antwerp to the Thames, at the commencement of that awful storm which bestrewed the shores of the Channel with the wrecks of so many vessels, and caused so many human beings to drink death in the briny wave; and among the rest, the unhappy convicts who crowded the decks of the Amphitrite! —Then a wild, ominous blackness, and a chill whistling blast, at the outset of our voyage, were the presages of a sea that ran fearfully high, and swept over our deck, so as to imprison us all closely in the cabin; while the rapid and thundering pulsations of the steam-engine contending with the fury of the adverse winds and waves, the heaving and straining of the vessel, and her incessant rolling and clashing with the billows—added considerable apprehension of danger to the distressing malady of the sea.—Night then closed on an increasing storm, and the friendly beacons looked dim on the shore, long ere we were permitted to reach it—having escaped, by the gracious providence of Heaven, the more hair-breadth danger that awaited the passengers in the Talbot, from

Ostend, whom the merest casualty had prevented us from joining; and who, after bearing all the brunt of the storm for two whole nights and the intervening day, were wrecked in the harbour from which they had set out; some being washed into the sea out of the small boat, though happily without loss of life.

But now all was the reverse—a brilliant sun—a calm, luxurious atmosphere, breathing but a zephyr over the mighty expanse, without sensibly affecting the motion of the vessel; which moved so steadily along, that but for the sound of the rushing water, we might almost have imagined ourselves propelled across the surface of a vast solid mirror, whose varied and ever-changing tints blended beautifully with the reflected azure of the heavens. An agreeable company of between thirty and forty persons, the placid easy countenances of the helmsman and the sailors, and the quiet leisure air that pervaded the whole party, conspired with the weather to give a character to this voyage, in no way more formidable than that of a trip on the Clyde from Glasgow to Dumbarton, or from London to Richmond on the Thames. —The declining sun was pouring an undiminished flood of golden light upon the sea behind us, when our near approach to the low flat shore of OSTEND, and the foreign appearance of the church, the lighthouse, and the town-hall, announced that we

had measured the gulf which has been the appointed guardian of Britain's independence; and has proved to her a more powerful defence than a rampart of Alps, or a standing army equal to the hosts of Xerxes. The distance from London is about one hundred and thirty miles, but land was not out of sight more than two or three hours.

This harbour is one of the finest in Europe: and the basin and the sluices, chiefly the work of Joseph II. of Austria, deserve notice. The town itself is very strongly fortified, recalling to the mind the deeds of war, of which it has been the scene—especially that memorable siege, begun in 1601, which ended, after three years, in its capitulation to Albert of Austria, to whom the Netherlands were given with the Infanta of Spain, by Philip II. In enforcing the claim of Albert, 80,000 Spaniards perished in the trenches of Ostend; 50,000 of the inhabitants, and of the garrison, fell victims to famine, pestilence, and the sword; and the conquerors were at length masters, not of a town, but of a heap of ruins. Such is the devastation of war!

The walk between the ramparts and the sea is magnificent, and is the great point of attraction during the bathing season; and the sea-view, along an extensive shore of sand, is exceedingly fine. The town is respectable in its appearance, and the

size of many of its buildings gives it an imposing air.—Here began that interminable annoyance to the English traveller, the passport and searching system. This settled—and the scramble for us among the inn-keepers' agents over—we were comfortably domiciliated, with about a dozen other English people, at the *Cour Impériale.* Some of the party with whom we had crossed the water, set off immediately for Brussels; and the clumsy and inelegant carriage that was provided for them, drawn by horses of unequal height, very indifferently harnessed, and with rope traces, reminded us that we were no longer in our own land. The large white caps of the women, the hoods of their black cloaks, used instead of bonnets, and the appearance and sound of their wooden shoes, tended to confirm the impression that all around us was foreign.

To the English, who, happily, are not accustomed to see Popery as a national religion, the churches on the continent, almost always open, are objects of curious, and often of painful interest. Belgium, from the times of the Spanish dominion, and the terrors of the Spanish sword in support of Romanism, became almost proverbial for bigotry and superstition; and it may seem extraordinary that the present pope is reported to have declared, that the two countries which now give him the most satisfaction, are Belgium and America;—

for it is said that in America, the Jesuits have made not a little impression by their schools.

St. Peter's church is showily ornamented in the interior with images and pictures, but contains little that is remarkable. We observed at the altar of the Virgin, many small waxen models of arms, legs, teeth, and the like; which had been hung up as offerings in her honour, for cures supposed to have been received through her agency: the same was the case at other altars. In this way do these poor devotees worship the creature rather than the Creator! On the outside of the church, in carved and painted wood, is a horrible representation of purgatory. The poor wretches are seen tortured in a flaming dungeon, and their countenances have a truly piteous expression of beseeching agony. An inscription in Flemish appeared to be an appeal to the compassion of the passer by, to help the miserable souls in purgatory, by money and good works! There is also outside the north door, in a glass case, an image of the Virgin, as large as life, attired in a flowing white-muslin veil; a long taper is placed on each side, which, if lighted, in so narrow a space, would apparently expose *our lady* to no small danger, and might render necessary the manufacture of another goddess. Beneath this case is an inscription, stating that the Holy Virgin is the *help of man, particularly in death!* This is the common doctrine of popery,

and the Virgin may, without much allowance for figure, be said to be the great idol of the Romish community. There is also, in another case, an image of Christ; or, in the language of the Catholics, a *bon Dieu;* and at each of these two places, as well as at the Purgatory, is a strong chest, with a chink for money: the Virgin, however, seemed to have more visitors than either the Saviour or the tormented souls.

It was Saturday evening when we arrived at Ostend. On the following morning, previously to attending the Protestant service, we again looked into the church to witness the Catholic worship. A regiment of soldiers marched in, with drums beating, and took their position in the middle aisle. At the moment when the priest appeared in his gorgeous mantle at the altar, bowing in solitary pomp before the holy symbol, the drums saluted him with a sort of *rappel,* which continued for some time. The effect, viewed as connected with the professed worship of God, was irreverent in the extreme. Mass began, and the soldiers still wore their caps, and appeared totally indifferent to the service, as though it were not *meant* for *them.* The officers, especially, in their gay regimentals, seemed very smiling and careless. The service was the military mass, and was very short; for, in these parts, soldiers appear to be a sort of privileged beings; even religion must accommodate itself to

their convenience; and it is too evident that their profession is but ill-adapted to cherish habits of devotion. They certainly did not seem to take the smallest interest in what was going on, any more than if they had been keeping guard in a Hindoo temple: the people in general, however, with whom the church was filled, were apparently very devout. It is impossible not to pity the people;—they so often appear simple and sincere: but to believe that the priests do not know better, is felt to be a somewhat greater demand on charity; though we should never forget to make allowances for their very exclusive and bigoted education.

We now repaired to the English episcopal church —a plain, neat place, without galleries, but containing a small organ, and capable of holding about three hundred persons; which is more than double the number that was present. The sermon was practical and useful, and was delivered in a very distinct and becoming manner. There is a pew in this church appropriated to the king; and we were told that when Leopold comes to Ostend, he appears to join devoutly in the Protestant service. The Archbishop of Mechlin, however, was employed to baptize the heir apparent to the Belgian crown: this was one of those compromises, in a Protestant Prince, which may be regarded, perhaps, as a necessary piece of *worldly policy*; but even the stability of a throne is dearly purchased

by such a sacrifice.—Many of the shops were open, and others half-open, during the day; but in the afternoon, all semblance of the Christian sabbath appeared to be thrown off; the coffee-houses and public-places were crowded; and, later in the evening, all the children and young girls of the place seemed to be gathered together for the purpose of dancing.

Early on the following morning, we were on our way to Bruges, on board the *Elégante Messagère*, a very convenient vessel, drawn along a magnificent canal, by horses on its bank, through a very flat, but rich and well-cultivated country. Not far from Ostend, were pointed out the remains of one of the old mills for sawing timber, of which there were twenty in a row, during the period of the Belgic wealth and industry; but the French destroyed these machines, or took away their works, at the time of the great revolution. Yet, though the trade, and the glory of the olden days of Belgium, are departed, the fertility of nature remains, and our eyes were greeted by the plenteous harvest, now standing in luxuriant sheaves in the beautiful corn-fields; while, here and there, the sound of the matin-bell was obeyed by neatly-dressed worshippers, repairing along the banks of the canal to church. Protestants might learn many lessons from Roman Catholics; and, among the rest, their habit of early devotion.

Bruges pleased us much: it is situated in a rich plain, about twelve miles from Ostend; and is a very fine city,—exceedingly clean, and with a considerable appearance of business. The lofty and curious tower of the Town-House, in the spacious square, is a striking object, consisting of two structures,—the lower being square, and supporting another which is octangular; and the brilliant and musical *carillon*, or chimes, the finest it is said in Belgium, which are continually telling in shrill, yet harmonious tones, of the lapse of time, unite with the antiquated and sombre grandeur of many of the buildings, to lend to the scene an impression of romance. In the convent of St. Jean, to which we obtained admission, some beautiful old paintings were shown, which carried us back four hundred years, into the midnight depths of superstition. The dress of the nuns presented another unaltered feature of the Romish dominion over mind and conscience. In the gallery of the gloomy chapel, which is paved with black and white marble, the inmates, who are in number twenty-two, were chanting in a tone which sounded dolorous and servile, and any thing but the accent of happy, cheerful piety: it was like the mechanical responses of charity children, but vastly more plaintive; and we fancied that these poor recluses could not fail to draw many a painful contrast between their own formal

and monotonous existence, and the light-heartedness they witness in those travellers whom curiosity attracts to their dull convent.

The churches in this city are fine. St. Anne's is a handsome building in the Grecian style, and was under repair. The cathedral of St. Donato is a large and massive, but somewhat inharmonious structure, containing the tomb of John Van Eyck, the inventor of painting in oil,—two of whose pictures are here. The interior of this church, as well as that of Nôtre Dame, is richly ornamented with paintings, and with carved altars, pulpits, and confessionals. Nôtre Dame and Saint Salvador are both numerously peopled with statues. In the former were uncovered the magnificent tombs of Charles the Bold, and his daughter Mary, of the house of Burgundy; which, in the fifteenth century, united in itself the petty sovereignties of the Netherlands. These gorgeous sepulchres present the figures of the duke and his daughter, of copper gilt, in a reclining posture; and were repaired by order of Napoleon. This church is also said to contain the splendid vestments of Thomas à Becket, adorned with precious stones; but we did not see these memorials of that proud, ambitious saint. It has also one of those magnificently carved pulpits, so frequent in the Netherlands, which a Protestant can scarcely gaze on without thinking of the

contrast there is between the simplicity of the gospel and the pomp of some of these half-heathen temples. The splendour of St. Salvador in candelabra, altars, marble, and paintings, is extreme: the screen, of black and white marble, is furnished with gates of brass; and the walls of the church are adorned with the productions of the genius of Van Os, of Cels, and of Vandyke. Here were exposed for sale, wax tapers, models of saints, and their legendary tales in the form of small tracts. Several of the tapers were purchased by devotees, and immediately placed before some favourite image. A party of women entered the church, and either to save trouble, or exhibit friendship, one dipped her finger into the holy water, and gave a hasty touch to the rest: this sufficed as a preparation for approach to the altar. In all these churches are chests, some of them very large, placed before the pictures and altars; indeed, scarcely a saint is without his money-box.

Bruges was once eminently distinguished for the fine arts; and it still possesses an academy containing some fine old paintings, and a handsome room for the sittings of the members. The *tragical* generally leaves a more powerful impression on the mind than the beautiful; and one piece here struck us as peculiarly horrible, representing a man being flayed alive, in the most formal and solemn manner, by several executioners; but the history

of this painting we did not learn, as the woman who attended us could speak not a word of any thing but Flemish.—The number of priests seen walking in the streets of this city, the very marked appearance which their black robes and cocked hats give to them, their courtly and perpetual bows to the citizens, and their politeness to strangers, stamp a decided character on the scene, which cannot fail to be felt by the traveller who has recently left England.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Bruges was the mart of nations; and during the period of its prosperity, a forest of shipping might be seen in its port of Sluys. It was a leading city of the Hanseatic league, which was a confederation of sixty towns for the protection and advancement of commerce; and here was the grand depôt of their naval stores. The merchants of all nations had their magazines and their consuls, in this place—the heart of European trade; and eighteen Gothic mansions, adorned with towers, statues, and coats of arms, still remain, as memorials of the past, to testify what was once the commercial glory and the wealth of Bruges. The queen of France, when in this city in 1301, is said to have exclaimed, 'I thought I should have been the only queen here; I find, however, there are hundreds more.' But luxury and pride, in connexion with political dissensions, and

quarrels with the ruling powers, proved the ruin of this immense trade; and, like Tyre of old, Bruges fell from her envied and dangerous elevation. The Hanseatic league withdrew their factories from the place, in a great measure on account of the haughty and overbearing spirit manifested towards them by the citizens; and Maximilian of Austria, husband of the sole daughter and heiress of Charles the Bold, blocked up the port. Bruges never recovered this blow, though it has still a considerable trade, and is a flourishing town. Many retired merchants reside here; and many English families have selected Bruges as their residence, considering it one of the cheapest and most agreeable places of abode.

Another boat took us to Ghent, through a country still more richly cultivated, and considerably wooded. This canal is not so wide as that between Ostend and Bruges; but the landscape is prettier, and more enclosed, often adorned with rows of trees along the water side, and occasionally interspersed with quantities of linen, the industry of the country, bleaching on the banks; while the vessels we every now and then met, of the same description as our own, coming from Ghent, added life and bustle to the otherwise magnificent monotony of these straight and unvarying canals. Another circumstance, however, tended to relieve the dullness, though

not in the most pleasant way; for one of our track-horses suddenly became restive, and kicked and plunged in such a manner as to be within a little of thrusting the two other horses, and the driver, down the high and steep bank into the water; the vessel at the same time was violently jerked, so as almost to throw us, for the moment, off our feet; but the rope was instantly detached, and after ten minutes' delay we proceeded in safety: the same horse, we were told, had, a few days before, dragged the two others into the canal. Most of the horses we saw in this part of Belgium were large and powerful; and the wagons had an antique, but not inelegant appearance.—Everywhere in this fine country you either see the sombre and monastic remnants of former superstition, in the ancient and heavy buildings which remain as its representatives; or you trace its lingering forms on the living population. We had observed that many of the young women of the country wore a ring on the fourth finger of the right hand; this we were informed by a very intelligent lady on board, is used as a kind of *charm*,—it having been *blessed by the priest*, and being designed to drive away from the wearer all evil! Is it possible that the priests can believe this?

As we approached GHENT, several country seats adorned the banks of the canal; and the

sun, which was setting immediately behind us, poured along the extended line of water a glowing but chastened radiance, and beautifully illuminated the distant vista; which with the richness of the fields and plantations, formed a scene of quiet glory; and as the light diminished, the double lines of trees extending for a league in length up to Ghent, and a massy tower closing the view, and reflected in the water with the dark foliage of the trees on both sides, produced, as we drew nearer, an effect of peculiar solemnity and grandeur. The shadows of the past seemed to hover over the scene; and fancy could not but dwell upon the times of which these canals are the splendid monuments:—the Burgundian and Spanish dynasties seemed present to imagination;—the former splendour and opulence of a country that possessed resources greater than any other part of the vast empire of Charles V.;—the cruelties of the Spanish dominion;—the deep and murderous bigotry of the papal church, aided by the arm of the civil power;—the atrocities of the infamous Duke of Alva;—and whatever memory recalled that was illustrious, or tragical, in the history of this remarkable country; which, especially in this part of it, seems to the traveller to abound in images and memorials of decayed grandeur.

It was the dusk of the evening before we arrived at the *Hotel de Flandre*, having been seven hours

travelling about thirty miles—the distance from Bruges. The charge for four persons, was eight francs, or scarcely twenty pence each;—from Ostend to Bruges only seven francs and a half, including breakfast: these conveyances, however, are certainly somewhat tedious, but the country is seen to more advantage than from the inside of a carriage. The next morning we set out to explore some parts of this vast city, which is three miles in length, and about seven in circumference, with a population of eighty thousand. This town was once larger than Paris, which led to the *bon-mot* of Charles V., who said he could put all Paris into his glove, (Gand.) Almost all the women we met in the streets wore cloaks which seemed far more adapted to winter than to an oppressively hot day in summer. We also observed that, generally, they had ornaments, apparently of gold, such as chains, clasps, and rings. Ghent might employ the traveller a week, but we could spare no more than a day. It is much larger than Bruges, but less pleasing in its general appearance; though the views of the massy ranges of buildings from some of its three hundred bridges over the canals which surround it, and from some other points, are fine. In the church of St. Michael, the objects that struck us were eleven rich and splendid altars; an *ecce homo*, or a statue of Christ crowned with thorns; Vandyke's beautiful painting of the cru-

cifixion; and some other pieces of great merit: —in short, finer efforts of the pencil, ancient and modern, than we had before seen since we landed. The nave of this edifice is admired for its bold and imposing effect. The organ also is remarkable, resembling a large shrine—an idea that has been imitated in the beautiful new church at Margate. The interior of St. Nicholas is handsome:—but that of the church of the Dominicans presented a striking exhibition of decay; its old pictures, altars, and ornaments, all being faded in the extreme. Our guide, who seemed intelligent, and not very well affected towards the priests, informed us, while in this church, that they are frequently very exorbitant in their charges for masses for the dead; and that the expense of the highest funeral service amounts to an enormous sum.

The university, founded in 1816, is a handsome edifice, with a numerous staff of professors, and four or five hundred students: it contains a very fine hall with a number of pictures highly worth seeing, among which are many modern works. The Town-Hall is magnificent and immense, with a front which has nearly a hundred windows: this splendid edifice, however, is too much confined to be seen to advantage. The deep and sonorous sound of the bell of the ancient Belfry Tower, the lower part of which is

used as a prison, now arrested our attention; and we found that this day was the fourth anniversary of the accession of Leopold. We hastened to the splendid cathedral of St. Bavon, rich in black and white marble; and in this land of costly churches one of the finest. At eleven o'clock a most pompous mass began, performed by richly-dressed priests, and accompanied with the musical thunder of the pealing organ reverberating through the aisles; so that the whole effect was very striking. But, oh—to call this divine worship! some people were walking about; some crossing themselves at the receptacle for holy water; some gazing at the magnificent altars; others down on their knees praying by themselves, and appearing to have no sympathy with the general service. The church was crowded with military, who as they stood in their ranks down the nave, talked and laughed in the most unconcerned manner possible. It was truly a strange mixture of a holiday, with all the genuflections, and bowings, and mummery of popery. The church was hung with pictures in tapestry; and the Bishop of Ghent, attended by a great number of his clergy, was present on the occasion, in his robes and mitre, as the great hierophant of these unmeaning ceremonies, which were also attended by the municipal authorities. We obtained a very good place, not far from the high altar, and had an excellent view of the whole

affair, which was certainly showy enough;—but as a religious service truly melancholy. When mass was over, the bishop passed down the aisle between the soldiers to give them his blessing; which, to judge from appearances, they did not very highly value. We were now at leisure to survey the church, which has no less than twenty-four side chapels, adorned with a profusion of pictures, and rich in brass and marble. The pulpit, of oak and white marble, is beautiful, and is supported by several large white marble figures of admirable expression: it cost, said the man who attended us, 120,000 florins, upwards of 10,000*l.*—a goodly price for a pulpit, and one that might have sufficed for several apostolic churches! There are also, here, some fine tombs, especially that of Bishop Trieste, who gave the four splendid candelabra near the altar:—the statue of the bishop is admirable.

Perhaps there are few incidents which convey to the mind a stronger impression of the absolute authority of the great modern autocrat—the deposer and the maker of potentates and powers, civil and ecclesiastical, than the anecdote related of him by Mr. Boyce, in his 'Belgian Traveller.' The Prince of Broglio, Bishop of Ghent, had offended Napoleon; who, in consequence, imprisoned him, and supplied his place by a successor. The indignant clergy would not say

mass with the new bishop, nor in any way acknowledge his authority. The imperial autocrat, with his usual despatch, immediately ordered the ecclesiastics, to the number of two hundred and seventy, to be marched off to Antwerp, to work at the fortifications then going on at that place! —Who, in Europe, in the nineteenth century, could have ventured on such a command, but either the Czar of all the Russias, from his icy palace on the Neva;—or the Turk under the sanction of the scymitar and the holy crescent;—or Buonaparte himself!

We visited the public library, formerly the church of a convent, and well adapted for the reception of ten thousand volumes: it is furnished with a curious machine for using a great many books together, and turning them, as convenience may require, with no danger of their falling off. The shades of the Botanic garden near the library, were very grateful after the intense heat of the town. On returning to the inn, we passed near the linen market, or *Marché de Vendredi*, the enormous cannon, eighteen feet long and three wide, which Charles V. placed here, to keep the citizens in awe. The town has grown up around the old castle in which this monarch was born: it has been a place of prodigious trade, and still carries on manufactures to a great extent.

LETTER II.

Road to Antwerp through the Pays de Waes—Traces of the siege of 1832—Changed feeling towards Catholic clergy, and remark of Bishop Hall—Expense of travelling—Passage across the Scheldt from the Tête de Flandre—Antwerp—Hotel d'Antoine—Former vast trade, and wealth—Cathedral—Quintin Matsys—Church of the Dominicans, and its Calvary, and Purgatory—Church of the Jesuits—Museum—Citadel—Bombardment of the city by the Dutch in 1830—Siege and capture of the citadel by the French in 1832—Impressive effect of contrast—Waelham—Mechlin—Cathedral; its massy pulpit—Vilvorde—William Tyndale—Anticipations from the rail-road system—Brussels—Hotel de Brabant—Passport—Town-house—St. Gudule—Extraordinary pulpit—Jubilee of two hundred and fifty years in honour of the Très-Saint Sacrement de Miracle; and the origin of this festival—Ignorance—Manner in which devotions are sometimes performed—Nôtre Dame—St. Jacques—Park—Peter the Great—Palace of the Prince of Orange—Palace of the States General—Museum—Université Libre de Belgique.

My dear Friend: On leaving the great and important city of Ghent, we passed through the towns of Lokeren and St. Nicholas, to Antwerp. This country, which is called the Pays de Waes, is famed as a complete model of agricultural industry. Every part is in the highest state of cultivation,

and bears traces of the immense and unwearied labour, which has overcome the natural sterility of the sandy soil, and has rendered this tract a continued garden; it is scattered over with houses, and occasionally a handsome château presents itself. The roads are paved, in consequence of the looseness of the soil, which occasions a great deal of dust. The country is much enclosed, and there is an abundance of hemp and flax. Some lace-makers sitting at their doors at work on the pillow, reminded us of some parts of England. As we approached Antwerp the scene entirely changed; large tracts being covered with sand, and the inundations which remain, presenting a gloomy contrast of the wasting effects which have followed in the train of war, to the cheerful results of human industry; for these desolations, having the appearance of widely-extended lakes and marshes, were occasioned by the Dutch cutting through the dykes, during the late siege, in order to lay the country under water.

We had three or four priests, as fellow-travellers, in another part of the diligence, each with a book under his arm, and looking very clerical; every time the diligence stopped they immediately got down, and went into the inn; and on inquiring the cause which, in perfect simplicity, we thought might be some Romish errand, we were amused at the reply of a lady who travelled with us, in the

interior, *Ah Monsieur, les prêtres ont toujours soif!* The public feeling towards the priests, even in this favourite land of popery, is changed since the time when, upwards of two centuries ago, good Bishop Hall thought himself in danger, at Antwerp, in gazing on a procession of holy fathers, in consequence of his 'willing unreverence;' had not, as he says; 'the hulk of a tall Brabanter* shadowed' him from notice. As a specimen of the travelling charges, by diligence, in this country, it may be stated that we paid twenty-two francs, in the *intérieur*, or about four and sixpence each; the distance is thirty-two miles. The most disagreeable part of this journey was crossing the Scheldt, in a small crowded boat, from the *Tête de Flandre* to Antwerp, which in rough weather, must be a great inconvenience; as the distance is nearly half a mile. The lofty tower of the cathedral, rearing itself to heaven in solitary pre-eminence, has a remarkable effect across the water. The magnificent *Hotel d'Antoine* in the *Place Verte* received us. At the table d'hôte some very free remarks were made respecting Leopold; and the impression appeared to be that he was not very firmly seated on the throne—but time will prove;—his alliance with France is certainly his palladium.

ANTWERP is a most imposing city: the quays and basin are grand works, constructed by Napoleon:

* Jones's Life of Bishop Hall.

the *Place de Mer*, in which is a royal mansion, is considered one of the most magnificent streets in Europe; and the stately, antique edifices, which here and elsewhere rear themselves, as the representatives of ages that are past, have a solemn and impressive effect, and silently record the story of departed greatness. But the general appearance of the city is much injured by the intermixture of sumptuous buildings with inferior houses; and the want of pavement is greatly felt here, as is the case in many continental towns. The splendid Town-House, in the great market-place, may be regarded as the tomb of Antwerp's glory;—for its date, of the latter part of the sixteenth century, is coeval with that of the decay of the commerce of what was once the paragon of cities. The Exchange, which furnished the model of that of London, was built at the beginning of the same century.

When the trade of Bruges declined, Antwerp rose at the expense of the sister emporium; the Italian, Hanseatic, and English merchants, were now seen to frequent the Scheldt; and in the time of Charles V. this city became the liveliest, the most commercial, and the most splendid in Europe. From the waters that paid their homage to its renown, the fruits of Flemish industry found their way to Arabia and the East; the productions of both the Indies, of Turkey, and of all trading countries from north to south, might be seen in its vast magazines, and

its crowded markets; and Flemish bills were accepted in every quarter of the globe. In the middle of the 16th century, the Scheldt often bore on its bosom, at the same time, two thousand sail of merchantmen; and it was not uncommon for five hundred, daily, to enter and leave the port; while the weekly arrivals of carts and wagons, from various parts of the continent, were prodigious, and almost surpassing belief. The fortunes of the Antwerp merchants were such as kings might envy; and it is related that when Charles V. had accepted an invitation to dine with one of them, of whom he had borrowed nearly a million sterling, the citizen-Crœsus threw the security into the fire, saying, that the honour his imperial guest had done him was equal to the value of the bill. But Antwerp was destined to see the wane of her glory: civil despotism, and ecclesiastical oppression, under the galling yoke of Rome-ridden Spain, combined with the scourge of war, destroyed her immense trade; and she has been for centuries but the shadow of her former self.

The cathedral is a magnificent gothic pile, of vast dimensions, with a tower of exquisite proportion and beauty, and the loftiest but one in Europe; from which, on a former visit to this place, on the way to Holland, I enjoyed a view, to an immense extent, of a very flat, highly cultivated, and populous country. The nave of this church is con-

sidered to be unrivalled in Belgium; and as there is no screen, the view is uninterrupted, and on entering, the fine effect of the spacious interior is at once felt. An immense number of vaulted arcades are supported by massive pillars, to form the aisles, which are more numerous than in most of the cathedrals in Christendom. The absence of showy ornament adds much to the impression, which, as you enter at the west door, is chiefly that of simple majesty and grandeur. Here are Rubens's celebrated pictures, the *Elevation of the Cross*, and the *Descent*. The painting of the *Descent from the Cross*, in the north transept, attracts all eyes: the ghastly but superhuman countenance of the dead Saviour, and the deeply impressive effect of the whole scene, strongly arrest the amateur, whatever defects the professional connoisseur may detect in this master-piece. The *Ascension of the Virgin*, also by Rubens, adorns the high altar. There are some other beautiful pieces by the same and other hands, among which is a head of Christ, in the chapel of the Virgin, painted on marble by Vandyke. The superb organ; the pulpit; the marble pavement of the choir; the admirable imitation of bas-relief, in painting, at the back of the high altar; the exquisitely-sculptured tomb of Bishop Ambrose Capello, by Verbruggen; the altar-piece; the candelabra, and the supporters of the cross, at the

altar; a picture of the agony in the garden, in a side chapel, with a striking expression of resignation; some relics of saints; and, to crown the whole, the figure of the Virgin as large as life, holding in her hand a large doll, representing the child Jesus, both being dressed in a very costly manner, with candles burning before them,—were the principal remaining objects that attracted our attention, in surveying this proud and spacious temple of error. Near the west front of the church, is the ornamental iron pump, made by the famous blacksmith, Quintin Matsys, before his love for the daughter of Flors made him a painter, in order to conciliate the good-will of her father, himself an artist. The tomb of Matsys, near the same spot, bears the inscription, *Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem.*

The church of the Dominicans is exceedingly handsome; and the orange-trees which were placed regularly under the arches had a very pleasing effect. Here was an immense and magnificent organ, many pictures of scenes in the life of Christ, splendid confessionals, all supported by saints and angels in carved wood, beautifully executed; some fine statues; a figure of St. Eligius with his unapostolic mitre, and living devotees bowing before him; and everywhere money-boxes: one of the figures which support the pulpit had an aperture, oddly enough, cut in his breast to receive

contributions. The outside of this church, and the backs of a number of houses, form an open space, which is the most popular resort of superstition in Antwerp; being a very remarkable specimen of those contrivances called *Calvaries*. In the corner of the area or court, at the end of the path leading across it, rock upon rock is piled up to a great height, in rude and striking, though artificial grandeur; and the whole place is crowded with statues of scriptural, legendary, and angelic personages. On the top of the dark rocks is the Saviour, on the cross; many yards below, an angel is catching, in a chalice, a large stream of blood which is made to pour from his side; and under a rude arch at the base of the rocks, and below the level of the ground, is the holy sepulchre, where lies an image of Christ, pale and enshrouded in death, like a corpse laid out. A little to the left, in a gloomy recess, is represented all that imagination can conceive of the horrors of the purgatorial torment—agonized wretches with the most ghastly expression of countenance, are confined in the midst of fierce, red flames, behind bars of massy strength, and seem, from the dungeon of their tortures, to cast imploring looks on the spectators; who, if Catholics, very readily understand the meaning to be a request for a prayer on their behalf, or for alms to procure masses for their deliverance from this fiery prison! The cloisters

of the church lead to this superstitious spot, and people were continually coming in and going out, who explained to us the various objects in reverential whispers. Here, one would be kneeling at a distance, with arms outstretched towards the scene of the crucifixion; another pondering at the sepulchre; and a third crossing himself, as he entered the place where the carving representing purgatory inspired him with ghostly horror! What a system for enslaving the minds of men with gloomy terrors!

The church of the Jesuits, which has been reopened since the Revolution of 1830, is not large, but its front is extremely rich and imposing: its interior is highly ornamented, and more obtrusively marked by superstition than many other churches, having in the centre a large canopy, beneath which were figures of the Virgin and Child, dressed in the most costly manner, and before them four wax-candles, and many tapers, burning: the candelabra, and the ornaments in general, are splendid, and the architecture is in the Grecian style. Myrtles, pomegranates, orange-trees, with the finest oleanders, and other flowers, in the richest bloom, decorated this temple. What benefits might not have been conferred on mankind, had but a portion of that wealth which has been so abundantly lavished in adorning the apostasy of Rome, been devoted to the alleviation of the temporal and spiritual miseries of the world!

Before leaving this interesting and solemn-looking city, we paid a visit to the Museum, which contains many of the works of Rubens, some of which students were copying. Among those we admired most, was Christ crucified between the thieves, which is exceedingly expressive; also the Virgin and the Infant Jesus: the Burial of Christ, by Matsys, is beautiful;—the countenance is death itself, and the expression of grief in some of the females is exquisite. There are also other paintings in this fine collection, by Matsys, Albert Durer, Martin de Vos, Vandyke, Jordaens, and other masters. Here also is Flors's hideous, but well-executed painting of the Fallen Angels, who are represented as transformed into all imaginable monstrous and horrible shapes: on the body of one of these is the bee which Matsys painted in the absence of Flors, who on his return was about to brush it off, when he discovered that Matsys had become a painter. Here, too, Rubens's chair is preserved; and in another part of the building is a collection of statues by Flemish masters, chiefly copied from the antique.

On a sultry afternoon, we set off to explore the Citadel, which was strangely contrasted with what it was when I saw it, several years ago, when behind its parapets were standing the furnaces for red-hot shot, which were employed in the late conflict between the Dutch and Belgians. This fortress is,

or rather *was*, a monument of the Spanish dominion, having been constructed in 1568, under the direction of the Duke of Alva. During the progress of the Revolution of 1830, the Dutch retired into it, being driven from the city, on which it opened a dreadful fire, for seven hours, with two or three hundred pieces of cannon, showering down a storm of bomb-shells, and red-hot shot; burning the vast entrepôt, the arsenal, and many houses, amidst the terrors and shrieks of the flying inhabitants; who endeavoured, through this terrible cannonade, to make their escape over the flooded fields; while, all night long, the roar of artillery was heard at Brussels, and the blazing magazines, in which there happened to be a great quantity of sulphur, threw the terrific glare of war over a space of twenty leagues around.

The Dutch were not dislodged from this stronghold till December 1832; when France and England united to compel them to fulfil the conditions of the treaty of the Five Powers, to which, as relating to the surrender of this fortress, the Dutch King was understood to have previously consented, by accepting the articles of the protocols. Immense lines of batteries were thrown up, in the adjacent fields, by Marshal Gerard, the French general; who, with a large army, countenanced by the presence of the English fleet at the mouth of the Scheldt, wrested this last fortress from the tenacious grasp of the

Dutch, after a three weeks' siege, on which all Europe looked with the most intense interest, from the possibility that the drama of the revolution might not end in this scene, but lead to a general war; which happily, however, has not been the case. The citadel was literally razed to the ground; but now, at the distance of two years and a half, it exhibits considerable symptoms of restoration. The underground communications conveyed the idea of great strength; and we here saw the apartments occupied by General Chassé. The perfect silence and solitariness of the extensive grassy area, and of the adjacent country, over which the death-bearing shell once traced its fiery path in every direction in the sky, and the quiet repose of the neighbouring city, and its superb cathedral-tower, seen in the sultry atmosphere of an intensely hot and brilliant afternoon, excited those powerfully contrasted feelings, which can scarcely be realised but on the very locality of great events. The storm of human passions, more terrible than any elemental war, was now hushed into a calm; and the very stillness that reigned around seemed eloquent to tell of the madness and folly of mankind.

On our way to Brussels, having passed through Waelham, one of the principal scenes of the revolutionary conflict between the Dutch and Belgians, we stopped for the night at MECHLIN, or Malines, which is an open, handsome town, with lofty and

spacious houses, having the usual antique gable-end fronts with squared edges; and in this land of fair cities, Mechlin made less impression on us, only in consequence of the very fine towns we had already seen. It is distant about twelve miles from Antwerp. In 1672, in the war which issued in the rejection of the Spanish yoke by the seven Provinces of Holland, and in the confirmation of the bondage of the other Netherlands, this town was the scene of the most unprovoked and brutal cruelties of the soldiers of the notorious Alva.

The cathedral is the metropolitan church of Belgium: its massy tower, of extraordinary height, would have been almost a second Babel, had the original design for its elevation been executed; but though unfinished, it is still a sufficiently towering monument of ecclesiastical ambition. This church is certainly a magnificent edifice, and one of the most striking we had seen, for its architecture, its statues, and its remarkable pulpit, which is an enormous mass of carved wood, adorned with figures.

On the continent you are continually reminded, in some way or other, of war: on our return from the church, a detachment of soldiers was marching through the town, escorting a train of artillery, each piece of cannon being drawn on a carriage by six horses; we could not but reflect with grateful pleasure on the isolation of our own land from foreign enemies, and the consequent ex-

emption it enjoys from the necessity of being always in a hostile attitude.

The country from Antwerp to this place was highly cultivated, and the harvest abundant; the chief difference between the appearance of the landscape here and in many parts of England being the very frequent rows of trees, and the want of hedges by the road side. The head-dress of the Flemish women, and the diligence, drawn by three horses, also gave the scene a foreign air. In going from Mechlin to Brussels we passed through Vilvorde, by the immense House of Correction, which will contain as many as two thousand prisoners. This prison, the extent of which looks rather ominous for the morals of the neighbourhood, is said to be a model of organisation and administration in general, and almost resembles a town, in the multitude of its workshops, in which a great variety of articles are manufactured. It was at Vilvorde that William Tyndale, the zealous English reformer, to whom we are indebted for the first English version of the Scriptures, was strangled, and his body burnt to ashes, after he had been long confined in prison, at the instigation of Henry VIII. and his court. He died repeatedly and fervently praying, 'Lord, open the King of England's eyes!' As we advanced, the country assumed a more undulating appearance, with agreeable slopes and hills covered

with villages and villas. The steam-carriage from Brussels to Mechlin was passing rapidly along, on our left, performing the distance, which, by the road we came, was eleven or twelve miles, in half an hour. The good people of Antwerp, it seems, are cherishing golden visions from the progress of the rail-road system in Belgium; some being willing to predict that it will recall to their city a prosperity which may be paralleled with that which it enjoyed in the most prosperous times of the Burgundian and the Spanish dominion.

Within two miles of Brussels is the village of Laeken, and the royal palace of *Schoenberg*, which answers well to its name, having a handsome appearance, and being charmingly situated on elevated ground. This mansion was the occasional residence of Napoleon, whose palaces were almost as numerous as the apartments of those of other monarchs. The interior is said to be in the most splendid style. But one would suppose, from the existing position both of Belgium and of France, that their kings must, for some time to come, feel as though the sword of Damocles hung over them.—even the coins which we received in exchange, seemed to tell an impressive tale of the uncertainty of thrones and dynasties; for on looking over some pieces, we found the heads of Louis XV, Louis XVI, Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe.

On our approach to BRUSSELS, the barges on the

canal,—crammed with people, the concourse assembled in a neighbouring field, and the crowds that were pouring down that magnificent promenade of nearly a mile and a half in length, the *Allée Verte*, soon made known to us that we were entering the city, at a time when, in a place of less magnitude, accommodations might have been difficult to obtain;—as it was the grand day of the races. Whether this amusement is here attended with the demoralisation which has usually accompanied it in England, I know not; but it certainly appeared for the time, as much as with us, to absorb all other considerations among the votaries of pleasure, and to produce even a temporary suspension of business. In London, every thing, whether sacred or profane, is made to bow before the great Dagon; but the style of transacting business in the capital of Belgium would seem to be rather different, and the reign of Plutus somewhat less absolute. Having occasion to go to a banking-house at an early hour in the afternoon, before the usual time for closing the doors, I found that every thing was at a stand, and not a clerk to be seen: all were gone to the great scene of attraction, and the reply to my inquiries was, *On est allé à la course.*

Our accommodations at the *Hotel de Brabant*, which, though badly situated, is a magnificent inn, were far beyond what would have satisfied our ambition. I sallied forth to the Park, in the intense

afternoon sun, on the important and perpetual business of the passport; and, after a very long walk, found the office of the Prussian ambassador, for we were going into the dominions of his sovereign. I was here told that application must first be made at the British embassy, where I was informed that it was necessary to go to the Brussels police-office. I finished by learning a lesson, which all travellers will do well to remember; that is, never to take the annoyance of the passport on themselves, but to give it to the commissioner of the hotel; who, on being told when it will be wanted, is sure to return it at the proper time, duly signed, without any further trouble to the owner, and with a small charge.

It would require far more than a mere sketch to describe a capital city, seven miles in circumference, containing 100,000 inhabitants, with extensive suburbs without the walls, many elegant houses, charming walks, ornamental fountains, spacious squares and areas, sumptuous public buildings, magnificent hotels, fine churches, and numerous collections of the works of art. The town rises from the river Senne to an eminence on the east; and though, in the lower and more ancient parts, many of the streets are narrow and crooked, those in the neighbourhood of the Park are straight and spacious; and in this modern quarter there reigns an air of taste and elegance

far beyond any thing we had seen in Belgium. The *Place Royale*, is a very handsome, uniform square, containing some superb hotels, and other fine buildings. Brussels has little of that aspect of decayed grandeur which is so striking in Antwerp: its well-stocked and crowded markets, its numerous and busy shops, and its frequented streets;—the cheerfulness and beauty of its more modern parts, and the bustle and activity which prevail throughout, conspire to form a scene of liveliness and of traffic, which well harmonizes with its importance as the metropolis of this fine country. Though, like the other great cities, it has fallen from its ancient commercial importance, it still carries on manufactures to a considerable extent.

Belgium is remarkable for the splendour of its municipal edifices; and the noble Town-House of this city, which forms one side of the magnificent oblong called the *Grande Place*, and rears its beautiful gothic steeple to the height of three hundred and sixty feet, has been the pride of Brussels for three or four centuries. After dark, the time was curiously indicated by the illumination of the single existing hour on the surface of the clock, smaller figures being used for the minutes.

The church of St. Gudule is truly magnificent: its rich and beautiful storied windows, some of which are commemorative of Charles V.; its statues; its sepulchral monuments; its altars; its

numerous chapels, of which several are quite gorgeous; and its ornaments in general, render it exceedingly striking. The pulpit is the finest in all the Netherlands, and is a most extraordinary work; it is less massy than that at Mechlin, but far more exquisite and costly; and if the sermons preached in it bear any analogy to the rostrum from which they are delivered, they must indeed be of no common order. It is a wonderful piece of carving, in oak, representing the banishment of our first parents from Eden by an angel with a flaming sword: death appears behind; and the serpent is seen coiled round the tree of knowledge:—above, under a canopy sustained by two angelic figures, are the Virgin, and the child Jesus, who crushes the serpent's head. The morning on which our perambulations led us to this temple of Romish splendour, happened to be that of a great festival; and the church was hung with festoons of flowers, and many beautiful pieces of tapestry: high mass had commenced with great pomp, to the sound of triumphant music, and the 'full-voiced choir;' and a great number of priests, in their mantles of embroidery and gold, and in all the paraphernalia of Rome, were officiating, amidst a profusion of tapers, and those clouds of incense which strongly remind the Protestant of the derogation which the church of Rome casts on Him whose intercession is so beautifully alluded to in the Revelation, as the

much incense that is *offered, with the prayers of all saints, before the throne.**

On looking at the hand-bills that were put up in the church, it appeared that this was one of the fifteen days of the jubilee of two hundred and fifty years, designed to commemorate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, in 1585, after the troubles of the Low Countries; and the translation of the miraculous host, '*le très-Saint Sacrement de Miracle*,' which had been concealed to preserve it from the Iconoclasts. This event was celebrated by plenary indulgences, for certain specified good works; and by the sermons of various priests, one of which was delivered after mass was over, with a simplicity and fervour of manner that was very interesting: it consisted of an exhortation to self-denial, but it was the self-denial of meritorious monkery and penance; and it was painful to think that a numerous and listening auditory should have no means of hearing a clear exposition of the way of salvation.

The Protestant religion, though rigorously opposed, had spread considerably in the Netherlands during the reign of Charles V.; and under the yoke of Philip II. his son, the encroachments of the Spaniards on the liberties of the people, and the terror of that tribunal which was no other than the inquisition without the name, produced a civil war, which desolated the country for many years.

* Rev. viii.

The murder of William, Prince of Orange, by an emissary of Spain, in 1584, did not prevent the emancipation of the Batavian provinces from going forward; but, in the southern states, the cause of Spain, and of that fierce and bloody Romanism which had emerged from the halls of her Inquisition, to desolate Christendom, prevailed, in 1585, by the submission of the principal cities to Philip, and, among them, Brussels, where it was a part of the conditions, that the Protestants should restore the churches which they had previously appropriated to their own use: it was to celebrate this event that the present festival was held.

It is no violation of charity to remark, that in Catholic countries the bulk of the people commonly evince an extreme degree of ignorance; and it is easy to perceive how the aphorism that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion,' though most fallacious in itself, may have been pronounced, by scepticism, over the follies of superstition. I asked a woman who was coming away from kneeling at a shrine in St. Gudule's, what shrine or tomb it was? The poor woman seemed quite at a loss, and replied, *Monsieur, je ne saurais vous dire; demandez à Monsieur*, pointing to a military-looking personage, who, in these Catholic cathedrals, marches about, furnished either with a halbert or a sword, and frequently with a cocked-hat on his head.—The summary way in which even the priests frequently perform their

private devotions in the churches, borders hard upon the ludicrous. At one place, while looking at an image of the Virgin, we suddenly heard a peculiar rush behind us, which caused us to turn round: it was a very comely and well-conditioned priest, who, *en passant*, had fallen upon his knees, in the twinkling of an eye, and had as suddenly proceeded on his course across the cathedral. It is not uncommon to see a priest taking a pinch of snuff on his knees, in the church.

There are several other fine churches in Brussels. In Nôtre Dame de la Chapelle, the large organ, and the beautiful pulpit, strike every beholder. The Corinthian portico of St. Jacques is a handsome ornament to the fine area of the *Place Royale;* and in the interior we noticed the elegance of the organ, and the beautiful form of the tabernacle for holding the host. In these, and the other churches, the Catholic religion has laid its usual embargo on the fine arts; and numerous paintings, statues, and monuments, unite to throw around its errors the charm of whatever is beautiful and imposing in the labours of the pencil and the chisel. During the revolutionary conflict between the Dutch and the Belgian troops, the Place Royale was one of the principal scenes of action, and some of the sumptuous buildings in the square were perforated through and through with cannon-balls. The Park, which is close by the Place Royale, is the

most delightful part of this fine city, and is surrounded by splendid edifices; among which are the Royal Palace, and that of the Prince of Orange; and on the opposite side, is the Palace of the States-General, or Parliament-house, occupying the centre of a magnificent street, which forms, on the north-eastern end of the Park, a noble façade. The garden of the Park combines in some measure the symmetry of the French with the ease and variety of the English style, and is ornamented with fountains, basins, and statues of admirable sculpture, while the deep umbrageous foliage of some parts furnishes a grateful shelter from the heat of a July sun. An incident which occurred here, shows how easily princes may acquire popularity. Peter the Great, when at Brussels, in 1717, sat down to regale himself with wine, on the margin of one of the basins: this circumstance has been commemorated by an inscription, in which it is said, *Petrus Alexiowitz, Czar Moscowiæ, aquam hujus fontis nobilitavit, libato vino!* Had Peter not been a reformer, rather than a saint, surely this basin might have served all the churches in Brussels with holy water.

Every one who visits this metropolis, goes to see the palace of the Prince of Orange, which is uninhabited, and remains exactly in the state in which it was at his last visit in 1830, when he came to Brussels in hope of quelling the insur-

rection. It is remarkable for its splendour and costly ornament, and forms no mean item in the loss which the House of Nassau has suffered by the revolution. Visitors slide, rather than walk, in cloth slippers, over a suite of thirteen or fourteen superb apartments, the floors of which are of beautifully inlaid wood, and of the highest polish, being as smooth as glass. Several of the rooms are lined with marble, and rich satin hangings; and the whole suite is furnished in the most costly manner. Magnificent candelabras, ornaments of lapis-lazuli and marble, rich and splendid articles of upholstery, and some valuable presents from Russia, all of which are in the most perfect state of preservation, attest the wealth, taste, and connexions of the late owner of this princely residence; who built it, we understood, a few years before the revolution, from his own private resources, for himself and his Russian princess. There are some good paintings, and among others, a very fine one of the Emperor Nicholas; who is here represented as a very elegant young man, and extremely different from the impressions we should be apt to form in England of the despotic Czar, who has so tyrannically crushed the poor Poles, and endeavoured to exterminate from among them the very name of national freedom. Before the Belgian revolution, the royal family and the court were accustomed to

reside alternately at Brussels and at the Hague; the States-general were also holden, by turns, at each place.

The Palace of the States-General is a very handsome and commodious edifice, with an Ionic portico, and worthy to be the seat of a nation's government. Spacious staircases lead to the chambers: that of the peers is small, but richly fitted up; and that of the deputies, in which the throne is placed, is much larger, and extremely elegant. One of the private rooms contains a painting of the battle of Waterloo, and the wounding of the Prince of Orange; there is also a much finer picture of the battle of Nieuport, in which Prince Maurice, son of the murdered William of Orange, obtained a signal victory, in 1600, over Albert of Austria, who had married the Infanta of Spain, and received the promise of the sovereignty of the Netherlands from her father Philip II. A few years afterwards, Spain was compelled to acknowledge the independence of the Northern Provinces.

The Museum, which is in the former palace of the governors of Belgium, under the Austrian dominion, was closed; but some of us had seen it on a former visit: it contains a valuable collection of Flemish paintings, and some sculptures: there is also a library of one hundred thousand volumes, and a cabinet of natural history, in which may be

seen some curious relics of the ancient times of the Netherlands; also a collection of philosophical and agricultural instruments, and various kinds of models.

On the 20th of November 1834, a University was instituted at Brussels, with the title of *L'Université Libre de Belgique*, which is designed to furnish an education in all the branches that are preparatory to any of the professions. At present the lectures are delivered in some apartments of the Town-Hall; but I was informed by one of the professors that they are in hopes of having a new edifice expressly for the object, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Park, and to harmonize with the style of building which prevails in that elegant and attractive part of the city. In this University there are five faculties, namely—philosophy and letters; natural and mathematical sciences; law; political and administrative sciences; and medicine. The council is chosen by the subscribers, and composed of eleven members, in whom the government of the institution is vested. The professors are about twenty-five in number, besides *agrégés*, or additional teachers: at seventy years of age, or after twenty years of service, they are to become *emeriti*, and to be entitled to a pension for the remainder of their lives. The students are admitted at sixteen years old, but exceptions may occur in favour of those who have not attained that age.

A fee of registration, of the amount of fifteen francs, is paid annually by each student; and the sum of two hundred francs, or about eight pounds, annually paid, admits to all the courses of any one faculty;—fifty additional francs, entitle the student to add one or more courses, in other faculties. Prizes are annually distributed for excellence. In the foundation of this free institution, may be traced the progress of public opinion in Belgium, with regard to popery. The *Catholic* University, recently established, by the Belgic bishops, at Mechlin, is entirely exclusive: all the functionaries must be Roman Catholics, and must take an oath of obedience to the episcopal body.

LETTER III.

Road through the forest of Soignies—Waterloo—Carnage at this and the preceding battles—Road to Namur—Country near the city — Its situation — Churches, including the Cathedral — Heights—Sunday fair—Fête de la Sainte Vierge—Historical Sketch, from the Roman Invasion—Battle between Cæsar and the Nervii—Frankish dominion—Dependence on the Empire—Petty States—House of Burgundy—Spanish connexion and dominion—Charles V.—Philip II.—William of Nassau—Cruel persecutions—Atrocities of Alva—Union of Utrecht—Assassination of William—Ancient opulence of the Cities of Brabant and Flanders—Archduke Albert—Louis XIV. and the Triple Alliance—War of the Spanish succession—Peace of Utrecht—Austrian dominion—Incorporation with France—United Kingdom of the Netherlands—Leopold of Saxe Coburg, first King of the Belgians.

My dear Friend: The Namur road led us to Waterloo through part of the ancient Arduenna, mentioned by Cæsar,—now the forest of Soignies. The village church is an affecting spectacle, its walls being lined with marble slabs, to the memory of the officers who fell on the melancholy field of Britain's

glory. At Mont St. Jean, a small hamlet, upwards of a mile farther on, the road gradually rises; and at the distance of another half-mile, you come to the farmhouse, which was the key to the British position, being the centre round which the allied army was arranged nearly in the form of a quadrant, across the two diverging roads leading from Mont St. Jean, to Nivelles and Genappe. You now lose sight of the forest, and an ascent conducts to the ridge along which the British army was placed. The road to Genappe crosses the position of its centre, where stood the tree, now cut down, near which the Duke of Wellington and his staff were posted, between two sand-banks, during the greater part of the action. Near the same spot are two monuments, one to Colonel Gordon, and the other to the officers of the German legion, who here fell.

In the distance, on the left, is pointed out the wood from which, at the close of the day, the Prussians emerged to extinguish the last ray of hope for the French army, and to inspire the British for the final effort of the dreadful struggle. On the right, marking the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, is a mound from the summit of which those of us who were here before, obtained a commanding view of the field. This huge pyramid, if left as a mere earthen tumulus, without being crowned by the Belgic lion, would have remained, in all future time, a most impressive monument to the

thousands of the slain; for it is no less than two hundred feet high, which is the elevation of the barrow of Alyattes, in Asia Minor, probably the largest in the world.

The road led close by La Haye Sainte, near which farm-house the terrible conflict took place, between the British troops and the imperial guard of Napoleon; and at a distance, on the right, in the middle of the valley, was the château of Hougomont, the scene of a most murderous and continued conflict, and the spot where a number of the wounded of both armies perished in flames. This château lay between the original positions of the two armies; and behind it was placed the second division of the French, under Jerome Bonaparte, who began the battle by an attack on the British troops, which was accompanied with a dreadful fire of artillery. We now passed the little inn of La Belle Alliance, near the place where the road crossed the centre of the position of the French army; and where Napoleon remained during the greater part of the battle, till he made his last charge at the head of his imperial guards.

This battle was unquestionably one of the most memorable that ever occurred in the history of the world; whether we consider the elements that mingled in it, or the magnitude of its results. It presented the spectacle of the flower of European armies, combined to give a mortal blow to the insuffer-

able ambition of the mighty Goliath of war, who for so many years had been the terror of all Europe; and had kept the continent in awe by the thunder of his arms. It was the last storm raised by that great disturber of the world; and it was signally marked by the fury with which it raged; for nothing could exceed the terrific violence of the French charges, the indomitable steadiness and energy with which they were repelled by the British, or the destructive reprisals taken by the Prussians, for their defeat at Ligny, on the retreating French. And the consequences of this sanguinary conflict were nothing less than the final downfall of Napoleon, the pacification of the continent, and the elevation of Britain to the highest pitch of influence among the powers of Europe. The guide who conducted some of us on a former visit to this field of blood, then crowned with the fruits of harvest, said that he made one of about four thousand persons who were employed, for a whole week, in burying the slain!

It is computed that, in this battle, which took place on the 18th of June, 1815, and that of Ligny on the 16th, the carnage amounted to no less than about seventy thousand men,—an awful example of the ravages of war, and awakening the appalling reflection that these myriads of human souls were hurried into eternity, and the presence of their Judge, reeking with each other's blood, and often breathing the most malignant passions;—

for the French and Prussians gave each other no quarter!

The sudden cry of battle, at night;—the excitement it occasioned in Brussels during a splendid ball, and the hastening of the military* from the gay circle to the field of slaughter, have been impressively compared to the "knell of death," producing consternation in the midst of a "marriage festival:"

> And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
> The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
> Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
> And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
> And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
> And near, the beat of the alarming drum
> Roused up the soldier ere the morning star!
> * * * * * *
> And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
> Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
> Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
> Which now beneath them, but *above* shall grow
> In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
> Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
> And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

A road, upwards of forty miles in length,

* Though the recent advantages and the approach of Bonaparte must have been too well known to admit of *surprise* in the army, it is easy to suppose that the nearness of the seat of war would produce a great sensation at Brussels.

and passing through Genappe and Quatre-Bras, continued across a well-cultivated but unenclosed country, to Namur. On arriving at Sombreffe we learned that a kind of *patois* here begins to be spoken. The blue frocks of the peasants in this neighbourhood appear to be a sort of characteristic costume. The country became more and more open,—hills with fine valleys succeeding each other, beautifully interspersed with villages; and as we approached Namur, the fields along the slopes, on the right, presented the appearance of pieces of patchwork, and were delightfully studded with cottages.

NAMUR is romantically situated, between two lofty hills, at the junction of the Meuse and the Sambre: and the fortifications, situated on the heights, appear very strong, and give the town a warlike air. It seems to be a place of deep superstition:—some of the churches are very showy and tawdry; and in one was the profane inscription, applied to the Virgin, *Peccatorum Refugium:* nor was there in these temples any lack of holy relics, or of people confessing to the priests. The cathedral is an elegant structure in the Grecian style, with a handsome dome and portico. There are some fine paintings in the interior, and a beautiful pavement of black and grey marble; and the two pulpits, of light bluish marble, with the imitation of hangings above them, have an elegant effect. There was a

money-box here for the benefit of this cathedral, and,—as the inscription on it stated,—for the reception of the offerings of those who *eat meat in Lent.* The church of the Jesuits, the interior of which, we understood, is a still finer specimen of architecture, was closed.

This town, compared with those we had visited, is in general of mean appearance, though in the central part there are a number of very good shops: the people were of a different character from those we had seen, and much less polished; and a good deal of begging seemed to be going on. The marble quarries, and mines of iron and copper in the neighbourhood, employ many of the population. The number of bright brass kettles which are carried about by the women for household purposes, and the vessels of the same metal, which abound in the cottages of the poor, form a striking feature of this city and its vicinity. On a survey of the exterior of the town, it appeared highly fortified, surrounded by a moat where it is not flanked by the river; and the ramparts, on one side, are of such an immense height as to give it a very curious and imposing aspect. Some parts of the ramparts form an agreeable promenade; and in one spot is a small showy chapel of the Virgin, containing a multitude of offerings like those we had noticed at other places, such as waxen legs, arms, and images of children; also crutches, bandages, and little pictures. A number

of female devotees were kneeling, both within and without this small building.

On the sabbath, we could make no public improvement of the day, as there was no Protestant worship in the town. Whether it were our fancy or not, we certainly thought that after we had let the servant who had waited on us know we were Protestants, she behaved in a manner which indicated considerable antipathy towards us.—Almost every shop in the town was open throughout the day, and a sort of fair was held; the houses were decorated with flowers, and placards announced a comedy to be performed at the theatre. On the approach of the evening, we found that the festival of the Virgin was to be celebrated. An altar was dressed up in the street close to our inn, by the inmates of a boarding school, and lighted candles were placed on it, with beautiful flowers and shrubs. The procession, of which we had a complete view from our windows, soon came up: first were women, strewing evergreens; a priest, bearing a high cross, followed, and little boys on each side carrying long lighted tapers: then came about twenty or thirty priests, chanting; and, beneath a canopy, a figure of the Virgin, dressed in a costly manner, was borne on the shoulders of ten or twelve men: next were about thirty little girls in white, with wreaths of flowers round their heads, from which hung white veils reaching to the ground behind them: these

children walked two and two, bearing between them baskets filled with flowers, which they threw around the altar, where the procession rested. A band of music, and incense thrown high in the air from censers, prepared the way for the host, which was carried by a dignitary under a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold fringe and plumes of white feathers: then followed a number of men, bearing lighted tapers more than a yard in length; and a multitude of people closed the procession. When the priest walked from under the canopy to elevate the host at the altar, all the crowd fell on their knees. After a number of prayers and ceremonies, the affair ended. Such was the sabbath in this city of christianised heathenism!

Namur has often been the scene of bloody conflicts; and its neighbourhood is remarkable, as having been the theatre of one of the most violent struggles between the Romans and the Belgic Gauls. Every school-boy, who has had Cæsar in his hand, remembers the words in the opening of the Commentaries on the Gallic War, in which, speaking of the different nations of Gaul, the Roman conqueror describes the people whose country was to a considerable extent identical with the new kingdom of Leopold, by saying, *horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgæ.* The words *les braves Belges* were uttered, we observed, on various occasions, by travellers,

and sometimes when military were in view;—though generally by way of joke.

Rome, by her invincible arms, brought into notice nations previously unknown to fame; and the Belgæ, like many other tribes whose history begins with their subjugation, paid dearly for their place in the Roman annals. They did not, indeed, tamely yield to the eagles of Cæsar; but formed against him a general confederacy: and the battle on which the fate of their country ultimately depended, which was fought on the banks of the Sambre, not far from Namur, was obstinate and bloody. Cæsar describes it minutely in his second book of the Gallic war; and his language indicates that the bravery with which this oppressed people resisted their ambitious invader, excited his admiration.* Nothing, however, could save them from his iron grasp; for in this engagement the Nervii, the most warlike of all the Belgic tribes, were almost totally annihilated, and the waters of the Sambre were stained with the blood of nearly sixty thousand warriors, who fell victims to the Roman sword.

The numerous northern hordes that swept like a flood over the Roman empire, diffused themselves to the Gallic provinces; and towards the end of the fifth century, Clovis, king of the Franks, suc-

* Cæs. De Bello Gallico, ii. 27.

ceeded in destroying the last remnants of the Roman domination in Gaul. By the end of the seventh century, the Frankish monarchy had extended itself, with the Christian religion, over the Netherlands, and they subsequently formed a part of the overshadowing empire of Charlemagne; on the division of which among his successors, these provinces became chiefly dependent on Germany. In the course of time, the more powerful vassals rendered themselves almost independent of the imperial crown; and in the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, the Low Countries were broken up into a number of petty states, the governors of which were connected partly with the Empire, and partly with France. An incessant struggle was kept up between the encroachments of feudal tyranny, and the growing spirit of civic freedom; and, in the conflicts that ensued, the warrior-bishops frequently bore no inconsiderable share, rendering the term *militant*, as applied to the church, somewhat more than a merely figurative epithet.

In the fifteenth century, the powerful house of Burgundy was in possession of the greater part of these provinces; and they formed a dukedom, the wealth and resources of which surpassed that of the monarchies of Europe, and provoked their envy. The marriage of Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold, the last Duke of Burgundy, to Maximilian,

afterwards Emperor of Germany, brought the Netherlands under the dominion of Austria. Philip the Fair, son of Maximilian and Mary, obtained with the Infanta the reversion of the monarchy of Spain; and Charles V, the next heir, united, in his own person, the inheritance of the imperial sceptre of Germany and the Spanish crown; so that the Netherlands became but an appendage to these immense dominions; though, at the accession of Charles, in 1516, they had acquired the highest rank among commercial nations, and formed the richest portion of an empire which had known no parallel since the time of Charlemagne.

The Spanish connexion was to the Netherlands the beginning of woes before unknown: their ample resources were drained to supply the coffers of the monarch; and the doctrines of the Reformation, which had found a cradle among a people whose triumphant commerce had imported a spirit of inquiry, were crushed to please the ecclesiastics. Charles, with a policy not uncommon among princes, tolerated, in one part of his dominions, a religion which, in another, he punished as a crime. In Germany, the adherents of Luther were too formidable to be put down; but, in the Netherlands, they were persecuted with the utmost rigour. The dungeon,—the axe,—the flames,—the burial of the living,—were all put in requisition to extinguish heresy in its birth! No age was ex-

empt,—no rank was screened,—no sex was spared,—no privacy was sacred; and this fine country was covered with lamentation and mourning for her children, of whom from fifty to a hundred thousand are computed to have died martyrs to religion, during a reign of forty years!

Ambition was the ruling passion of Charles, and this led him frequently to act the despot;—but his son, Philip II. of Spain, was pre-eminently a bigot: he was worthy to be the husband of Mary of England; and his ascension on the Spanish throne was, to his Netherland dominions, as the rising of a malignant star. Born and nurtured in Spain, and possessing a temper harsh and gloomy, he was eminently fitted to be the tool of priests and monks; and he completed the work of persecution which his father had begun. To this end, fourteen new bishopries were created, as additional centres of ecclesiastical power; and the inquisitorial court was made to exert all its fearful and appalling energies to arrest heresy, in a manner worthy of Spain itself; for the relentless king sent orders that the victims should here be secretly destroyed; and the Princess Governant, the Duchess of Parma, was commanded to aid the movements of the ecclesiastical tribunal with all the force of the civil power. Executions took place in all the principal towns of the southern Netherlands; the rigour of the inquisition produced public tumults, and partial insurrec-

tions; one hundred thousand families fled their country, through terror of its infernal machinations; and the influence of William of Nassau, who afterwards founded the Dutch Republic, in resistance to the Spanish power, alone prevented these violent measures of Philip from being pursued in the north.

In 1566, a confederation was organised against this fierce and bigoted tyrant; the inquisition was loudly denounced, in a public manifesto, which called for a united effort to oppose it; and a spirit of discontent and revolt became general in Flanders. The Protestants assembled in thousands and tens of thousands, to hear the *speakers*, as they were termed; and, among so mixed a multitude, many were actuated by the most ungovernable passions, and were provoked to retaliate on the cruel despotism of Popery, by acts of outrage and violence. William of Nassau, though firmly attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, was aware that this reaction would but infuriate the court; and Antwerp was, for a while, preserved from these ebullitions by his presence: on his departure, however, the popular fury was no longer restrained. This city was the point of union for the three grand denominations — the Calvinists, Lutherans, and Anabaptists: of these an immense multitude broke into the cathedral, then the richest in Christendom next to St. Peter's at Rome, pillaging and destroying everything, including the organ, which was the

finest in existence. Every other church in Antwerp, and over the whole country, four hundred churches in all, shared the same fate.

Alarmed for the consequences of his tyrannic severity, but still determined to maintain it, Philip resorted to the sword; and in 1567, the Duke of Alva, with a veteran army of from ten to fifteen thousand men, and with almost sovereign power, arrived, from Spain, under the walls of Brussels. The cruelties of this monster would fill a volume; and his name is, to this day, held in detestation in the Netherlands, for the atrocities of which he and his council, called by the people the *Bloody Tribunal*, were guilty. This was the re-establishment of the inquisition in its most terrific form. Little distinction was made between the innocent and the guilty: many wealthy merchants were dragged ten or twelve miles to trial, tied to a horse's tail: at Valenciennes, fifty-five citizens were executed in one day. Burning, hanging, beheading, and quartering, were common occurrences; some were drowned, for having been once present at Protestant worship; others put to the rack, to induce them to discover their associates; various modes of torture were resorted to, such as screwing the culprits into a machine, so as to produce the most exquisite agony; scorching them with hot irons; or tearing them asunder by means of horses; husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters,

were put to death for daring to afford each other a temporary shelter from the fury of the Spaniards; and the wretched people, driven to frenzy and despair, fled to perish in the woods and marshes. The whole extent of the Netherlands was one wide scene of carnage and ruin; and the savage Alva, after succeeding in extirpating, subduing, or driving into exile, the greater part of the Protestants, boasted that, during the six years of his power, he had caused the death of eighteen thousand heretics by the hand of the executioner; about fifty per day! As many more individuals perished by the sword; and upwards of a hundred and twenty thousand of the most ingenious and industrious of the population, abandoned their native soil.

For these services Alva received a consecrated hat and sword from Rome! His lust of blood was only equalled by his appetite for gold; and this afflicted and miserable country was now regarded as so prostrate, that it would tamely endure the most grinding and rapacious taxation, as the final climax of injury and oppression. But if the cruel butchery that had followed the steps of this grim and marble-hearted tyrant, exasperated the remaining relatives of those that had been put to death, an exorbitant and ruinous taxation, from which none were exempt, was felt by all; and the final issue, after long and bloody wars, was the emancipation of the seven northern provinces from

the Spanish yoke, which they virtually threw off by the union of Utrecht, in 1579, under the guidance of the noble Wiiliam, whom Alva had in vain sought to bring within his power; or he would, no doubt, have glutted his eyes with his execution, as he had already done with that of William's friend, Count Egmont, in the great square at Brussels. Spain, however, kept a malignant eye upon her most formidable foe; and after several failures, Balthasar Gerard, her last emissary, assassinated the Prince at Delft. Notwithstanding this calamity, the Dutch Republic struggled into existence; while the Belgic provinces, the wreck of what they had once been, were still destined to remain under the disastrous auspices of Spain.

The opulence of the cities of Brabant and Flanders, in the days of their glory, was without previous example in modern times; and nothing could exceed the magnificence of the dresses adorned with gold and diamonds, the splendour of the entertainments, and the pompous displays of wealth, that were common among the princely merchants of these trading towns. Mechlin,—though never like Bruges, or Antwerp, the queen of commerce,—on one occasion sent a deputation to the latter city, consisting of three hundred and twenty-six horsemen, richly attired in satin, with a profusion of gold and silver ornaments; and Brussels deputed three hundred and forty, as splendidly clad, attended by seven

huge triumphant chariots, and seventy-eight others of a smaller size; and this at a time when carriages were far from common. But now the inquisition, and the sword, had reduced this fine country to a wilderness; and in their train followed the ruin of commerce, with famine, disease,—and even the ravages of beasts of prey, which seemed almost to have mistaken what were once the finest parts of the country, for the savage desert; for it is said that more than a hundred persons fell a prey to wolves and hungry dogs, almost under the very walls of Ghent.

After the death of Philip II, the Low Countries fell to his son-in-law, the Archduke Albert of Austria, in virtue of his marriage with the Infanta; but on his dying without issue in 1621, they reverted to Spain. In 1648, the United Provinces obtained a ratification of their independence, by the Treaty of Westphalia: and twenty years afterwards, Louis XIV., taking advantage of the weakness of Spain, compelled her, by his successes in Belgium, to make vast sacrifices of territory in the treaty of Aix la Chapelle; and had not England, Holland, and Sweden, combined in the Triple Alliance to throw up a barrier against the French monarch, the whole of the Spanish Netherlands would, in 1668, have been overwhelmed by his power. On the death of Charles II. of Spain, the war broke out which related to the Spanish succession, in

which were involved the claims of the grandson of Louis XIV. and of the Archduke Charles. The peace of Utrecht, in which this war terminated, in 1713, consigned these provinces to Austria; to secure whose dominion over them, and to prevent their falling under the power of France, had been the object of the armed confederacies of the reigns of William III. and Anne, of England. They were subsequently overrun, and conquered, by the arms of Louis XV; but were restored to Austria by the Congress of 1748. In 1792, the French Revolution deprived Austria of the sovereignty, and these provinces were decreed an integral part of the French Republic, under the name of Belgium. In 1793, this afflicted country, which has so often changed masters, was again almost entirely in possession of the Austrians; but in the following year, it was regained by the French, and was once more incorporated with France; under the power of which it remained till the triumph of the allies over Napoleon, placed in their hands the destinies of Europe; and in 1814, the Congress of Vienna erected Belgium and Holland into the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the government of William, Prince of Orange. This connexion lasted till 1830, when the revolution placed Leopold of Saxe Coburg on the throne of Belgium.

LETTER IV.

View of Namur—Valley of the Meuse—Huy—Aspect of the country—Liege—Church of St. James, and St. Odilia's veritable eye, and eau bénite—Cathedral—University—Palace of the Prince-Bishops—View of Liege from Belle Vue—Long-continued clearness of the atmosphere—Pavillon Anglais—View from one of the bridges—Dialect—Liege prompt to join in the Revolution of 1830—Causes of the Revolution—Dislike of the Dutch connexion—Preference to France—Effect of the previous French Revolution of 1830—Taxes of the mouture, and abbattage—Political prosecutions—Van Maanen—Acts of violence August 25—Efforts of the Prince of Orange ineffectual—Provisional government—Dutch troops driven from Brussels—Belgic Congress—Leopold elected king—Manifestation of feeling towards Romish ceremonies—Brief sketch of the history of the Protestant religion in Belgium—Exterminating persecutions—Revival under the Dutch sway—Check it received in 1832—Recent efforts—Romish clergy opposed to religious freedom.

My dear Friend: We left Namur for Liege, distant about forty miles, at six in the morning, with an atmosphere clear and cloudless, as it had been ever since our landing in Belgium. For the first

time, we now travelled on a macadamised road, a most agreeable relief after the *pavé*, which, perhaps, the lightness of the soil generally renders necessary. The jingling of bells on the horses' collars was now substituted for the noise of the wheels on the paved roads.

The city, with its nine or ten spires and towers, and overhanging heights, had a striking effect, as we began, after crossing the Meuse, to move along the truly charming and picturesque valley, through scenery of a totally different character, from any we had hitherto witnessed; and constituting no mean earnest of the beauties of the Rhine. We had not gone far, before the rocks and cliffs reminded us of Undercliffe, in the Isle of Wight; and the lofty crags, which sometimes impended over us, luxuriantly ornamented with trees, or surmounted by a château, or a ruin, formed a scene of romantic beauty. Indeed, the road from Namur to Huy is altogether of the most diversified and striking character, and is justly regarded as a part of the enchanted ground of Belgium; but this tract, and the whole of the valley from Namur to Maestricht, which forms one continued series of studies for the painter, ought, we were told, to be seen from the river itself, though the road all the way to Liege runs along its banks. We re-crossed the Meuse about the middle of the day, having had it on our left till we passed the bridge of the ancient town

of Huy, which, with its cathedral-looking church, lies romantically under the surrounding hills, and is crowned by its strong and most commanding fortress, which is seated, proudly dominant, on the rocks above the river. After leaving Huy, the valley opened, and the scenery became less bold; but the vineyards, reaching to the very summit of the crags, and the beautiful patchwork fields, gave the impression of a country in a high state of cultivation; while the numerous châteaux and villages, increasing in number as you approach Liege, the works of industry in coal and iron, and the large English cotton factories, combine to indicate an immense population in these parts.

Upwards of two hundred years ago, Bishop Hall spoke of 'a delightful passage up the sweet river Mosa,' and of visiting 'the populous and rich clergy of Leodium:'* the features of nature remain the same, and the Meuse still meanders between its lovely borders; the works of man, however, are not only mutilated and destroyed by the hand of time, but still more by the violence of human passions: within the last two centuries, LIEGE has frequently been the immediate arena of war; and its churches, especially, have suffered much, from the reaction of revolutionary fury on the enslaving ecclesiastical despotism of Rome. Yet

* Jones's Life of Bishop Hall.

this city, upon the whole, appeared to us a very striking and exceedingly agreeable place; and it still possesses a considerable trade, being celebrated for its manufactures of iron, cloths, hats, and some kinds of cutlery. It is of great extent, and is romantically situated,—part of it being built on a high hill; and the bulk of the town beneath, in the valley of the Meuse, which intersects it in various directions. Several of the streets and squares are very airy and pleasing; and of the public walks, the most frequented seemed to be the magnificent one that lines the long terrace, which is open to the river, the other side of which is very agreeably adorned with gardens. This town has nothing of the close, confined appearance of Namur, which seems as though it existed almost only for the sake of its ramparts and fortifications.

On the day of our arrival at Liege, we were witnesses to one of those pieces of superstition, the frequency of which, in these Catholic countries, every Christian philanthropist must deplore. The whole of that district of the city which is near the church of St. James appeared in motion; and great numbers were flocking toward this point from all quarters: infants were drawn in their cots, and sometimes three generations were seen in companies. The church was full of people: about fifty persons at a time knelt without the rails of an altar; and within stood a priest, who slightly and

rapidly touched the eyes of each individual, with a sort of box, or ring, which was fastened on his finger, and which he wiped, every time, with a cloth. The ring was held to every person to kiss, and this precious relic was said to be no other than the '*true*' and '*veritable*' eye of St. Odilia, enclosed under glass, in a gold case, and pronounced to be an infallible cure for sore eyes! Once a year, on this day,—the festival of the saint,—all come to this ceremony who have bad eyes, or who are anxious to avoid having them. The guide who led us to the church said that he had formerly received the application;—though quite a youth, the poor fellow, seemed perfectly priest-ridden; and when he told us some strange stories about miracles and relics, we found it impossible to shake his belief, and were obliged to leave him fully persuaded of the supernatural virtues of St. Odilia's 'veritable eye!'

Here, as usual, the poor deluded devotee was obliged immediately to pay for a supposed benefit: an acolyte carrying the never-forgotten money-box, followed the priest, and every person contributed a coin. It would require more than an ordinary degree of charity—not to have the impression that this was a shocking spectacle of extortion and imposture. At the west end of the church they were bringing buckets of water from the ground-floor of the tower, and selling it in tumblers, and bottles. A woman, on being asked what this meant, re-

plied that it was some of the *eau bénite de Sainte Odile, bonne pour les yeux, et bonne pour la purification de l'estomac :*—they were giving it to several very young children; whose minds are thus enslaved by superstition, at the moment when reason dawns! It was humiliating to behold the degradation of the human intellect, in this ridiculous affair; and it was yet more painful to reflect on the deeper moral mischief it involved. We thought the priest did not appear quite comfortable, as we stood gazing, with a variety of emotions, on this piece of folly. Surely this rubbing is more likely to *communicate* diseases of the eye, than to cure them. It was a relief to turn away from this impious farce, to notice the stained windows, and the coloured ceiling of the church.

The cathedral of Liege is richly ornamented, and has a very fine, old window, and a screen of the red marble of the country, and of white Italian marble; also, some fine paintings, by Caravaggio, Rubens, Bertholet, and others. The skull and bones of St. Lambert are among the sacred treasures of this church, and it is also pretended that there is here a veil, once belonging to the Virgin Mary; but we did not see any of these precious relics. On one of the altars is a beautiful small statue of the Virgin, with the child Jesus, executed in white marble. In the Chapelle du Monument, also, there is a striking sculpture, in

marble, of our Saviour in the tomb; the two angels are beautifully carved in wood. The University is a neat building, on a site that has been redeemed to nobler purposes from the Jesuits, who once had a foundation on this spot: the professors are nearly twenty in number; the students upwards of four hundred; and the collection of natural history, of which we had but a hasty survey, appeared to be a fine one. The new street of the University, though short, is handsome and spacious; and this part of the town contains some fine shops.

The *Palais de Justice* is a magnificent edifice, with piazzas surrounding the quadrangle, the Moorish columns of which, have an interesting, though heavy effect, from their massive thickness. This was formerly the residence of the Prince-Bishops of Liege, once most influential personages, at a time when the overgrown ecclesiastic, equally ready to wear the mitre or the helmet, often made his importance to be felt by monarchs: but the day is fast waning when, in virtue of their office, the professed successors of the apostles will be permitted to maintain almost regal establishments. The Prince-Bishop of Liege has long since exchanged his principality for the station of Archbishop of Mechlin, metropolitan of all Belgium.

From a vineyard terrace, called *La Belle Vue*, in the highest part of the town, is a splendid view of the city, with its fifteen or twenty steeples—as well as of the country, to a great extent. At

sunset, a few light clouds appeared in the horizon, for the first time since we left England, after a succession of many days of azure weather, with an intense sun. The next morning, the atmosphere was still cloudy, and more resembled an English sky. We set off from our hotel, the *Pavillon Anglais*—a very comfortable house, far more like an English inn than any one we had before visited—and proceeded still farther to explore the town. The fruit and flower market was close at hand, held under the shade of trees, in the centre of a large parallelogram, ornamented with three fountains: there was a plenteous supply of flowers and fruit, which were sold by women, whose immense round hats had an odd effect. The vegetable market is in the quadrangle of the Palais de Justice.—We remarked that, instead of the chairs we had seen elsewhere, the churches here contained long seats, or benches, for the accommodation of the people; and they appeared to have fewer paintings than usual, but a great deal of sculpture. In the course of our perambulations, we pronounced Liege to be one of the most picturesque and open places we had seen; and we much admired the beautiful view from the first of the bridges, on the road leading to the Prussian frontier. The dialect of the common people here is the Vallon, or Koeter-Walsch; but at the inns, and in the shops, French is spoken.

Liege was prompt to join the party of the Belgic revolution in 1830, immediately responding to the call of the metropolis; and the unanimity which prevailed in this city, prevented the confusion from occurring here, which for some time reigned in the capital.—In tracing the *causes* of the recent event, it is worthy of remark, that one of the most signal changes in the politics of Europe which followed the great French Revolution, was the annexation of the Austrian Netherlands to France; and there were elements in that union, which gave far greater promise of durability, than was to be found in many of the other territorial aggrandizements, either of the French Republic, or of the military sovereignty of Bonaparte. Other countries were separated from France by the great boundaries of nature; but between her and these fine provinces, no Alpine range reared a barrier,—no sea interposed,—no great river rolled its tide, as a line of visible demarcation: the traveller, on the contrary, might pass the frontier of the two countries, scarcely aware of the change; for he found the French language still reigning, as the medium of intercourse, and of business,—the Catholic religion still presenting, everywhere, the symbols of its worship,—and a people in general more resembling the French, than the Dutch, in their manners, feelings, and habits. In thus possessing Belgium, however, France gained the object,

which it had been, for ages, the grand fundamental principle of the chief European powers to prevent her from obtaining; and which had long been preserved from her grasp, by their upholding the dominion of Austria, as calculated to keep her ambition within bounds. The revolution of 1789, breaking, like a mountain-torrent, upon the artificial barriers which legitimacy had raised against the encroachments of the *Great Nation*, swept many of these obstacles away; and Belgium, more naturally than any other country, fell under the power of France,—and so continued, with a short interval, till the fall of Bonaparte.

The Congress of Vienna became, for the time being, the arbiters of Europe; and Belgium was annexed to Holland,—to frame with it a new kingdom, though few unions could have been formed containing more of the principle of repulsion; for the Dutch would rather have returned to their Republic, and the Belgians preferred France to Holland. The news of Bonaparte's return from Elba, produced a profound sensation in Belgium;—and all who had acquired wealth, or possessed employments, under his sway;—or who had fought beneath his eagles, were ready to receive him again with open arms: and the traveller who visits the field of Mont St. Jean, is told, that while the destinies of Europe were in suspense, during that sanguinary conflict, the arms of the House of Orange

were actually effaced from the colours that were flying at the village of Waterloo; and while the artillery of the English allies was thundering upon the hosts of Bonaparte, the people of Brussels, expecting the victory would be his,—and expecting but what they desired, were making preparations for giving a cordial welcome to the imperial army. The Belgians protested, in 1815, against their separation from France, and their incorporation with a country which—they urged—had few interests, in common with their own; and which loaded Belgium with burdens that did not belong to her. Whatever sympathy might have existed between the northern and southern provinces, when the illustrious founder of the Orange dynasty fought the common battle, against the tyranny of Spain,—those days were gone by; and the fate of the two countries had been totally different;—the one maintaining the character of an independent state;—the other always continuing under the dominion of some superior power, and still destined to be the theatre on which the battles of Europe were to be fought;—the one country decidedly Protestant,—the other remaining deeply rooted in the most bigoted Romanism.

Nations may be compared to the human body, which imbibes disease according as it is predisposed to receive contagion. The French revolution of July 1830, could not fail to produce its

effect, on a people who had never cherished towards their government any feelings but those of distrust and jealousy; for these elements of mischief had always been working in the very constitution of the United Kingdom of the Netherlands. The three days of Paris, did but increasingly prepare the materials of discord for a ready explosion, by means of any casualty that might occur; as combustible substances, previously dried by the heat of the sun, are more easily ignited by a spark. Thus a crisis, already impending, was hastened on; and the barricades of the Rue St. Honoré, and of the Boulevards, became, after the lapse of a few weeks, the models of those of the Rue de Flandre, and the Porte de Schaerbeck.

Ancient and rooted prejudices existed between the Dutch and the Belgians; among which, the difference of religion was no insignificant element. The Belgians also, jealous of the superior wealth and moral energy of their Protestant neighbours, were ready enough to detect every thing in the king's conduct which might be construed into a deficiency of liberality towards Belgium,—partiality to Holland,—or want of discernment, in reference to the clashing interests of the two countries; one of which was principally commercial—the other, though once the emporium of the world, now chiefly characterized as agricultural and manufacturing. The Dutch debt, moreover, was felt to be a galling

drag on the southern Netherlands, as it was much heavier than their own, and was nevertheless divided between the two countries, in equal portions; hence arose a great increase of taxation, as compared with what they had paid when allied to France. The Belgic provinces, at the time of the union, reckoned a population of considerably more than three millions,—the Dutch little more than two; yet the same number of representatives, which was fifty-five, was assigned to each. An evident feeling of national hostility was often to be witnessed among the deputies; and the absurd spectacle was exhibited—of a legislative assembly, sitting in grave debate, some of the members of which, delivered their speeches in a language which the rest did not understand! The liberty of the press, also, was shackled by legal equivocations and obscurities.

The Belgians were much attached to the trial by jury;—but as this practice was not established in the criminal courts of Holland, it had been arbitrarily abolished in Belgium. The judges, too, were removable at the pleasure of the government; and the king's ministers were not distinctly responsible for their acts. The French language had been universally employed in records, and at the bar, as well as in the affairs of commerce; but now the Dutch, or the Flemish, was ordered to be used; and no documents written in any other tongue could become valid by a legal stamp:—the con-

sequence was, that many Belgians, knowing nothing but French, became immediately disqualified for their professions, and were deprived of the means of subsistence. Not only was the sovereign a Hollander;—the court—the ministers—and most of the officers in the army, were also Dutch; and in the Chamber,—though the numbers were balanced,—one single Belgian deputy, gained over by ministerial influence, might, at any time, turn the scale in favour of a measure, by which the interests of Holland were chiefly advanced.

The disaffection of the Belgians was increased, in consequence of their being accustomed,—whether right or wrong,—to trace the ruin of the commerce which had survived their ancient desolations, to the Dutch connexion. The character of the administration, moreover, had been practically obnoxious. Van Maanen had guided the councils of the cabinet, from a period almost coeval with the existence of the new kingdom; and had employed his talents, which were great, in pursuing a career of absolutism, with a blindfold firmness of purpose, not less decided than that of De Polignac, the premier of Charles X. Van Maanen was indeed the ascendant planet of the revolution, and so malignant an influence did the Belgic party consider his arbitrary councils to shed over their provinces, that they pronounced him to be a sort of second Alva,—

not indeed a military executioner,—but a political autocrat—an 'Alva in ermine.'

The system of taxation, also, was peculiarly odious to the Belgians,—as they became possessed of the idea, that it sacrificed their agriculture to the Dutch trade; and the mode in which the taxes were levied, was also felt to be annoying and oppressive. The *mouture*, and the *abattage*, were special sources of discontent;—the former being a tax on grain, which was attended with certain vexatious regulations, and raised the price of bread—the latter, a tax on the slaughter of cattle, accompanied with conditions equally obnoxious.

Several very unpopular prosecutions, attended with fine, imprisonment, and banishment, had occurred, within about two years of the final explosion;—the press had been subject to still more stringent laws;—and the smothered elements of discord continued to work in secret, till the revolution of the three days, in Paris, found them ready to break forth. As in other cases, the most heterogeneous mixtures were found combining to produce the result; and liberals, and Catholics, were alike disaffected. The anti-Dutch party had ascertained their strength, in 1829, during which year, three hundred thousand persons had signed petitions against Van Maanen's continuance in office; demanding, among other objects,—the independence of the Catholic church, on the state,

in all religious matters; for the Catholic party did not like the attempts that had been made to repress bigotry, and spread education.

At length, on the 25th of August, 1830, a trivial circumstance sufficed to throw Belgium into a blaze—a riot in Brussels, against the local *mouture*, or tax on grain, as increasing the price of bread. The first act of violence was manifested towards the printer of a ministerial paper;—afterwards, the house of Van Maanen, among others, was set on fire; and private property became insecure. Indeed, at first, mischief seemed to be the chief object; and to this, the distresses of the manufacturing classes unhappily furnished ample incitement; for poverty and taxation were, among the mob, the grand theme of complaint.

A declaration was now drawn up, demanding an execution of the laws of the Union, without restriction or partiality,—the dismissal of Van Maanen,—the suspension of the *abattage*, or slaughter duty,—a new and more popular system of taxation,—the re-establishment of trial by jury,—the freedom of the press, without censorship,—the legal responsibility of ministers,—the establishment of high courts of judicature in the southern provinces,—the termination of all judicial processes against liberal writers,—the reversal of all sentences for political offences,—and assistance to workmen, till the state of affairs should allow them to resume

their labour. The civic guard, who were under arms to protect property, declared that if the king's troops attempted to enter Brussels, they would resist them. The king, whose personal character rendered him highly worthy of esteem, was naturally in great perplexity: and, perhaps, by instantaneous concession, might have saved half his kingdom;—but he regarded this procedure as beneath the dignity of the crown, and intimated as much to the deputies who were sent from Brussels to the Hague. He, however, promised to take every thing into his serious consideration;—and immediately convoked the States-General:—but nothing occurred that was satisfactory to a people, now, every day, increasing their demands, and seeking further changes;—or if concessions were made, they came beyond the eleventh hour.

The artificial tie which, for sixteen years, had bound the two nations together, being once relaxed,—the opposition of their sympathies manifested itself, in all directions, every moment; for while the Dutch idea of government savoured of the old Stadtholdership, the Belgians were attached to the principles of the French revolution. The Prince of Orange, after threatening to attack the city with his troops, was obliged at last to consent to enter it, attended simply by his staff, and to traverse streets that were defended with barricades; and on his arrival at the *Grande Place*,

he found eight or ten thousand bayonets bristling around him,—and the tri-colored flag of Brabant floating over the Hotel de Ville. Though the prince was respectfully received, he retired to his camp, without having effected any favourable result; and, at length, the insurgents declared that nothing would content them, short of the separation of the two countries,—the king still remaining the head of both; as precedents for which scheme, they urged the cases of Sweden and Norway,—Russia and Poland,—Austria and Hungary.

The document containing the king's reply to the question—whether he would agree to the separation,—being unsatisfactory, it was publicly trampled under foot, at Brussels; and a provisional government was now formed. On the 26th of September, the king's troops were compelled to evacuate the capital; and, by this time, the flame of revolution had so spread through Belgium, that to subdue it was a hopeless task: the Dutch dominion was pronounced to be at an end; and De Potter, returning from banishment, headed the party who advocated a republic; but the Belgic Congress, after declaring the country independent, and discussing, for three days, the question of the future form of government, determined on a hereditary monarchy. After many debates and negociations, the offered crown was accepted by Prince Leopold, who was installed King of the Belgians, at Brussels, on the 21st of July, 1831.

Leopold had scarcely grasped the sceptre, when he was obliged to exchange it for the sword; for immediately after the existing armistice, between Holland and Belgium, had expired, the Dutch entered the country; and the Prince of Orange met, in the field of war, him whom he had once seen carrying off the rich matrimonial prize, in England, to which he had himself, in vain, aspired,—and who had, now, taken possession of more than half the kingdom to which he was the legitimate heir. Leopold, however, was routed, and compelled to make a hasty retreat, pursued by the Prince; who soon came up with him, before Louvain, and obliged him to surrender that city: and it was evident that the Dutch would very soon have been in force at Brussels, had not the march of a French army, of forty or fifty thousand men, into Belgium, saved Leopold, and his already tottering throne. His subsequent marriage with the daughter of France, has undoubtedly much strengthened his position.

On leaving Liege, we met a funeral procession: the deep and peculiar tones in which the mournful dirge was chanted by the priests, with their hands joined in the attitude of prayer,—had a solemn effect; but the whole scene excited only the sneers of our fellow-travellers. How lamentable that popery should be all these people know of Christianity! The common remark—that France, and

Belgium, *want* a religion,—appears strikingly true. Nations, in the mass, are not formed for the cold abstraction of entire unbelief; the spread of knowledge in Catholic countries, may indeed, produce an infidel laxness towards every thing sacred; but the approach of death will bring back the prodigal to the arms of the church;—the *people* must have something,—good, or bad,—which meets their hopes and fears. When shall the pure light of the Truth diffuse its illumination over this land of moral and spiritual darkness! We were informed, on our voyage to Ostend, by an inhabitant of that place, that the Belgian government had lately voted ten thousand francs for the support of the English Protestant churches at Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels,—the ministers of which, are elected by the English inhabitants of those towns: but the grand energies of Protestantism, will be found to consist in the spontaneous exertions of its children. The Catholic clergy are appointed by the government.

The history of the Protestant religion in Belgium has already been shown to possess a painful interest, on account of the exterminating persecutions of the 16th century. Early after the commencement of the Reformation, in Germany, its doctrines found, in the seventeen provinces of the Low Countries, many warm friends and advocates; and in the course of a few years, the principal

cities numbered, in their population, as many Protestants as Catholics. After the intolerable persecutions and butcheries of the reigns of Charles V. and his son Philip II., which roused the seven northern provinces, now called Holland, to throw off the iron yoke of fierce and bigoted Spain, the Protestant religion, which finally triumphed in those parts,—had, in the south, become almost extinct; and under the Spanish, and the Austrian sway, in the 17th and 18th centuries, very few Protestant churches remained in the provinces now constituting the Belgian monarchy.

During the period that the country remained incorporated with France—from the time of the French Revolution to the fall of Napoleon,—a few Protestant chapels were opened in some of the larger cities. After the southern provinces of the Low Countries were annexed to the northern, by the Congress of Vienna,—to form the United Kingdom of the Netherlands, under the government of William of Nassau,—successful efforts, encouraged by the king, were made to promote the Protestant religion: churches and chapels were now to be found in most of the important cities of Belgium, and the cause of truth made considerable progress. M. Merle d'Aubigné, now president of the Evangelical School of Theology at Geneva, preached for several years at Brussels, during the latter part of the Dutch dominion,—and with considerable success.

The progress of the Protestant faith received a temporary check, at the Revolution of 1830;—and the Catholics were in great hopes of getting rid, altogether, of Protestant sway:—through the influence of England, however, a government has been established, on enlightened principles, under Leopold; and by the charter, perfect toleration is secured to all religious opinions. Several of the Protestant churches were reduced very low, in 1830, by the withdrawal of great numbers of Dutch families into Holland; and the new government refused to support the pastors, as heretofore, on account of the insignificance of the congregations: yet there is reason to believe that Protestantism has, by this time, in a great measure, recovered from the shock which it appeared to sustain at the revolution; and that it will continue to make advances, in a soil of freedom, and under the influence of those spontaneous sacrifices of money,—talent,—time,—and labour,—which constitute the surest basis, on which the gospel may be expected to command the unbought, and universal homage of mankind, and achieve the triumphs of the millennium.

There is a Bible Society at Brussels, which has printed the New Testament in the Flemish language; and which, notwithstanding many difficulties, is doing much good: a Tract Society also exists, which has printed many small treatises in

Flemish. M. Boucher conducts a religious periodical entitled *La Vérité;* and this faithful and zealous young minister preaches to a congregation at Brussels, apparently with success. M. Devismes, another devoted minister of the gospel, labours at Dour, near Valenciennes; and has been very useful to the miners of that region. About 400,000 children are instructed, in schools, throughout Belgium: they have, till of late, been very destitute of Bibles, but are now being supplied, through the agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the schools of Brussels, eight hundred and forty copies of the sacred records have been distributed, very lately, in the course of a few weeks; and *colporteurs*, or itinerant venders of the Scriptures, are continually employed in diffusing and explaining them, wherever they can find opportunity.

By means of these, and similar exertions, not a few of the Belgians have, within these last five or six years, been brought to the Protestant faith, at Brussels, and other cities: but the overwhelming mass still remain Roman Catholics, and, next to those of Spain, are reckoned the most bigotted on the continent of Europe. From a pamphlet written about the beginning of 1835, by M. de Potter, who took so conspicuous a part in the Revolution,—it would seem, that the priests have tried every indirect means in their power, to contravene the spirit of the charter, in regard to religious freedom.

LETTER V.

Road to Aix-la-Chapelle—Prussian frontier—Germany—Town-house—Mineral waters—Change in the coin—Public walks—Cathedral—Charlemagne—Relics, in the sanctuary—General outline of German history—Conflicts between the German tribes and the Romans—Empire of Charlemagne—Its division—Extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty in Germany—The German empire elective—House of Saxony—House of Franconia—House of Suabia—Great Interregnum—Rudolph, and the first Austrian dynasty—Second Austrian dynasty, or Lorraine branch—Dignity of the Holy Roman Empire—Effect of the French Revolution, and the subsequent power of Bonaparte—Confederation of the Rhine; and dissolution of the German empire—Austrian empire—Gigantic efforts of Germany against the return of Bonaparte to power, in 1815—Germanic Confederation.

My dear Friend: The road to Aachen,—or, as the French call it,—Aix-la-Chapelle, passes through a very rich country, covered with many villages; but we were much annoyed with immense clouds of dust; and while we had dust from without, there was

smoke within, for the pipe was now, for the first time, introduced, without ceremony, into the diligence;—but we were on the borders of Germany. As we advanced, the road wound beautifully between the hills, and the country was delightfully wooded, on an immense scale. Near Verviers, where is manufactured the finest cloth of the Netherlands, our passport was very civilly inspected, preparatory to entering the Prussian dominions; and, farther on, it was regularly *visé;* and the luggage was searched by the Prussian authorities. At Néaux, or Reipen, another manufacturing town, all the inscriptions on the houses became at once changed from French to German, indicating that we were now in the territory which, after the downfall of the French dominion, was annexed, by the Congress of Vienna, to Prussia,—once a petty duchy of the German empire, but which has, by degrees, become a first-rate European power. As we proceeded,—the road became worse and worse; we had before experienced nothing like it;—the jolting was quite electrical.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE is a city of Roman origin,—the ancient coronation-place of the German emperors. The entrance to it is very handsome, by a uniform, new street; and as you proceed into the town, there are very good walks and boulevards. This city was the birth-place of Charlemagne. It possesses at present only a fraction of its former population, but has still all the

air of a place of great importance. The central part contains the Town-House, a very large building, situated in the Market-square, on the site of Charlemagne's favourite palace. I was obliged to repair to this place, to obtain another passport,—the Belgic one, procured in London, being no longer of any avail. In the Town-House, is the spacious room which was the banquetting-hall of the emperors, in the day of their new imperial glory. One of the towers of this edifice is a work of the Romans. Opposite the entrance is an ancient fountain, constantly projecting several streams of water, and surmounted with a very fine copper statue of Charlemagne, who seems honoured in this city as a kind of tutelar saint.

The sulphurous waters were celebrated in the time of this monarch, and still attract many visitors, —giving to the town the decided character of a watering-place, with all the usual accommodations for the invalid and the fashionable. There is a new and elegant building, in the best part of the town, under the portico of which, at the base of a flight of steps, the hot spring is made to issue, in two streams, from a lion's mouth. A band of music was playing, and the company were parading the neighbouring public walks, as at Cheltenham or Leamington;—but German and French, instead of English, met the ear. The water contains a large quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, with a

smaller proportion of carbonic acid gas; and, according to Bergman, the solid ingredients are nearly five grains each—of carbonate of lime, and muriate of soda, and twelve grains of carbonate of soda,—in a pint of the water. The taste is not very unpleasant.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, we first began to experience the inconvenience of a change in the money. All through Belgium, French coins prevail; consisting of gold *napoleons*, or *louis; francs* and their fractional pieces, in silver; and,—in copper, *centimes*, and the old *sous*. The French franc is worth about ninepence, and three-fifths, English, more or less; and is divided into a hundred parts, called centimes, of which the sous contains five. Dutch money is also current, in *florins* and *cents*. The value of a ten-florin gold piece is twenty-one francs and a half, or seventeen shillings English. At Aix, the Prussian money began to be current, and our bills were now made out in *thalers*, *silbergroschen*, and *pfennings*: a thaler, or dollar, is worth about three francs and three-quarters, or nearly three shillings English; thirty groschen make a thaler; and there are twelve pfennings in a groschen, so that ten pfennings amount to about a penny English.

We found, on consulting the excellent *Tableaux des Monnaies*, by Charles Jugel of Frankfort, that, at the inns, advantage was generally taken, in

giving change, for money of one kind, in coin of another: the difference, however, was seldom of any consequence. We had availed ourselves of the convenience of taking with us circular exchange notes, payable at a great number of places; and not the slightest difficulty or delay occurred in obtaining cash at the banks, without any discount, at the current rate of exchange for the time being,—unless, for the sake of convenience, gold were desired, which always bore a premium. It is also a wise precaution, to have always in reserve, a few English sovereigns, or French napoleons,—as they will go every where, without much loss; and thus the traveller will avoid being in the awkward predicament of one or two gentlemen whom we met with;—who, with plenty in their pockets, were penniless, because their stock of cash was exhausted, at a distance from places at which their exchange notes were payable.

The public promenades, on the outskirts of the city, are very extensive, and commodious;—but they were so filled with clouds of dust,—that to walk in them was a work of supererogation: the citizens of Aix do not seem, as yet, to have arrived at the summer luxury of watered roads. Early in the morning after our arrival, I took a walk along the old ruined wall, which commands a fine view of the town; but its appearance was not near so imposing as that of Liege, from the heights above it. Aix

is much sheltered by hills, but there is a distant prospect of a more open country, towards the south. Some of the modern parts of the town, are very fine and spacious, and the pump-room, and the theatre, certainly have a splendid appearance. At the corners of many streets, particularly in the ancient part, are images; and it is evident that here, as elsewhere, superstition has, ages ago, struck deeply its roots. In some places, wreaths of flowers, evergreens, and festoons of eggs, mingled with small pieces of glass, continually tinkling in the wind, were hung across the streets, in honour of some saint.

In the decorations of Romish churches, there seems to be an endless variety. In one, situated east of the cathedral, the pillars were ornamented with mirrors, each of which had a candle placed before it. The underlings were going about collecting money as usual; for either the money-box,—or the bag, like an inverted velvet cap, suspended at the end of a stick, meets you at every turn.

The cathedral did not fail to attract a considerable share of our notice, which it well deserved, as being rich in the associations of the past, and in relics of the deepest and most costly superstition. The nave, which was built by Charlemagne, is an octagon, approaching to the general appearance of the churches of the holy sepulchre: its exceedingly massy and heavy pillars

support a gallery, the ceilings of which are finely painted, in fresco; and the centre of the dome is rich Mosaic. The loftiness of the choir is prodigious, and has a fine effect. Beneath the dome is a plain marble slab, with the inscription CAROLO MAGNO; for it was here that this mighty monarch was interred, in 814. After the lapse of a century and three quarters, his successor, the emperor Otho III., indulged in that ghostly curiosity which has often led to the attempt to bring again to light those who have, for ages, dwelt in silence and darkness: on the sepulchre being opened, the extraordinary spectacle presented itself, of the embalmed monarch, sitting in a marble chair, crowned, and attired in imperial robes—adorned with the most costly ornaments of gold; and having the gospels, in golden plates, on his knees.

Nor was the body of Charlemagne, even after this disclosure, allowed quietly to repose; for, in 1165, the emperor Frederic I. took a fancy to pay him another visit; and two bishops were now ordered to remove his remains, and to place them in an antique sarcophagus, exquisitely carved, representing the story of Proserpine. The French, in the pride of their triumph,—when they claimed the spoils of Europe as their own,—carried off this Roman monument to Paris: it has, however, been restored. The ancient and costly columns which

supported the nave were, at the same time, taken away, but part of them have also been returned.

The marble chair, no longer the throne of him whom the strange fondness of survivors desired to render, as it were, the monarch of all the dead, when he could no longer reign over the living,—was transferred to the gallery of the church, to be the coronation-seat of future princes; and our party were ambitious enough to ascend for a moment, by its marble steps, this chair, on which Charlemagne sat in his tomb for three hundred and fifty years; and on which six-and-thirty sovereigns have been inaugurated to reign over the holy Roman empire, in the midst of all the splendour of the Gothic and feudal times. The pomp of the coronations was aided by the erection of a temporary flight of steps, reaching from the floor of the church to the foot of this chair of state,—which was covered, on the occasion, with plates of gold.'

Among other remarkable objects, are some paintings of Albert Durer, whose pieces are highly valued on account of their scarcity:—also, the altar of black and white marble, with its tabernacle of blue marble; and the pulpit, which is only exhibited on high days and holidays, excepting to strangers. It is usually kept covered with a carved case which, when removed, discovers a front of what were once,

at least, plates of gold, ivory, and precious stones: how far gilding and paste may now supply them, we were not informed; but the appearance is magnificent.

In Belgium, we had not observed much repetition of the responses; but, here, the people appeared quite in earnest, and sang them in a very loud tone, alternately with a priest, who went into the pulpit and read. Afterwards, a very common-looking man, in a blue frock, came into the church, and began uttering his prayers aloud, in a standing posture, without book, and in German. His eye was fixed,—his manner impassioned, and the whole effect bordered strongly upon the fanatical: after a while, a number of people joined him, as they had before accompanied the priest.

But the objects, in this church, which leave the strongest impression on the mind, are the *Holy Relics* for which it has been, during many ages, so celebrated. We were conducted, by the verger, into a gloomy chamber, where a priest was soon in readiness, to show us these sacred and far-famed curiosities. Two candles were lighted immediately on our entering the sacristy,—probably to keep away any malignant influence which these holy things might receive from the gaze of heretics;—for the room was not so dark, as that candle-light was of any service; and we had fancied, on previous occasions, that our approach to any thing sacred, was

frequently accompanied with this lighting up of candles.

The *great relics* are kept in a large shrine, of silver gilt, and of venerable antiquity, in the form of a gothic tomb—ornamented with several sculptures in relief, and magnificently wrought with what are said to be precious stones. This case being opened, the following articles were gravely announced:—the large cloth in which the body of John the Baptist was wrapped, after his decapitation;—the robe of the Virgin Mary;—the swaddling clothes of the manger;—and the linen which our Saviour wore on the cross, retaining visible traces of his blood. This last relic is regarded as the most important of the whole; and when these objects are exhibited for public adoration, the final *benediction* is pronounced in connexion with it.—These relics are shown, for a fortnight, every seven years, from the gallery of the church, to crowds of devotees; after which they are wrapped in new silk, of red, white, or yellow; and the old silks which have been so long in contact with these sacred things, and have imbibed from them the odour of sanctity, are cut in pieces, and distributed as presents.

The multitude of strangers that used, formerly, to throng this city, during the septennial festival, almost exceeds belief. The houses were crowded with pilgrims; while so many still kept flocking into the town, that the gates were obliged to be shut, until

some had given place to others;—and, at times, numbers were even trampled to death. It is said that in 1496, on one single day of the festival, there were no less than one hundred and forty-two thousand arrivals, and the golden pieces offered to the Virgin, in the same year, for the miracles supposed to be wrought by means of the holy relics, were in number eighty thousand!

Next were shown to us, what are termed the *small relics*, which are carried round the city in grand procession, once a year, and are contained in a variety of shrines, and cases. We now had the privilege of gazing on what were said to be—the point of one of the nails with which our Saviour was pierced—a piece of the wood of the cross—a tooth of St. Catherine—a bone of Charlemagne's arm, inclosed in a large case of silver, representing a hand and arm—a piece of the cord, with which the hands of our Saviour were bound, on the cross—and his leathern girdle, sealed with the seal of Constantine;—some hair of John the Baptist—an *agnus Dei*, or impression of a lamb bearing a cross, consecrated in 1434, and accompanied ith various relics—a link of the chain which bound St. Peter in prison—a morsel of St. Simeon's arm, in which he held our Saviour—and another bone of Charlemagne;—a piece of the sponge with which the lips of Jesus were moistened on the cross, set in a golden sun, ornamented with enamel—a spine of

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the crown of thorns—another considerable piece of the cross, inserted in a crucifix of gold—the skull of Charlemagne, and his hunting-horn;—and the girdle of the Virgin Mary.

The bones said to be those of Charlemagne, are probably his real remains. There are many other relics; but surely these may be regarded as enough! The costliness, and beauty of the cases in which they are enshrined, are extreme; and several of the objects are seen under glass. The number of the depositories which contain these relics, is between thirty and forty, varying in size,—from massy shrines, like small tombs of silver and gold, to smaller cases of various forms,—of the same metals, and of ivory,—the whole being more or less adorned with precious stones, or their substitutes. The priest who was in attendance, thinking, perhaps, that we betrayed symptoms of scepticism, said, *Du moins ces reliques sont ici depuis plusieurs siècles*:—a remark quite as forbearing towards heretics as could be expected, in such an atmosphere.

Among other curiosities, which are also here preserved, and which were shown to us, with the relics, are two exquisitely elegant crowns of gold, set with pearls, rubies, and diamonds: these ecclesiastical *regalia* were given by one of the Duchesses of Brabant,—to adorn the images of the Virgin and Child. In short, nothing conveyed to the mind a more impressive idea, than this church and its contents,

of the amazing hold which superstition has been able to gain over mankind!

It is professed that many of these relics have been on this spot for nearly a thousand years; and that Charlemagne, who collected the greater part of them, obtained several of the most important from Jerusalem, having become master,—on his coronation at Rome, on Christmas Day A.D. 800, as Emperor of the West,—not only of the Holy Sepulchre, but of many other sacred places and treasures, which were presented to him by the King of Persia. He is said to have received some of these precious objects from Constantinople, as presents from the Greek Emperors, to their mighty peer. Indeed Charlemagne seems to have been the pride and glory of the church, as well as of the field of war; and those who either dreaded his arms, or admired his attachment to the Romish religion, sent him relics from the three quarters of the globe. These he distributed among the churches of which he was the founder; but reserved the prime of them for this—his favourite cathedral of Nôtre Dame, the chapel of his court. They profess still to have the cope in which Pope Leo III. assisted by three hundred and sixty-five bishops,—officiated, in presence of Charlemagne, at the consecration of the church;—but this was not shown. Charlemagne was so attached to Aix, that he made it his capital; and ordained that all future sove-

reigns of the Holy Roman empire should first be crowned here, preparatory to their being confirmed in the imperial dignity, at Rome;—a mandate which was obeyed during five hundred years.

The pamphlet* containing an account of these relics, which is sold at Aix-la-Chapelle, under the *imprimatur* of the Vicar General, is one of the most remarkable exhibitions of modern popery; showing that it clings to all the mysticism and dotage of the dark ages, amidst the various and conflicting influences of the nineteenth century. Neither philosophy, nor *rationalism*;—nor the rays of genuine truth,—seem, here, to have disturbed its repose, in the gloomy sanctuary of its relics; and it still dreams on, with an infatuated fondness, over all the images of superstition, around which the brilliant empire of Charlemagne threw so false a glory.

The singular book alluded to,—besides a full account of the relics, and arguments for their genuineness,—contains the form of words, in which each of the four *great* relics, is annually announced to the people,—and the petitions that are to be uttered, during the public exhibition of each. One of the last prayers, which is a *bidding-prayer*, is partly on behalf of 'our holy Father,' the Pope,

* Schatzkammer des Aachener Heiligthums, oder Kurze Beschreibung der h h. Reliquien, welche von dem glorwürdigsten Kaiser, Karl dem Grossen, in der Krönungs-und Domkirche U. L. F. gesammelt worden, und, alle sieben Jahre, gezeigt werden. Aachen, 1832.

and his cardinals,—the King of Prussia, the Archbishop of Cologne, the city and authorities of Aix-la-Chapelle, the pilgrims who visit it, and the souls* of the departed. The deluded votaries are, in this tract, taught to believe that the presence, and the contemplation of these relics, are a security for the special favour and intercession of those with whose persons they were formerly identified, as their remains,—or as having been consecrated by their use:* and they are pronounced to be the *source of all happiness, welfare, and prosperity,* to the city;† having never been taken away, or fallen under the power of enemies,—notwithstanding the devastations of the Normans, the troubles occasioned by *heresy*, the frequent occupancy of the town by hostile armies, and its having been repeatedly reduced to ashes by fire.‡

The ambition of the conqueror, and the migratory enterprise of the adventurer, have disregarded the great boundaries which nature has placed between the countries of the earth; nor do mountains, or mighty rivers, form an effectual barrier. The

* Diese kostbaren Gegenstände versichern uns besondere Gnaden, und mächtigere Fürbitte, in Ansehung und Gegenwart jener Stücke, die sonst mit ihrem Wesen vereinigt, oder ihnen zugehörig und gewidmet waren. Vide Vorrede.

† Diesem Orte alles Glück, Heil, und Wohlstand, durch diese heilige Erbschaft zukömmt. 31.

‡ Schatzkammer, u. s. f., 32.

distinction which has, from time immemorial, subsisted between the people inhabiting at a distance from the Rhine, westward,—and those who have dwelt along its western shore, and in the country eastward of its course,—would seem to indicate that some of those fierce and warlike tribes, described in so full and interesting a manner by Tacitus, under the general name of *Germani*, and who,—appearing to have had a common origin,—were spread over so vast a proportion of Europe, as scarcely to be included between the Rhine and the Vistula, the Danube and the ocean,—settled within the limits of Gaul, and colonized its eastern border. In Cæsar's division, all the German provinces on the left, or western bank of the Rhine, were included in Belgic Gaul.

The vast forests of the ancient *Germani*, appear, from a remote antiquity, to have been the cradle of freedom, and of chivalry; and about a century before the Christian era, immense armies of these nations menaced Italy, from the Alps, and made the Romans to tremble for their possessions,—till these barbarian tribes were overthrown, with terrific slaughter, by Marius. Half a century later, Julius Cæsar, while engaged in his wars in Gaul, defeated the borderers of the Rhine, who had invaded that country, and obtained other victories over the Germani. These nations continued to furnish employment to the Roman arms, during the most splendid

period of the empire; and the name *Germanicus* was commonly given to those generals who had been on service in Germany; among whom, the most renowned was Germanicus Cæsar, the son of Drusus, and father of the Emperor Caligula.

From the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who died A. D. 180, the Germanic tribes became more and more formidable to the waning empire; and in the third century, they formed confederacies against the Romans;—who, instead of having it in their power further to subjugate other nations, were now increasingly unable to defend themselves. At length, in the year 476, the northern hordes succeeded in dethroning Augustulus, the last sovereign of the western division of the empire,—and in finally destroying the Roman power. Italy, after repeatedly changing its masters, fell, towards the close of the eighth century, to a considerable extent, under the dominion of the Lombards, another northern people. These—so harassed Pope Adrian I. that he was glad to obtain the assistance of CHARLEMAGNE, then King of the Franks; who, having subdued the Lombards, and added their territory to his other conquests, revived the western empire; and was crowned, as its sovereign, at Rome, in the year 800, by Leo III.—Thus was founded the great Frankish dominion, comprehending Gaul, Italy, and Germany,—to the Northern Sea; and now, Germany, as part of this consolida-

tion of territory, was, for the first time, united under the sway of one sovereign.

After the death of this great monarch, his unwieldly empire, now in the hands of his son Louis *le Débonnaire*, scarcely sustained itself; and three years after the death of Louis, it was formally divided, by the treaty of Verdun, in 843, among his sons,—Louis, Charles, and Lothaire; of whom, the first obtained Germany, and was hence called Louis the *German*. Under his son, Charles *le Gros*, the great empire of Charlemagne reappeared, in 884; but the coherence of this heterogeneous mass of nations was but of ephemeral duration; for, in 887, Charles was deposed by the German states,—of which Arnulph, son of Charles's brother Carloman, was now made king. Arnulph died in 899, and was succeeded by his son Louis the *Infant*;—on whose death, in 911, the Carlovingian race became extinct, and Conrad, Duke of Franconia, was made Emperor of Germany, by election.

After Conrad's decease, Henry, surnamed the Fowler, was elected to the German throne, in 919; and with him commenced the dominion of the house of SAXONY,—from which country he had previously derived the title of Duke. The sway of these princes was remarkable for its warlike spirit, and for the victories that were gained over the Hungarian tribes:—and, during this period, many of the Ger-

man cities were founded. The practice of election to the empire now became an established law; and Germany was, from this time, a kind of imperial republic. Under Otho the Great, in the tenth century, the bounds of the empire were enlarged, so as to comprehend Rome and Italy; but the emperor could not receive his title of Augustus till he had been crowned by the Pope:—from the time of Charles V., however, this practice was discontinued.

By the election of Conrad II, in 1024, the house of Saxony was succeeded by that of FRANCONIA. In the reign of Henry III., of this dynasty, the German, or Holy Roman Empire, attained its maximum;—comprehending Germany, Italy, Burgundy, and Lorraine; while Denmark, Hungary, Poland, and other districts of Sclavonia, were either its tributaries, or its vassals. About the beginning of the twelfth century, however,—in consequence of the increasing influence of the papal church, and the rapid progress of the feudal system, which gave so much power to the electoral princes,—the empire had begun to decline. On the death of Henry V, of Franconia, in 1125, Lothaire the Saxon received the crown.

In 1138, Conrad III., son of the Duke of Suabia, was elected to this unwieldy aggregate of power, as successor to Lothaire; and the emperors of the house

of SUABIA held the sovereignty upwards of another century, till the middle of the thirteenth.

During the reigns of the latter Franconian princes, and those of Suabia,—the ambition of the Popes, who claimed supreme dominion over Christendom, gave rise to perpetual contests between them and the Emperors; and the factions of the Guelphs, and the Ghibelines,—the respective partisans of each,—held Germany and Italy in agitation for centuries; during the whole of which period the authority of the emperors was constantly on the wane.

After the death of the emperor Frederick II., in 1250, occurred that period of lawlessness and confusion, known by the name of the GREAT INTERREGNUM. Conrad IV., the son of Frederick, had, on his father's death, assumed the imperial title; but William, Count of Holland, procured himself to be crowned in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, and subsequently defeated Conrad in battle. On the death of William, in 1256, the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne offered the imperial crown to Richard, Duke of Cornwall, brother to Henry the Third, of England, and assisted at his coronation, in 1257; while the Archbishop of Treves declared Alphonso, King of Castile, emperor. Richard soon abdicated, and retired to England, with the empty title of King of the Romans; which had been con-

ferred on him previously to his election to the empire. From 1258 to 1273, the empire was without a head, and in a state of the utmost anarchy: Conradin, son of Conrad IV., the last of the Hohenstaufen family, or the house of Suabia, perished on the scaffold, at Naples.

At length, in 1273, RUDOLPH, Count of Hapsburgh, was elected emperor,—and laid the foundation of the greatness of the house of AUSTRIA,—from which family most of the emperors were subsequently elected. The Austrian dynasty traces its origin to the lords of a small territory, on the river Aar, in the canton of Bern, in Switzerland; where the remains of an ancient castle testify to the antiquity of this imperial race. In 1440, Frederic III., Duke of Austria, was chosen to fill the German throne; and the sovereign dignity descended in the male line of his family, for about three hundred years. In 1519, CHARLES V., heir to the Spanish crown, and grandson to Maximilian, the successor of Frederic, received the imperial sceptre. The male line of the race of Rudolph of Hapsburgh became extinct in 1740, by the death of Charles VI. Maria Theresa, only daughter of Charles, married the Duke of Lorraine;—and her son Joseph II. commenced the second imperial house of Austria;—namely, the LORRAINE branch.

While the German empire continued,—its sovereign was regarded as having the precedency among

the potentates of Europe. His power in the administration, however, was very limited,—the supreme authority residing in the Diet,—which consisted of the colleges of the electors, the princes, and the imperial towns. The electors, and princes, became vested with little less than regal supremacy, in their respective territories; and were more powerful than some crowned heads. The people, originally, had a voice in the election of the emperor; but this function ultimately devolved on the King of BOHEMIA, the Dukes of BAVARIA, SAXONY, and HANOVER,—the Prince PALATINE of the RHINE,—the Marquis of BRANDENBURG, afterwards King of Prussia,—and the three Archbishops of MAINTZ, TREVES, and COLOGNE: the power of these lay and spiritual electors was almost equal to that of the emperors themselves. The spiritual, or archbishop-electors, certainly had functions and dignities of which the fishermen of Galilee never dreamed. They were Arch-Chancellors of the Holy Roman Empire in Germany, in Italy, and in Gaul, respectively;—though the title, so far as it related to Gaul, had become a mere name, long before the dissolution of the imperial dominion.

To prevent the confusion that might sometimes arise from a contested election, while there was no sovereign,—a successor to the emperor was frequently chosen by the electors, during his lifetime.

This prince was crowned KING of the ROMANS; and addressed, like the emperor, with the title of 'majesty.'—But the pomp and glory of the HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE have passed away; and, like the more ancient, and more powerful empires of the world, it is numbered among the things that were. Napoleon, who aspired to the dominion of the West, seems, when emperor of the French, to have had in view the ancient custom of the German empire, in styling his successor-apparent, *King of Rome.*

The French revolution, and the subsequent power of Bonaparte, rapidly hastened on the dismemberment of the Germanic empire. The provinces on the left bank of the Rhine were overwhelmed by the French:—Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, were erected into kingdoms, — with the annexation of smaller states; and the battle of Austerlitz, and the subsequent Treaty of Presburg, destroyed the power of Austria, and deprived her of her principalities of the Tyrol, and Suabia, —her barriers against Italy and France. In 1806, soon after this treaty, most of the states in the north and south of Germany, renounced their connexion with the empire,—and joined in a league, entitled 'The CONFEDERATION of the RHINE,' under the protection of the Emperor NAPOLEON. The confederated powers agreed to hold their legislative assemblies at Frankfort; and to restrict their services, and assistance, to each other:—in

short, they were to constitute a cluster of military states, under the virtual dictation of Napoleon. The German emperor, Francis II,—thus reduced in authority and power,—formally abdicated the title of Emperor of Germany, at Vienna, Aug. 6, 1806, assuming that of Emperor of Austria.—Thus was dissolved an empire that had lasted, with fluctuations, for the space of a thousand years,—dating from Charlemagne.

At the end of 1813, the French were expelled from every part of Germany; and the deposition of Napoleon, the downfall of the power of France, and the dissolution of the Confederacy of the Rhine, in 1814,—restored the smaller sovereigns to their dominions. On Bonaparte's reappearance in France, from Elba, in 1815, the most gigantic efforts were made, in Germany, to prevent his return to power; and on his final overthrow at Waterloo, on the 18th of June, in the same year, it is said that 1,200,000 men,—armed, and unarmed,—were prepared to march against him. The Congress of Vienna now made a proposal to Francis, the Austrian emperor, that he should resume the ancient title,—which offer he declined to accept.

Germany once more assumed the appearance, at least, of a political whole,—in the constitution of the Confederation, (*Bundes Verfassung*), which was formed in June, 1815. In this imperfectly balanced union of powers, Austria and Prussia have naturally

a predominant influence; though they have withholden from the Confederation several of their provinces which are not German. The component parts of the GERMANIC CONFEDERATION are thirty-eight,—thirty-four being monarchical states, the heads of which have various titles. The four remaining parts, are the free cities of Frankfort on the Maine, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck. The principal object of the Confederacy was to secure the independence and integrity of each State; and to maintain internal, and external tranquillity, by uniting to check any mutual aggressions among the States themselves;—and to repel the attack of a foreign enemy. In case of clashing interests, or the occurrence of disputes,—no part of the Confederation can go to war, or make peace, or a truce, or any such engagement, independently of the rest—each member being bound to yield to the decision of the whole. The internal management of the States is left, in general, to the care of the respective governments; and they are always to have in readiness for the purposes of the Confederation, an army, levied in the proportion of one man to every hundred inhabitants. The Diet, or Assembly of Plenipotentiaries, consists of delegates from the various states, and is held at Frankfort.

LETTER VI.

Road to Cologne—Juliers—Bergheim—Catholic Subscription for the New Testament, in German—Cologne—The Rhine—Churches—Deutz—Cologne Cathedral—The Three Kings—Churches of St. Ursula, St. Géréon, and St. Peter—Voyage on the Rhine to Bonn—Fieschi—The Seven Mountains—Bonn—Cathedral—Popplesdorf—Kreutzberg—Protestant Church at Bonn—Church of the Jesuits—King of Prussia's Birth-Day—University of Bonn.

My dear Friend: We left the good accommodations of the Rhine Hotel, at Aix-la-Chapelle, at six in the morning, for Cologne; a distance of about forty-five miles. We stopped, first, at St. Juliers, a strongly fortified place, situated in a plain; where our horses were baited with bread. On inquiring what bread it was?—the answer was, '*Rocken-brot*,' rye-bread; and it was amusing to see the horses, and the driver, standing together, and sharing the same fare.—We afterwards traversed a flat, and unenclosed,—but highly cultivated country. The paved road was lined with fine trees, among which were the apple, the cherry, and the walnut,—interspersed with numerous cru-

cifixes; some of which stood in the corn-fields, surrounded, to some distance, with turf.

Every thing now reminded us of the Prussian authority; all the barriers, railed bridges, and guard-houses, being painted in white and black stripes. We also observed that, since we had changed governments, the road was measured in a novel manner; small stones being placed in the ground, thirty or forty in a mile, at regular intervals,—marking the distance from Cologne. The weather was intensely hot; and, at Bergheim, we stopped till the heat of the day was abated. This little town, with its walls and gates, reminds you, like most other places,—even the smallest, in these parts,—of wars and sieges. It is a great thoroughfare into Germany; and five or six carriages were sometimes seen posting through it at once, during our stay.

Judging from appearances, superstition seems to increase, in this direction, rather than to diminish. One of the numerous crucifixes we had seen, was just outside one of the gates of Bergheim;—and, here, a poor old lady was carefully telling her beads. It was, however, some counterpoise—to find on the table of the inn,—which was the Duke of Wellington,—a prospectus, printed at Nurenberg, in May, 1835, containing an invitation to Catholic Germany, to unite in subscribing for an edition of the New Testament, in the vernacular tongue, from the

Vulgate,—to be published under the auspices of the church:* in order, as the prospectus stated, that both clergy and laity might do their utmost to diffuse the New Testament scriptures, so that not a single cottage should be without them; and that there might be no school in which they should not be read.—The price is to be twelve and a half *silbergroschen* for each of the four numbers, or about five shillings the whole; a sum which shows that the art of cheap scripture-printing is still to be learned here:—but the fact itself is a phenomenon; as being entirely at variance with the *practice* of the Romish Church. Whether this measure be dictated by the mere policy of doing something by way of accommodation to the spirit of the age,—or from better motives,—it is, at all events, a matter of rejoicing that, although the sacred fountain of divine knowledge may flow through the channel of Romanism, *truth* will, nevertheless, be diffused among the people; and that the grand *principle* of reading the scriptures for *themselves*, will begin to acquire a currency which it has never before attained.

The country from Bergheim was still unenclosed,—but luxurious, and overspread with the abundant sheaves of harvest. A large cemetery,

* Einladung an das Katolische Deutschland, zur Subscription auf das mit Päpstlicher Approbation erscheinende Neue Testament unsers Herrn und Heilandes Jesu Christi.

on the left, laid out in a picturesque manner, announced our approach to COLOGNE, or KÖLN, which we entered through some fortifications, and by narrow streets; and took up our abode at the *Gasthof zum Grossen Rheinberg.* We were now upon the banks of the far-famed RHINE, the river of Roman story,—consecrated by the ashes of martyrs,—and rendered classic by the many legends of poetry and romance: nor can those stupendous movements be forgotten, which its banks have witnessed in modern times;—when he who afterwards assumed the name of *Protector* of the Confederation of the Rhine,—but was really its master, marched his vast armies across these waters, and changed the destinies of the ancient German empire.

It is said that, at the taking of Hockheim, a place near Mentz, when the Austrian troops obtained their first view of the Rhine, from the summit of a hill, they suddenly halted—to gaze on the noble stream, which had been familiar to them by name, during the preceding fifteen years, as the centre of so many momentous, warlike events:—the firing ceased, and on the general's inquiring the cause of the delay, the soldiers shouted, and instantly rushed down upon the enemy, and drove them into the river.—What a strange compound of elements is man!

The emotions with which this noble stream is beheld, for the first time, are increased, in consequence of its being concealed by the houses, till

its ample flood, upwards of a quarter of a mile in breadth, bursts upon you at once, from the windows of the principal hotels. Close to the *Rheinberg*, is the bridge of boats,—constructed to rise and fall with the tide,—and forming a pleasant walk over to Deutz—one of the suburbs, on the opposite shore; where, in the evening, some gardens appeared brilliantly illuminated.

In the morning, after seeing the Dutch steamboat begin its voyage to Nimeguen, we set off to take a general view of Cologne,—which is of great extent, lying along the bank of the river, for between two and three miles. The interior of the town is old, and exhibits a strange mixture of the styles of building that have successively prevailed, through many centuries. It owes its name to the colony which Claudius, the Roman emperor, sent here,—by desire of his wife Agrippina, who was born on the spot. Hence Cologne was, originally, called *Colonia Agrippina;* and it has retained to modern times, traces of the Roman forms of municipal government. It has upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants,—encloses a vast space, with many gardens and orchards,—and is fortified on the land side. The walk along the bank of the Rhine is delightful; but Cologne itself is by no means an agreeable place, many parts having a very ruinous appearance; and its odours form but too sensible a contrast to the celebrated water of Jean Marie Farina, to the depôt of which we were conducted.

The town has an antique, gothic aspect, and the only specimen of Grecian architecture is the beautiful Town-House.

Several churches were open, at this early hour; —among others St. Severin's, St. John's and St. Helen's, — which contain brazen fonts, odd old paintings of popish legends, or miserable daubs of wretches in purgatory, some of whom are lifted out by priests, using their rosaries as ropes, and being thus exhibited as the saviours of the people. In one of these churches, a woman was reading her prayers aloud; in another, were a number of children,—one of whom read, while the others responded; afterwards all sung together, in good time, the priest at the altar continuing his pantomimic genuflexions, with little apparent connexion with the worship of the rest. In St. James's was a figure, probably of the patron Saint, in whose hand a bunch of early grapes had been put, as first fruits. It was ludicrous, here, to see a man carrying a lighted lanthorn before the priest, as he came down from the altar, in broad day light; but Romanism would fain *prolong the night.* The money box, as usual, was handed round, at the sound of a bell. A large school of children were present, with their slates and baskets on their arms; and it was melancholy to think of so many poor innocents being subjected,

from their tender age, to this system of spiritual despotism and darkness.

We went over the water to Deutz; and entered the church, at the time of a funeral. The altars were dressed with black screens, having skulls and cross bones painted on them; and the coffin was placed in the middle aisle, with many high tapers burning around it. The smoke of incense from a vessel on the floor was rising up over the bier, and five or six priests, habited in mourning robes, said the mass for the dead: the organ tones, in the minor key, had a very plaintive effect; and the whole ceremony was exceedingly solemn. When it was over, the friends of the deceased walked past an altar, where stood a salver in which each deposited an offering, which the priest blessed with extended arms; and which we supposed was to be a ransom from the pains of purgatory, by purchasing masses. Every thing seemed here to breathe the spirit of the dark, dismal ages, before the Reformation; and in this church, was an image of the Madonna, with the delusive inscription, *Mater Jesu consolatrix afflictorum.*

From Deutz, the view of Cologne, with its numerous towers, and spires, — and the vast unfinished mass of the cathedral,—is very striking. This church is a colossal fragment of the spiritual

ambition of Romanism. It was intended to have two towers, each five hundred feet high, one of which, of enormous breadth, is built to about half that elevation. The height of the choir is unusual; and the effect produced by the immense, unwieldy scale, of the whole half-finished building, —is that of a sublime and stupendous mouldering ruin. The original design was begun in 1248; but only the choir, and the chapels surrounding it, have ever been completed. The interior is supported by about one hundred columns; some of which are ten feet in diameter. The unfinished part has a wooden ceiling, and is low; but, the effect of the lofty choir, viewed from the east, on the outside, is gorgeous in the extreme.—It would be tedious to describe this pillared, vaulted wilderness,—which now again re-echoes with the sound of the workmen. Its style is highly ornamental; and, among the objects of curiosity it contains, are —the splendid altar table; the gigantic candelabra; the beautiful statues; the magnificent monuments; the superb stained windows; the picture of the adoration of the Magi, by Philip Kalf, in 1406; the tapestry of the choir; the silver coffin of St. Engelbert; and, especially, the tomb believed by the Catholics to contain the bones of the Three Magi.

This chapel of the *Three Kings*, as it is called, is of marble, in the Ionic style. Before the

French revolution, the skulls, adorned with crowns of gold, and with precious stones, were seen through a golden grating; and the shrine containing them, was one blaze of the most costly precious stones,—so as to dazzle, and surprise the beholder. What was lost during the period of revolutionary confusion, either by being made the spoil of war, or the prey of private cupidity,—has since been, as far as possible, imitated in gilt metals, enamel, and the like; and many precious stones have been given, by the inhabitants of Cologne. The presumed possession of the Magi, conferred great celebrity on this city, for ages; and 'the Three Kings of Cologne,' attracted multitudes of pilgrims, from all parts of Christendom. Romish tradition determined the number, and assigned the names, of the men of the east;—and the wealth of devotees formed the letters of the words Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthasar, on the lid of their shrine in rubies.

In this town, the eagerness of commissioners, offering their services to the traveller,—amounts to a real annoyance. It was difficult to take a single step, in the street, without being assailed by a number of persons, at once—all contending for the office of conducting you about the town. A young lad whom we engaged, was severely beaten, out of mere jealousy, by a fellow who thought he ought to have been employed himself;—and it

was not easy to rescue the poor boy from his vengeance. The language spoken here, is the *Platt Deutsch*; which is as bad, to one who has learned some pure German, as the dialect of some parts of England would be to a Frenchman who was learning to speak English.

This town has been called a 'second Rome,' as the seat of popish superstition; but many of its churches, which are said to have once amounted to two hundred and sixty, have gone to decay. St. Cunibert's is partly in ruins; and is now shut up. The church of the Jesuits is, as usual, highly ornamented; and has a college of the order, a very large building, exactly opposite to it. The church of St. Ursula is famous for containing what are said to be the skulls of the eleven thousand noble British virgins, who accompanied St. Ursula, in her voyage from Britain to Bretagne, to join their betrothed lords; but the vessels were somehow, says the legend, wrecked in the Rhine, and the ladies all took the veil, and founded the convent of St. Ursula: they were afterwards martyred. The skulls are seen arranged in rows, in glass cases, all along the upper parts of the church.

Some are of opinion, that this whole story has arisen from a numerical blunder of some careless transcriber of a Romish legend:—an inhabitant of Cologne, however, was once obliged to fly the city, for daring to dispute the *humanity* of some of these

craniums. Each one is covered with a sort of silk; and they were all formerly adorned with precious stones. In the sacristy, we were shown the skull of *St. Ursula herself*, and those of some other illustrious personages; and among other equally valuable curiosities, was one of the *water-pots* that were used at the marriage of Cana in Galilee!

We ventured to ask the man who showed us these extraordinary objects, whether he really believed the truth of all this? He answered with considerable *naïveté*—that the fact was, his father was the proper keeper of the church; but, he was so old as to be almost incapable of discharging his duty, so that he himself was obliged to officiate. I pressed him to say—whether he thought this was the *real* water pot,—and whether he considered that the tales the priests tell the people, about the miracles of the Saints, and the relics, are true? His reply was full of ingenuity: he did not answer the question directly,—but said that the priests, and the people, had been differently situated from himself;—and, that he had seen a great deal *more of the world*, than they, having travelled a good deal. On being asked, 'do you think the priests believe it all themselves?' he replied that it was possible they did;—but he was evidently a young man of too much intelligence to digest all that had been told him, though it is no wonder he was unwilling to say much on the subject. The priests declare that

when the church was formerly destroyed by fire, these skulls were all miraculously preserved.

The church of St. Géréon is a very interesting place, with a splendid cupola: the lower part of the tower is said to have been built by the Romans. Here, are more skulls: these belong to St Géréon, and his Moorish warriors, who are said to have been converted to Christianity, and to have suffered martyrdom, to the number of nine hundred, for refusing to worship the pagan idols.—In our walks, we passed the house where Rubens was born; and that in which Maria de Medicis died, wife of Henry IV. of France, and mother of his successor Louis XIII. In the church of St. Peter, the painting of the crucifixion of that apostle, by Rubens, and a copy of it by a man of Cologne, were shown to us. The original is two hundred years old, and is the last, and considered, here, the best of Rubens's pieces. There is something appalling in the expression of the countenance, gorged with blood, the head being downwards; and the picture leaves a strong impression on the imagination.

Anxious to enjoy the scenery of the RHINE, we left Cologne for Bonn, by the *Stadt Maintz* steam-vessel, with a great many other passengers, a large proportion of whom were English. The newspapers on board, contained the official account of the truly diabolical attempt of Fieschi

to assassinate Louis Philippe; which, for some time, formed an absorbing topic of conversation. We had previously heard this news at Cologne, where it produced a great sensation.

A band of music, conducted in the scientific German style, accompanied us up the stream; and the refreshing breeze of a lovely morning, rustled in the foliage of the banks of this most romantic, and most historical of rivers. Cologne, with its shipping, its numerous spires, and its dark basaltic wall, lay stretched along the western shore; and the river opened to our view, lined with rows of trees, and bordered with numerous peaceful villages; while the crosses, erected near the water's edge, testified that the dominion of Romanism still extended itself, and claimed to plant its symbols in the vestibule of some of the loveliest scenes in the creation. For here begin to develop themselves those enchanting views, which form one perpetual, and ever-changing kaleidoscope of beauty and grandeur, from near Cologne to Maintz; and which increase in their power to arrest the imagination as you advance toward the latter city, along the windings of this queen of rivers; forming, altogether, a series of scenes not to be paralleled in any part of the world.

As we proceeded, the seven mountains came imposingly before us, one of which bears the name of *Drachenfels*, or Dragon-Rock; in allusion to one

of those ancient legends, with which this region so much abounds. We reached BONN about eleven, after greatly admiring the delightful view of it from the river; but, in the place itself, we were somewhat disappointed;—partly, perhaps, from having heard so much in praise of it. The walks, however, in the vicinity, we soon found answering to their eulogy, and redeeming the narrowness of the streets. The view of the seven mountains from the terrace which overlooks the Rhine, is particularly fine. We established ourselves at the *Gasthof Zum Sterne*, or *Star Hotel*, in the market-place, which is spacious, and contains a fountain, with an inscription in honour of Frederic Maximilian, the last elector of Cologne.

The Cathedral is agreeably situated, in an open area; and the exterior has a more pleasing effect than the interior. It contains a number of relics, in glass cases, as at Cologne. The stained windows are brilliant, but of small dimensions. The most striking object in the church is the bronze statue of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. There are also the tomb of some bishop; and two small marble bas-reliefs, representing the birth and baptism of Jesus, which appeared very beautifully executed. The Virgin is as popular here, as elsewhere; and in this church is one of those exhibitions of bad taste, which are frequent in these parts,—a sitting figure of Mary,

with a dead Christ lying in her lap, as large as life, on which she is gazing with an air of despondency. There is, on the whole, an aspect of poverty about this cathedral. The people here, as at Aix, and Cologne, joined aloud in the responses, and there appeared to be much more music and chanting in the churches of this part of Germany, than in those of Belgium.—In another church, a poor little girl was confessing to the priest; who, when she had finished, lifted up his hands with a very devout air, and seemed, as usual, to be pronouncing forgiveness. We noticed, on some occasions, that the priest covered his face with a handkerchief, while receiving the confession. How appropriate to such scenes, the passage of Scripture, which so accurately describes this inquisitorial inspection of conscience, and this daring presumption, in professing to pardon sin!—*he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.**

On the Saturday afternoon, the splendid funeral procession of a soldier took place, with a cavalcade of horsemen, banners, and funereal music: the scene was impressive. The Protestant clergyman who officiated, wore a gown and a square velvet cap. The burial-place is common to Protestants and Catholics.—The evening invited a walk to the château of Popplesdorf, which is situated at the end of a wide avenue of chesnut-trees, forming a

* 2 Thess. ii. 4.

delightful public promenade, probably the greater part of a mile in length. The building is now devoted to science, as a museum. The fine collection of natural history and fossils, and the beautiful grotto-room, well deserve the walk from Bonn. This museum is connected with the university.

In the little church of Popplesdorf, were some people saying prayers aloud, without a priest, as is not unusual. The road led forward to Kreutzberg, a place of pilgrimage, and the site of an old monastery, with a church on the summit of a beautifully verdant, and wooded hill. Here were three English gentlemen, who had also walked from Bonn. It was so dark by this time, that we thought our chance of seeing the vault was over: however, we soon found the aged sexton, who gave us each a light; and we entered the church to view the remains of the monks, which are said to be miraculously preserved. In the middle of the edifice, over the gloom of which the candles threw but a feeble ray, was a large figure of the Virgin, in a white dress, on an altar: at her feet was a trap-door, leading into the catacombs; where, on descending, we saw the bodies of twenty-eight monks, lying in their coffins, in the dresses of their order. According to our guide, some of these remains are centuries old. He pointed to one, who, as he said, was the last who had died, whom he well knew, and who had been the gardener of the

nonastery. The bodies were in different stages of decay, some having their faces perfect skeletons, and in part fallen in: the flesh of the legs of others, still yielded a little to the touch. It was a ghastly sight, but there was no unpleasant effluvium whatever. The bodies are arranged, fourteen on each side, in a vault just large enough to hold them:—the spectacle was impressive and humiliating.

We next ascended to the back of the high altar; from which a wide and superb marble staircase leads down to the front of the church. More of miracle clings to this flight of steps, than to the poor monks, whose bodies look so grim and ghastly in the vault: it is considered so holy that visitors are not allowed to walk on it, but are obliged to descend by its side. It is, as we were given to understand, none other than the identical staircase belonging to Pilate's judgment-hall, at Jerusalem, trodden by our Saviour after his scourging! It is affirmed to have been taken, first to Rome, and by some especial good fortune, brought hither. What makes it so much an object of reverence is, that the blood of Jesus is said to have fallen on it in several places, which are indicated by little circular pieces of brass, let into the stone, representing a number of drops clotted together. This holy relic is also enriched further, by having many bones of saints inlaid in the beautifully-coloured marble. After this,—and the relics of Aix and Cologne,—and the eye of St.

Odilia, and its miracles, at Liege,—together with the numerous pieces of the *true* cross,—of which Luther said there were enough to make a man of war,—the traveller feels almost prepared to see some of the 'bottled darkness' of the land of Egypt, or the sword which Balaam '*wished for*' to smite the ass!

There was service in the church of the Jesuits, at Bonn, early on the Sunday morning. It had been handsomely repaired and beautified, and a priest was preaching with animation to a very crowded audience on the public worship of God, and saying many very good things, mingled, as might be anticipated, with superstitious allusions to the building itself, and eulogies of the artists and workmen who had been employed.—In the afternoon, we went to the Protestant church, formerly the chapel of the electoral palace, a small but handsome building. At the end is a raised altar, above which is placed the pulpit. On the sounding-board is a cross; and, on the altar, another, with an image of Christ upon it: on each side was placed a candle, not lighted. It is evident that Protestantism, here, is conformed, in some measure, to the prejudices of the Romanists. The minister came in after the people had been some time singing the Liturgy; he turned his face to the altar, and prayed privately. He afterwards catechised a number of children and young people; and baptized an infant at the font,

which stood before the pulpit. This rite was performed, not by sprinkling, or pouring the water, but by dipping his hand in it three times, and drawing his fingers, each time, across the forehead of the child. There was no sermon;—the only time for general public worship being nine o'clock in the morning.

Many of the shops were open during the day, and it did not appear to be generally much regarded. The latter part of the sabbath, especially, seems to be very little consecrated on the continent, even in towns where Protestantism lifts its head. In the evening, the students of the university went in procession to Godesburg, a romantic spot in the neighbourhood. This is an annual custom, on the eve of the King of Prussia's natal-day. They passed by our inn, mostly armed with pipes, in a number of open carriages—while a band of music paraded the market-place. The town appeared to be all excitement; and the Sabbath openly converted into a holiday.

The former electoral palace at Bonn is now the university; and is a noble structure, of great extent, with a very handsome front towards the park. In the hall for conferring degrees are some allegorical fresco paintings, representing Theology, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence. In consequence of the royal birth-day, there were no lectures, and we did not see the museum, nor the library, which

contains upwards of sixty thousand volumes, brought from the suppressed university of Cologne.

The university of Bonn was founded by the King of Prussia, in 1818; and soon rose to an eminent position among the German institutions. In 1829, the students amounted to a thousand; at present there are said to be nearly eight hundred: they reside about the town. There is here a Protestant and a Catholic faculty of theology, as the population on the Prussian borders of the Rhine is mixed. A few years ago, the Catholic theological students were the more numerous: theology and law each claimed one third of the whole united body; and the faculties of philosophy and medicine shared between them the remaining third, in nearly equal parts. The religious sentiments of several of the professors are decidedly evangelical.

At the gate of the university next the town, were several students smoking the long pipe. In their general appearance, it was not difficult to detect a certain untamed, romantic air, to which fancy perhaps might lend exaggeration,—influenced by all that is said of the genuine Teutonic student —the intellectual Proteus, who can so readily alternate between that laborious and intense application, termed, in some places, *ochsen*, or *acting the ox*,—and those ebullitions of boisterous

feeling which lead him to pour out deep and stormy libations to the freedom of Germany,—to celebrate the orgies of some mystic rite, understood only by the initiated,—or to seek *renown* in some wild freak,—or even by measuring rapiers with an antagonist.

The real German student, as he *has been*, may be described as somewhat resembling, in his general appearance, the portraits we sometimes see of poets:—his luxuriant locks disdaining the artificial aid of the tonsor, are given to the winds,—his neck is bare as those of his rough ancestors, who drove their scythe-chariots among the Roman legions, —and his whole appearance, to which his mustachios add a degree of fierceness, is calculated to strike the imagination; and it is easy to believe that a company of such wild and ardent *Burschen* might not limit their frolics to the harmless joke of making the rocks of Lurlei, on the Rhine, respond the last two syllables of the question—*Wer ist der Bürgermeister von Oberwesel?* *

It is not to be supposed, however, that such an undisciplined and enthusiastic being is a prototype of the general mass of German students,—he is only to be numbered among those who, at Göttingen, Jena, and other places, have sometimes converted the calm atmosphere of the academic

* Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel? *Esel* is the German for *ass*.—It is said this frolic was complained of at Berlin.

seat into an element of political storms, and who have given ample employment to the utmost vigilance of the government, in repressing violence. Some of the universities have, at times, been seriously injured by these disturbances; but the increased demand for high attainments, enforced, within these few years, by the government,—which in the German states controls all education,—and the new principle of placing universities in large and influential cities, where the students are lost in the crowd,—cannot fail, ultimately, to check the spirit of insubordination, and visionary independence.

We staid at Bonn till the arrival of the steamer from Cologne, on the Monday; and in the mean time, endeavoured to obtain some German tracts, for distribution along the road; but we could not succeed.—Some boys, on the public walk which overlooks the Rhine, were singing the tune of our national anthem, in honour of his Prussian majesty, who seems here to be very popular: busts of him are continually to be seen, and, on this occasion, the newspapers contained poems in honour of him. The beggars seem to take things very easily in this place, and may, occasionally, be seen asking alms, with very fair German pipes in their mouths. The boat arrived from Cologne, streaming with banners, and guns were fired towards and from the shore. We left Bonn about eleven, having had very

comfortable apartments; furnished, as usual, with huge earthenware stoves. Notwithstanding the distance, we seemed to carry England with us;—for, out of sixty persons, who sat down to dinner at the Star hotel, about half were English.

LETTER VII.

Description of the Rhine, from Bonn to Coblentz—Drachenfels—Godesburg—Nonnenwerth—Rolandseck—Oberwinter—Unkel—Remagen—Apollinarisberg—Erpel—Okkenfels—Linz—Sinzig—Argenfels—Breisig—Rheineck—Hammerstein—Leutesdorf—Andernach—Floating Bridges—Rafts—Weissenthurm—Neuwied—Engers—Ehrenbreitstein—Coblentz—The Rhine from Coblentz to Mainz—Tombleson's Views—Ober-lahnstein—Marksburg—Boppart—St. Goar—Oberwesel—Caub—Bacharach—Bingen—Ellfeld—Cassel—Maintz—Drusus Germanicus—Roman Antiquities—Cathedral.

My dear Friend,—It would be vain to attempt a full delineation of the beauties of the Rhine;—which, to be appreciated, must be seen. We were now on board the Friederich Wilhelm, which was gaily decorated with a profusion of flags, in honour of the king; and salutes were fired and returned

all along the river.—For some time, the Drachenfels, and its sister hills, with their rugged summits, were the most interesting objects. Then the castle of Godesburg, rising, from a commanding height, out of the wood and verdure that embosom it, pointed as far backward in the shades of time, as the days of Roman glory. The width of the Rhine appeared to vary but little, excepting, perhaps, where islands divide its waters; but the diversity of the scenery is endless. Steep cliffs, — sometimes bare,—sometimes covered with foliage, or with vines, form the borders; and the river frequently takes a sweep; and is enclosed by abrupt mountains,—whose dark solemn forms, and crowning ruins, are impressively reflected in the stream, as shadows of the past.

The attention is continually kept alive by the rapid succession, and the delightful blending, of the grand, the beautiful, and the romantic. The numerous sloping vineyards which cover the mountains, on both sides of the river, are a striking example of unwearied labour; and testify to the immense quantity of Rhenish wine, that is here produced. The many villages which line the banks, with their spires and antique buildings, give a human air to scenes which would, otherwise, be characterized by silent loneliness; and on which some hoary remnant of the age of chivalry often frowns from its rocky throne.

Above, the frequent feudal towers,
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.
The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.

Among innumerable views, on which we might have lingered in admiration for hours, were—that which takes in the island of Nonnenwerth, with its convent,—and the ruin-crowned mountains of Rolandseck, and Drachenfels;—the splendid panorama, beyond OBER-WINTER;—the town of UNKEL, environed with beauty, on the left;*—a little farther, on the right, REMAGEN,—and, enthroned on a commanding height, the priory of APOLLINARISBERG;—ERPEL, with its back-ground of basaltic rock; the ruins on mount Okkenfels, the picturesque little city of LINZ—all three on the left—and, on the opposite side, the solid spire of SINZIG. The scenes continued exceedingly beautiful, on both sides of the river, to Andernach: on the left, were lovely villages, rocky vine-clad mountains, and the castle of Argenfels;—on the luxurious bank on the right side, the town of BREISIG;—and

* As the passage from Cologne to Maintz is against the stream, the places spoken of as being on the *left* side, are of course on the *right bank* of the river, and *vice versa*.

in the back-ground, the castle of Rheineck, magnificently seated on the summit of a steep and projecting rock,—and remaining visible, as the prominent object, in several changing scenes of loveliness and grandeur.

Farther up the stream, on the left side, and seen from afar, were the ruins of the extensive castle of Hammerstein,—celebrated in the annals of the German empire, like innumerable other strongholds, which, in this region of chivalry and war, have been connected—either with the exile of monarchs,—the cruelty of tyrants,—the tyranny of the papal power,—the feudal conflicts of marauding chieftains,—or the tale of romance. Having passed other huge crags, and an islet or two, we obtained a lovely view, near Leutesdorf, by looking back upon the river, which is here bordered, on each side, by the most picturesque rocks and mountains, with Sinzig in the back-ground. ANDERNACH, the ancient Antonacum, probably the oldest city on the Rhine, and a military station of Drusus Germanicus, the Roman general,—now presented its solemn, and dusky towers, on the right, in a plain, surrounded by dark basaltic mountains; and we regretted that time did not allow of our landing, to give to its interesting ruins a nearer inspection.

On no day did the German dinner-courses appear more tedious than on this. Much as the Rhenish air may tend to sharpen the appetite, it

was imprisonment to remain in the cabin, while the glories of the Rhine, containing all that is picturesque in nature, and interesting in the associations of history and romance, were passing, in one continued panorama, on each side of us; and many of the company, unwilling to wait for the successive fragments of cookery, which made their appearance at rather distant intervals, alternately paid their respects to the beauties of nature, and to the necessities of the animal: some, I believe, were enthusiastic enough to dispense with their dinners.

The curious large ferry-barges, like covered floating bridges, on which a great many people, or cattle, can be conveyed at one time;—and the immense rafts of timber which we met this day, gliding down the stream,—occasionally gave the river a very animated appearance. One of these rafts had a nicely-constructed hut on it, bearing a flag in honour of King Friederich Wilhelm; and the loyal salutes that were sometimes fired from the shore, and from the vessel, produced reverberations among the rocks, with an exceedingly fine effect. A little beyond the neat and pleasant-looking town of NEUWIED, but on the right, or opposite side of the river,—we passed the village of Weissethurm, near which place, tradition says, Julius Cæsar constructed the wooden bridge, over which he crossed from Gaul into Germany, and which

he describes in the fourth book of the Gallic War.

Beyond Neuwied, the country near the Rhine became flat, the valley being wider, and the hills removed to a distance,—while a luxuriant landscape lay between. At Engers,—the castle of which is now the summer residence of the Prince of Nassau Weilberg,—the scenery again approaches the banks of the river, especially on this—the right side; but though the country is here rich and hilly, it becomes less striking. At length, after passing numerous beautiful vineyards, some villages, and another picturesque ruin or two, the river takes a sweep, and the view changes into a truly magnificent panorama, formed by the towers and pinnacles of Coblentz resting on the bosom of the water,—the distant heights and mountains,—and, the huge rock of Ehrenbreitstein, with its vast crown of fortifications, threatening the city, as it were, from the opposite shore, and seeming to keep it in awe. The view of this grand fortress is magnificent and imposing in the extreme.

We arrived at COBLENTZ between six and seven in the evening, having enjoyed a very fine day for the scenery of the Rhine. We took up our abode at the *Three Swiss*, near the bridge of boats; and as the evening portended rain, no time was lost in crossing the river, which is here nearly five hundred feet wide, to EHRENBREITSTEIN. It is situated

in the *Thal,* or valley of Ehrenbreitstein, and has been at various periods the scene of war, and of the sufferings which follow in its train—especially during the convulsions attending the Republican times of France. When this fortress was blockaded, for the fourth time, in 1797, by the French, the flesh of horses and cats was sold at a high price. At the peace of Luneville, towers, walls, and works, — were all blown up, and destroyed in hideous ruin; but since 1816, the fortifications have been restored by Prussia, and the place is now called Fort William in honour of the king: its original name,—*The Broad Stone of Honour,*—seems to have some allusion to the practices of chivalry.

It may be described as a perpendicular mountain converted into a gigantic fortress, rising broadly and majestically dominant, from its rocky base, to the height of nearly eight hundred feet above the river, with an air of absolute command, as though it would frown into the dust the city below,—which it could indeed soon annihilate by means of its tremendous batteries. It has an appearance of impregnable strength, and will accommodate, if necessary, many thousands of soldiers. The ascent to the summit, is long and steep, and the prospect it commands, when fully illuminated by the sun, must be glorious, and is considered one of the finest on the banks of the Rhine. The view of

this scene, just as the shades of evening were beginning to throw over it a quiet solemnity, was most magnificent and impressive, consisting of the whole town of Coblentz, situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle;* the calm, divergent course of the two rivers, to a considerable distance,—the vine-planted heights of Chartreuse, —an immense plain, scattered with twenty or thirty towns and villages,—and a diversified country for many leagues around.

A hasty survey of the handsome town of Coblentz, in the morning, previously to our embarking on the river, was all that time allowed. The finest street appeared to be the *Rhein-thor*, or Rhine-gate-street; and the *Place d'armes*, planted with linden trees, is an agreeable square. The churches were already open, at half-past five in the morning;—such are the early devotional habits of the Catholics. The church of the Virgin, is remarkable for its two lofty and majestic steeples, which are built with successive stories, in rather an uncommon manner. The church of St. Kastor was also open, and full of people; to whom one priest was officiating, kneeling in the middle aisle,—while another was standing at the door of his confessional, in the attitude of prayer: the voices of the congregation rose with the tones of the organ, and their serious aspect was worthy of a better system of religion.

* Celebrated by Ausonius in a long poem.—Vide *Idyll.* X.

On leaving Coblentz for Maintz, we were much struck with the grand effect of Ehrenbreitstein. Shortly after losing sight of the city,—the view opened charmingly, with a great number of castles and villages,—sometimes on one,—and sometimes on the other bank of the river; and a sail of an hour or two brought us to mountains bare of trees, but covered with vineyards. These plantations grow on terraces, made with great labour, on every part of the mountains where they can be formed. We thought the scenery increasingly interesting,—even surpassing that of the previous day, though we were then enjoying our first impression of the Rhine. The views, however, appeared still more striking than before, and realised all that we had ever heard of this region of beauty.

The ancient castles, now in ruins, crowning the commanding summits of lofty rocks, seemed the chroniclers of a period far remote; and the occasional Roman remains that were pointed out to us carried the imagination still farther back into the darkness of time. The perpetual marks of superstition which line the banks, in the form of little chapels,—stations, crosses,—and the like, still reminded us of the gigantic dominion of popery; which had presented its memorials from the moment of our landing on the continent, and had accompanied us at every step: often, on the vessel approaching nearer than usual to the shore, little beggars were heard imploring,

by every plea that was sacred in the Romish religion, that alms might be thrown to them. The kindness of a party on board, who had a copy of Tombleson's 'Views on the Rhine,' gave us an excellent opportunity of comparing the actual scenery with the representation. In every instance, we were gratified to find how faithfully true the pictures were to nature and reality. At first, we sometimes fancied there was a want of exact resemblance, but soon found that an altered position brought us to the right point of view. If, in any case, the general impression was not obtained from the picture, this was owing to its not being large enough to take in more than one or two striking objects, where the *tout ensemble* was required for the full effect. The scenes of this day were exceedingly varied, and filled the mind with the most interesting associations.

After passing the large and fertile island of Oberwerth,—among innumerable beauties, the river Lahn presented itself on our left, pouring into the giant stream, its tributary waters, the village of Lahnstein, being at their confluence; while Lahneck Castle, in ruins, and the adjacent mountains, added a picturesque charm to the scene. Next came into view the town of OBER-LAHNSTEIN, in a delightful situation, opposite the dark ruined pile of Stolzenfels, which is seated on a commanding rock on the right; and farther on, on the other side, the castle of MARKSBURG crowned its bold

rocky base. The Rhine now takes a wide sweep to the right; and the lovely combination of terraced vineyards, embowering trees, luxuriant fields, human habitations, and fertile orchards and gardens—gives place to scenes of more decided wildness, and of romantic gloom. A narrow pass of dark, slaty rocks, which emerge abruptly from the confined stream, shuts in the prospect; and throws a solemn and awful shade, deep into the bosom of the water; —while the reign of solitude and silence seemed, as it were, disturbed and outraged by the rush of the vessel;—till, at another bend, the stream attained its former breadth, and the city of BOPPART, grey with time, embosomed in foliage, and having a back ground of mountains, presented its twin spires to our view.

Another turn disclosed, on the left, the vine-planted rocks of Liebenfels and Sternenberg, called the 'Brothers;' on which are majestically seated the numerous towers of two ruined feudal castles, celebrated as the locality of a romantic legend, of the time of the crusades, relating to the attachment of two rival brothers to the same fair lady. Indeed, here every ruin has its history, and there is always some tale of chivalry connected with it;—so that if the world could be benefited and improved by romance and sentimentalism, materials might be found in abundance, all along the storied borders of the

Rhine : and it is easy, while in these classic regions, to feel how much their vicinity may have had its effect on some departments of the literature of Germany.

Passing the picturesque scenery of Hirzenach, and the small shrubby island of Werth,—we approached the fine ruins of Thurmberg, on a mountain, at the base of which lies the delightfully-situated village of Welmich :—then, on the right, appeared the fortifications of Rheinfels, towering dominant from the water, like an Ehrenbreitstein in ruins; with a lovely view, in front, of St. Goar, under the heights; and, on the left, the beautiful ruins of Katze embosomed in a mountain, below which is St. Goarhausen. The view about this spot is perfectly enchanting, having all the appearance of a most lovely lake, bordered with foliage, rocky masses, and picturesque towns, with their spires and towers; the whole being enclosed by an amphitheatre of mountains.

We now began to look out for the rocks which, from near this place to Mayence, are frequently seen projecting several feet above the water. Beyond St. Goar, the Rhine becomes confined in a sort of defile; rocks lie in the bed of the river,—and by the rush of the water against them, whirlpools are produced. The ruggedness of the crags, and the impetuosity of the stream, gives a wild

aspect to the scene; and, to an unskilful pilot, there would be real danger; for the trunks of large trees are sometimes swallowed up in the vortex. The river now winds round the Lurley-fels, a basaltic rock, remarkable for its echo; to awaken which a gun was fired, and a horn blown; and the reports were, several times, repeated from rock to rock.

Between this spot and the romantic town of OBERWESEL, with its mountain-background—bearing the ruined towers of Schönberg,—St. Goar is said to have dwelt, while employed in converting the fishermen and peasantry of the Rhine to Christianity. In the distance, on the left, is seen the castle of Gutenfels, rising in masses from the river. But from this point so many objects began to thicken upon us, that it would be tedious to attempt the description. Beyond the Lurley-fels, seven rocks lie in the river, called the *Jungfrauen*, or Virgins; respecting whom romance furnishes another legendary story. Farther on, at CAUB, near the embattled ruins of Gutenfels, is one of the most singular objects in the whole voyage, the castle of *Pfalz*, built on a small rock, in the midst of the river; from which its sombre walls emerge, crowned with a central tower, and a number of surrounding pinnacles,—to tell the tale of feudal dominion; for this building was erected by a Count Palatine of the Rhine, as a toll-house, and subsequently be-

came the scene of the prisoner's dungeon. It was at this spot that the Russians and Prussians, under Blucher, crossed the river, in 1814.

The views still continued to present unnumbered beauties; and the towers of the ancient town of BACHARACH were solemnly reflected from the bosom of the water, with the ruins of Stahlech castle on the adjacent rock; and, below, was the beautiful Gothic shell of the ruined chapel of St. Werner,—who is said to have been here scourged to death by the Jews, in 1287. Bacharach is thought to resemble Jerusalem, on a small scale, both in its situation and style of building: it is famous for the excellent wines of its neighbourhood, and is said to have derived its name from *ara Bacchi;* an altar having been found here, supposed to have been erected to Bacchus by the Romans.

The borders of the river continue exquisitely picturesque, graced with numerous villages, merging into deep ravines, or relieved by ruin-crowned hills, of rock, and foliage:—in short, the whole scenery from Coblentz to Bingen is one grand panorama of enchantment, and holds the imagination as in a spell. On leaving Bacharach, the objects seemed to crowd on us in more rapid succession than ever; and the villages, and rich vineyards, were either surmounted, or interspersed, with the perpetual remnants of departed ages, in the ruins of Hollengen, on

the left;—and on the opposite side, those of Fürstenberg, Heimburg, Sonneck, Falkenburg, Rheinstein, and Bauzberg; each ruin seeming to have a character of its own,—even their names being frequently expressive,—and all being memorials of the marauding knights, the baronial hospitality, the feudal wars, the romantic tales, or the imperial German politics, of the respective times, when these embattled mansions flourished in their pride and glory.

Rheinstein is almost the only exception to the general appearance of wreck;—this castle having, within these few years, been renovated in the ancient style, for the summer residence of Prince Frederic of Prussia. It looks down upon the Rhine with a romantic and magnificent effect, and serves to give life and reality to the image of remote ages,—this castle mansion being powerfully contrasted with the general scene of dismantled and mouldering ruins.

The beautiful stripes of vineyard which frequently adorn this fairy land, present an exhibition of quiet and laborious industry; a grateful testimony that however the olden days may adorn the pages of poetry and story, they are now gone by; and that the inhabitants of this region are no longer the victims of conflicts between hostile families, or petty tyrants frowning mutual defiance, each in his own castle, from rock to rock. Yet these hoary ruins are invested

with a kind of solemn witchery,—as they proudly enthrone themselves on high, amid almost every variety of mountain scenery, and cast their dark shadows on the stream, which lies expanded, often like a glassy mirror, in impressive silence below them: they appear to embody in themselves the history of the past, and the whole of this Elysian region, seems peopled with the sombre spectres of departed ages,—haunting a succession of gloomy and romantic lakes, and telling the legends of a thousand years.

A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field; mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.

All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud;
There was a day when they were young and proud.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.

In their baronial feuds and single fields
What deeds of prowess unrewarded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide.
What want these outlaws conquerors should have?

But history's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
Their hopes were no less warm, their souls were full as brave.

Before reaching Bingen, where the *Rheingau*, or district of the Rhine, commences, the river is again hemmed in by walls of gloomy rocks, which create another whirling eddy; and here, the current ran so strongly against us, that we were obliged to have six track-horses, to aid the steam. The elevated ruined towers of Ehrenfels were on the left; and, on the other side, rosé from the water, the tower called Maüsethurm, built originally as a toll and light-house. In this neighbourhood lived an astrologer named Bartholomew of Holzhausen, whom Charles II. is said to have consulted respecting his destiny, when he was at Bingen during the Commonwealth. BINGEN is one of the most interesting places on the Rhine, and rears its spires amidst beautiful scenery, at the point where the Nahe flows into it: across this river is a bridge, the piles and arches of which are Roman: there is also, here, a Roman tower. Behind the town, a lofty mountain is crested with the ruins of Klopp castle; and nearly opposite, are the town of Rüdesheim, and the picturesque ruins of the castle of Brömserberg.

The country opens, near this spot, in a delightful manner, with a succession of the most luxuriant vineyards, the mountains being once more

removed to a distance. The river also, here, expands into a greater stream,—being about three furlongs wide, and continuing to Mayence, nearly of the same breadth, lined with villages and interspersed with islands of luxuriant verdure. The country discovers the greatest possible cultivation: indeed, along the Rhine, vines seem to be made to grow almost everywhere; terraces being frequently formed up to the very summits of the most rugged rocks and precipices.

At Joannisberg, on the left, were pointed out to us the vineyards of Prince Metternich, and the extensive palace of this celebrated diplomatist, on an estate given to him by the Emperor of Austria, and occupying the site of an ancient priory. The Prince, we were informed, derives a great revenue from the wine, which is reckoned the finest of the Rhenish varieties, and is sometimes sold at an enormous price. The Emperor, when he gave this domain to his minister, reserved a tithe of the produce for his own cellar. Among the villages on the same side of the river, is Lange Winkel, where the Romans are said to have kept their wine stores for the army. We here passed another very large raft of timber gliding down the stream. These ingenious contrivances are sometimes from two to three hundred yards long, by twenty or five-and-twenty broad, and carry several hundred men, who are lodged in wooden huts, so that the rafts almost resemble floating towns.

After leaving, on the left, the ruins situated on the vine-clad hill of Scharfenstein, and passing ELLFELD, another Roman town,—with the Taunus mountains in the distance, on our right,—we noticed Biberich, on the left, the magnificent palace of the Duke of Nassau. Between this place and Fort Montebello, at CASSEL, are two lovely islands, called Peters Aue, and Ingelheimer Aue,—the word *aue* expressing their verdant, pasture-like appearance. On the right, Maintz rose beautifully from the ample flood; and the luxuriant landscape, crowned with the many towers of the majestic cathedral, and the other steeples and buildings of the city, and relieved by the dark boundary of the distant hills, formed a rich and imposing scene.

MAINTZ, or in French, Mayence, situated in one of the finest parts of Germany, is regarded as the most important town of the Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt. It is strongly fortified, and the works form a sort of semi-circle on the bank of the river. It contains about thirty thousand inhabitants, including the Prussian and Austrian garrison of several thousand men, who are here stationed, in the service of the German Confederation. There is at this place, as at Cologne, and Coblentz, a bridge of boats over the Rhine, in consequence of the rapidity of the stream: Bonaparte, however, intended to build one of stone. The river is here twelve hundred Rhenish feet, or about twelve

hundred and twenty English feet in breadth; and a line of mills, parallel to the bridge, just below it, has precisely the effect of a row of small houses on the bosom of the water. Not far from the city was another raft, of immense extent,—the largest we had seen. On landing at Maintz, the traveller is obliged to give up his passport; which is returned, on paying a fee of twelve *kreutzers*, or about fourpence.

This city is rich in Roman ruins, and in the treasures of historical association. Here Drusus Germanicus built the fort called *Magontiacum*, which afterwards gave its name to the city;—hither one of the legions that had been employed under Titus, at the destruction of Jerusalem, marched from Judea, to garrison the town; and here may be seen some remains of Charlemagne's bridge. By the formation of the Rhenish *Hanse*, or *confederation* of a hundred Rhenish towns, at this place, in 1255, a decisive blow was struck against the banditti chiefs, who entrenched themselves in the mountain-castles on the borders of the Rhine. This city, also, was one of the principal residences of the Minnesänger, —those romantic minstrel poets, who flourished in Germany in the middle ages, especially under the sway of the house of Hohenstaufen, or the Suabian dynasty.

We visited the Museum of Roman Antiquities, consisting of objects that have been found in the

neighbourhood; and containing, it is said, the most complete collection, those in Italy excepted, of altars, votive stones, and other monuments of the Roman military dominion; but the rooms in which these remains were shewn, are quite unworthy of the exhibition. Some good ancient and modern pictures laboured under a similar disadvantage, being placed in a mean adjoining apartment. The time-worn monument erected, in the Roman period, in honour of Drusus, called *Drusus-Stein*, is on the ramparts, near *Jacobsberg*, or Mount St. James.

Maintz is one of the handsomest and best paved towns we had seen since we left Belgium: along the river side, is a delightful promenade. The *Zeughaus*, or arsenal, on the quay, is a fine building; as is also the Hall of Justice. The *Hotel de Hollande* is one of the most commodicus inns we had met with:—it is lofty, square, and constructed of white stone;—with every thing clean and comfortable within, and a noble view of the Rhine, and the adjacent country, from the upper windows. The *Schloss Platz*, or Castle Square,—is a fine parallelogram, where the soldiery seemed to be continually training: yet this military place everywhere bore decided emblems of Romish dominion; and there was a greater profusion of statues of the Virgin and Child, at the corners of the streets, than we had elsewhere observed.

Passing the large Protestant church, we proceeded to the *Dom*, or cathedral, which is well worth inspection; especially on account of the splendid monuments of the archbishop-electors of the empire: some of these tombs are formed of one single stone, and are magnificently decorated. Here, also, lie buried Fastrada, the wife of Charlemagne, and Frauenlob, one of the most celebrated German bards, who died in 1318. In this cathedral is a very ancient gate of brass, and a handsome stone pulpit. Here, too, we noticed one of those revolting attempts which are common in Catholic countries, to represent Him whom no mortal eye hath seen, or can see,—under the form of an old man! The Son assists the Father to place the crown on the head of the great Diana, whom all the Romish world worships,—the Virgin Mary.

When Bonaparte retreated to Maintz, after the fatal battle of Leipzig, this church was converted into an hospital for the wounded French; of whom eight thousand were lodged within its ample space, together with many hundred oxen. Every morning were here seen twenty or thirty corpses of men who had died during the night; while in the streets were dead bodies of men, mingled with those of horses, and oxen! This cathedral is a large, spacious, and ancient Gothic edifice, having two cupolas, two choirs, and four towers,—which give it a fine effect. There are six or seven other churches:

we looked into St. Christopher's, and St. Peter's,—the former of which was very tawdry with gilding; and at one of the altars, was the representation of the absurd Romish legend of the beheaded saint, holding his head in his hand. St. Peter's has a showy coloured ceiling, and two marble altars, with figures of marble gilt.

At Maintz another kind of money became current: we received, in exchange, *crowns of Brabant*, worth about four shillings and seven-pence halfpenny, English,—or two *florins*, forty-two *kreutzers*,—*argent d'Empire*, in which accounts are here kept: sixty kreutzers make a florin, or twenty-pence halfpenny nearly; and seven kreutzers are equal to twenty-five French centimes, or nearly two-pence halfpenny.

LETTER VIII.

Road to Frankfurt — Hotels — Collections — Monument to the Hessians — Sachsenhausen — Domkirche — Bible Depository — History of Frankfurt — Educational system — Rationalism — Controversies — Secular authority in the Church — Intolerance — Scholastic theology — Thirty years' war — Early opponents of the scholastic system — Pietism — Degeneracy of Pietism — Bengel and Storr — German philosophy — Its connexion with theology — Leibnitz — English Deists — French literature — Frederic II. — Nicolaï — Eclecticism — Neological tendencies — Semler — Kantian philosophy — Scientific theory — Nature-philosophy — Philosophy of sentiment — Hegel's Idealism — Infidelity of Rationalism — Periodicals — Bretschneider's distinction — Opponents of Rationalism — Schleiermacher — Progress of the doctrines of the Reformation — Frankfurt — Maintz — Berg — Bremen — Hamburgh — Mecklenburg — Hanover — Brunswick — Weimar — Saxony — Prussian Saxony — Würtemberg — Prussia — New Liturgy.

My dear Friend,—What is emphatically termed the 'scenery of the Rhine,' ends at Maintz, as the country southward becomes flatter: we therefore started, at half-past two o'clock, in a commodious hired carriage, for Frankfurt on the Mayne, a dis-

tance of four and a half German miles, or nearly twenty miles and three quarters English.* On leaving the Rhine, the traveller feels as though a spell, which had for some time held captive his imagination, were broken; and as we crossed the bridge of boats, it was impossible not to cast a last lingering look down the river, with a feeling of regret, like that of parting with a friend. At Basle, indeed, we were again to behold this king of streams, already mighty in the cradle of its birth, before it becomes a European river; but it is only between Cologne and Mayence, that it presents that transcendent combination of the grandeur and beauty of nature, with the chivalrous and the antique, which renders the region through which it flows a land of enchantment.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is coloured by thine every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories of old days.

On crossing the bridge of boats, we immediately

* Equal to four and a half French posts, or two and a quarter German posts.—A German mile is equal to rather more than four and a half English miles.

passed through the highly-fortified town of Cassel, —originally the site of another fort constructed by Drusus. A country now lay before us, which might have appeared interesting, could we have forgotten the exquisite scenery of the Rhine: we were at leisure, however, to observe smaller matters, such as the very numerous crosses along the road,—the apple and pear-trees that lined it,—the fields of poppies, —the antique-looking carts and wagons,—and the practice of feeding the horses with rye-bread. At the commencement of this journey, we were overtaken, for the first time, by rain, and a heavy thunder-storm.

The approach to FRANKFURT, the ancient seat of the Frankish monarchs, and the magazine of modern trade,—presents an appearance of opulence and comfort which we had scarcely witnessed, since our landing on the continent. It is one of the four free towns, and the seat of the Diet; and is situated in the heart of one of the richest districts in Germany. Its immediate vicinity is adorned with numerous handsome houses and villas, having beautiful gardens; and public walks, planted with trees, surround the whole town. We arrived in the evening, and took up our abode at the very comfortable hotel, *Der Englische Hof*, in the spacious and agreeable street, called the *Ross-markt.*

Frankfurt is a very fine city, having a great appearance of wealth, and many handsome modern

buildings. There are two or three agreeable areas or squares, which much contribute to the healthfulness and beauty of the place. The *Zeil* is a noble street, containing some most princely hotels. The magnificent entrance to that called *Der Russische Hof* is adorned with several statues;—but the most superb is the *Gasthof zum Römischen Kaiser*:—this palace-like hotel has about a hundred windows in front, and a crowned statue, attired in the Roman imperial robe. In the same street, we were conducted to Steigerwald's splendid glass-shop, which contained an immense variety of elegant and costly articles.—Among the numerous institutions in this city, for promoting the arts and sciences, we visited Städel's Academy of Painting, where there is also a gallery of statues. Some of the pictures in this handsome building, are by the old masters, and are well worthy of observation: the ceilings of the rooms are beautiful.

Passing the antique gate of Aschenheim, we proceeded to the Museum of Natural History, which contains a very noble collection, admirably arranged; that of the birds being particularly extensive, and the finest we ever saw: the gallery is also rich in fishes, birds' nests, eggs, and fossil bones. Here, as in many cities of the continent, the impulse which Cuvier gave to the study of the animal kingdom is evidently seen, in the extensive collections to which it has given rise. Some

winding paths, ornamented with flowering shrubs, and forming part of those delightful promenades which environ this town,—led us past the Orphan Asylum, to Herr Bethmann's collection of casts, taken from the antiques that adorned the *Louvre*, when the spoils of Italy were conveyed to Paris, and became trophies to the military dominion of France. But the principal object of attraction, in the *Bethmann'sche Sammlung*, was the exquisite, and surpassing statue, in beautiful marble, of Ariadne seated on a leopard,—by Dannecker.

In the environs, near the *Friedberg* gate, was pointed out to us the monument erected by Friederich Wilhelm II., of Prussia, to the Hessian troops who fell at the storming of Frankfurt in 1792, by the French;—when, in the full madness of the revolution, and in their fury against every thing that wore the shape of legitimacy, they carried their arms into foreign lands; while, in Paris, the most horrid massacres were going on, under the auspices of Marat, Robespierre, and Danton. Spires, Worms, Maintz, and Frankfurt, soon fell before the victorious arms of the republicans; but, before the end of the year, Frankfurt was regained.

The Maine divides the city into two unequal parts, which are connected by an ancient bridge, one thousand feet in length. The southern side of the river is called *Sachsenhausen*, from a disputed

tradition that a colony of Saxon prisoners originally founded this suburb. The quay, along the northern bank of the Maine, is very fine; and the houses which line it are of a superior order, and of large dimensions. Here, also, is situated the public library, a very handsome modern building, celebrated for its complete collection of German history. There are six Lutheran,—two or three Reformed—and several Catholic churches, besides the *Domkirche* of St. Bartholomew.

This cathedral has a lofty tower of reddish stone,—with the odd, truncated appearance, not uncommon on the continent. In the interior, the clock, in its green age, of centuries, still shows the hours, days, and months, and gives other information. There are also two ancient, and remarkable pieces of sculpture,—one said to be six hundred years old, consisting of thirteen scripture figures, in excellent preservation;—the other, which claims to have existed for seven centuries, is called the 'Grave of Christ.' In the choir are some old paintings, in fresco. In this church is also seen a beautiful picture by Rubens, of the Virgin, with the Child Jesus in all the loveliness of infancy, and forming a pleasing contrast to the showy statues with gilt or plated crowns, which we had repeatedly observed,—either representing the Saviour as bestowing the keys of the church on Peter, or receiving money from the *Three Kings*.

We were fortunate, in the course of our walks about the city, in meeting with the Rev. Dr. Pinkerton, who resides here with a view to promote the objects of the Bible Society. By means of the kindness of that gentleman, we were enabled to obtain what we had in vain sought for elsewhere,—a supply of German religious tracts for distribution; which we procured at the depository of the Bible Society in this city.

Frankfurt appears to have had its origin,—and, as some think, its name,—from the first visit of the Frankish monarch, Charlemagne, to this part of Germany;—the termination, which is properly spelled with the letter *u*, signifying a ford or passage. Charlemagne here built a palace, of which there are now no remains; and from the time of his successor, Louis le Débonnaire, Frankfurt became the chief city of East Franconia, till the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty, in 911. For several centuries, the election to the empire took place here; and, in more modern times, the coronation,—after that ceremony ceased to be held at Aix-la-Chapelle.

During the continuance of the French empire, Frankfurt was the capital of the grand-duchy of the same name; but, after the battle of Leipzig, so disastrous to Bonaparte, in 1813, its independence was restored; and it now has its own *chargés d'affaires* at foreign courts. Its govern-

ment is a moderately democratical republic; and it is said that among the legislators of this free city, as among those of free nations, warm disputes frequently occur between the aristocratical and the popular party. Since the breaking up of the French power, Frankfurt, after twenty years of suffering, is said to have flourished more than ever; and by an early act of the Germanic Confederation, this city was fixed on as the seat of the Diet, which consists of deputies from the States.

The population of Frankfurt amounts to nearly forty-eight thousand: of these the bulk are Protestants, about six thousand being Catholics, — and five thousand Jews, who have, for ages, been numerous in this place. It is generally agreed that the Jews of Cologne and Treves are the descendants of those who settled, in the time of Adrian, in these cities, whence they subsequently spread to other parts of Germany. In the reign of Constantine, they were so important a body at Cologne, that the magistrates of that place were authorised, by the imperial government, to appoint them to the office of *decuriones*.

The Römer, or Town-house of Frankfurt, is a large and ancient Gothic pile, and contains the great hall in which the emperors were accustomed to dine, on the day of their coronation. There are here upwards of forty portraits of the sovereigns of the Holy Roman Empire, from Conrad I., in

the tenth century. We could not see the *Wahlzimmer*, or hall in which the elections to the empire took place, as it was occupied, at the time, by the sitting of the Senate, one of the branches of the municipal government; which consists of the Senate, the Council of Representatives, and the Legislative Body.

It is an honour to the city of Frankfurt that it abounds in charitable institutions, and is eminent for its elementary educational system, even in Germany; where, within a century, literature has taken a stride, and has run a career, not to be paralleled in any country of Europe. Frankfurt too can boast of having given existence to that brilliant star in the constellation of German genius, Göthe: and it is more hallowed by the labours of Spener.

Education is not here compulsory, as in Baden, but ample means are provided by the municipal government for the instruction of all. There are *Volksschulen*, or schools for the people; a *Gymnasium*, in which higher branches of science, and classical learning are taught;—and a number of *Institute*, for separate departments of knowledge.

The Protestant *Volksschulen* consist of several *primary*, or elementary schools; a middle school; and a *Muster*, or model school. In the *primary* schools, are taught *Sachkenntniss*, or the knowledge of material objects, reading, writing, German,

arithmetic, singing, gymnastics, needle-work,—and the Christian religion. In these schools upwards of two thousand of both sexes are educated together. In the *middle* school are between four and five hundred scholars, who are more deeply instructed in most of the subjects taught in the popular schools; while other branches are added. The course of instruction here consists of religion, reading, writing, history, geography, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, geometry, drawing, and singing. In the *Muster* or model school, the pupil is carried forward to still higher attainments, and is taught religion, German, French, history, geography, technology, natural history, natural philosophy, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, writing, drawing, singing, and *verstandes übung*, or the exercise of the understanding. The Catholics, and the Jews, have their own schools, corresponding to these Protestant *Volksschulen.*

The *Gymnasium* is regarded as a good example of the higher German schools. It has about two hundred student who are instructed in religion, the German language, and composition, writing, ancient and modern history, natural history, geography, natural philosophy, mathematics, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, English, drawing, and singing. Among these objects, natural philosophy is thought not to have quite its due share of at-

tention. As Catholics and Protestants mix in the Gymnasium, there are here two chairs of history.*

The *Institute* and *Stiftungen*, consist of a great variety of foundations, museums, academies, and societies, each of which has been established for the promotion of some branch of science, or of the arts: as, the *Museum*, chiefly for the study of music, *belles lettres*, and drawing; the *Städel'sche Stiftung*, or foundation of J. F. Städel, a Frankfurt merchant, for the encouragement of painting: the *Cäcilien-verein*, or Cecilian Society, for promoting sacred music: the *Senkenberg'sche Stift*, or Academy of Medicine, founded by Dr. Senkenberg, including a botanic garden, a theatre of anatomy, and a medical library; and connected with a society for the study of natural history. There is also a Physical Society, for promoting the pursuit of natural philosophy, and chymistry; a Polytechnic School, for the advancement of the useful arts;—and some other similar institutions.

In the gymnasium, and in all the elementary institutions, the Christian religion forms a distinct subject of instruction, on the just principle of Cousin;—*il n'y a de morale pour les trois quarts des hommes que dans la religion.*

The Frankfurt Bible Society was one of the first fruits of peace,—arising almost immediately out of the calm that ensued on the cessation of those ex-

* See G. James, Esq. on Education in Germany. 1835.

traordinary convulsions, with which, for twenty years, the gigantic movements of France, and her great military chief, agitated the continent of Europe. This local society circulated, during the first seven years of its existence, upwards of eleven thousand Bibles, and thirty-five thousand Testaments.

The commencement of a return, in various parts of Germany, to the genuine principles of the inspired record, cannot fail to be a source of gratification to every lover of truth; and will, no doubt, issue in furnishing yet another triumphant demonstration of the impregnable strength, and the divinity of the Christian faith,—which has survived such bold assaults in the house of its professed friends, and has begun to emerge, in all its elemental purity, from the thick shades of false philosophy by which it had been obscured.

From the latter part of the last century, Christianity has undergone an ordeal in this country, to which there is no parallel, since the iron bondage in which the Romish apostasy enchained Europe for a thousand years has been relaxed. A philosophical infidelity, under the name of Christianity,—and loudly claiming to be founded on the basis of philosophy, and philological criticism, has widely run its baneful career among the divines and phi-

losophers of Germany; and for many years appeared to reign almost triumphant. Amidst the various and changeful sentiments and theories which they have entertained, the *Rationalists*, or *Antisupernaturalists*, appear to have all agreed in proceeding on the principle of explaining away, or discarding the authority of the Scriptures; rejecting whatever professes to be supernatural in the Jewish and Christian revelations; and making reason the sole umpire in all matters of faith. The consequences, as might be expected, were but too obviously seen in the decay of piety, the almost total neglect of religion among the higher, and the more educated classes, the popular indifference to the Sabbath, and the irreligion that extensively prevailed among all ranks.

The causes which have led to this wide and extraordinary deviation from the standard of scriptural belief, among those who still claimed the name of Christians, have been various; and some of them probably remote in time. When Germany responded to the call of Luther to throw off the papal yoke,—a variety of elements, religious and political, were brought together; which, under the control of the great master-hand, sufficed to produce the grand explosion; and to render the leading principles, and doctrines of Protestantism victorious. But when the polemical spirit, which had proved so mighty against the enormities of Rome,

was hotly manifested by the agents of the Reformation, among themselves,—pure Christianity was in a great measure reduced to an affair of bitter controversy; which by infringing on its devotional character, opened the door to future corruption and abuse.

Human nature is incident to extremes; and when the dead weight of Romanism, which had so long oppressed the human faculties, was lifted off, the reaction was—a rage for controversy in the regenerated infant church. This might have sooner spent itself, had the contest been purely theological; but the grand master-mischief, the evil genius of the church, in every age—the legal alliance of religion with the secular power,—here, as elsewhere, supplied fuel to the flames of discord; for the Protestant princes of the empire put themselves in the place of the Roman pontiff, by enforcing on the clergy minutely detailed creeds and confessions of faith, by means of pains and penalties.

Hence the fierce enmities, and the intolerance, which displayed themselves among the Protestants during the remainder of the century of the Reformation,—when the German states were depriving of office, banishing, consigning to long imprisonment, or even putting to death by torture, individuals of eminence among the clergy and laity, for differing from the established creeds; and gene-

rally in minor points of doctrine. The most virulent hostility was maintained between the Lutherans, who adhered strictly to the letter of Luther's statements,—and the Reformed, who in some points deviated from them; and each of these parties expelled the other from the provinces in which they were respectively predominant.

The *Formula of Concord*, in 1574, was but the seal of real and lasting discord, as it shut out the prospect of union between the two Protestant communities; for it comprehended none but those who, in the strictest and most literal sense, held the tenets of its Lutheran framers. The parties now became more hopelessly intrenched than ever in their minuter differences; human systems of divinity obtained the ascendancy over scriptural interpretation; a verbal, abstract, scholastic spirit gained ground; and, at length, the Sacred Record, instead of being listened to as the spontaneous oracle of truth, was tortured—in order to make it give evidence in favour of some speculative point. The pulpit, as well as the chair, became the seat of a dry, barren terminology, and a battery of polemics; while the student of divinity was chiefly occupied in devoting his time and his energies to the Aristotelian philosophy, and the schoolmen.

The thirty years' war which desolated Germany with fire, sword, and pestilence, from 1618 to 1648, had its remote causes in the Reformation itself;

and in the religious peace of Augsburg, which, in 1555, secured the civil rights and liberties of the Protestants, as granted by Charles V. in 1552, in the treaty of Passau. Thus does the depravity of man convert the highest blessings into the direst calamities that can befal the human race!—This long-continued flame, though chiefly raging between the Protestants and the Catholics, as such, could not but tend, wherever it reached, to destroy the genuine spirit of piety; and, protracted as it was by the disunion of the Protestants, to produce disastrous consequences, for the time being, to the real interests of religion in general.

Among the earlier and more conspicuous opponents of the scholastic system, and of the bigotry with which it was united, was Calixtus, who was eminent for his anxiety to promote that candour and forbearance which is the only sound principle on which all religious controversies can be conducted. He was professor of theology at Helmstadt, and died in 1656. Arndt, his cotemporary, exercised an influence more decidedly religious, which was felt in Germany long after his decease, being perpetuated by his excellent practical work on *True Christianity*. The names of J. Val. Andreæ, and J. Gerhard, are also those of men superior to the age in which they lived; and who clearly saw that the spirit of true piety could not flourish amid the angry polemics so characteristic of this period.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, the pious Spener complained that if any man taught more than the mere letter of Scripture, and appeared in earnest respecting real piety, he was regarded as a papist, or a fanatic.—It is no wonder that under the withering influence of a scholastic theology, the storms of party violence, and the demoralising effects of a long and furious war, the Christianity of the Reformation should be found to have received extensive injury, and to maintain but a sickly existence.

Spener was the originator of those societies of pious persons, who, lamenting the deadness of the scholastic divinity, were accustomed to meet together, with the design of promoting personal religion, and who were, by way of reproach, termed *Pietists*. The benevolent and excellent Augustus Herman Francke, aided by Anton and Breithaupt, who were imbued with a similar spirit, afterwards successfully promoted the same cause, at Halle; which became the seat of an improved system of theology, and of that superior state of religious feeling which constituted a new era in the ecclesiastical history of Germany. Pietism, however, too much disturbed the prevailing formalism of the scholastic orthodoxy, and the extensive jealousy of princes and electors against innovation, to pass unnoticed. Francke himself had been driven by persecution from Erfurt, in 1691; and extensive efforts were subsequently made to check the pro-

gress of the Pietists and their doctrines.—To the class of those who in a more general, and less direct manner, exercised a beneficial influence in the cause of practical truth, at this period, belongs Buddeus, who was appointed professor of moral philosophy at Halle, when the elector of Brandenburgh, afterwards Frederick I. of Prussia, founded the university of that city, in 1693.

The degeneracy of Pietism from its original healthy tone into formality and fanaticism, robbed it of its earlier promise to regenerate the German churches; and when the technical language it had acquired became so fashionable as to be a kind of passport to advancement at some of the German courts, its spirit, as breathed forth by Spener, Francke, and others of the original school, was rarely to be found; and there was a dearth of materials of sufficient strength, for throwing up any effectual barrier against the approaching inroads of an overwhelming scepticism.—Subsequently, the school of the illustrious Bengel, which is to be traced to that of the Pietists, lent its aid, during the eighteenth century, to keep alive in Germany the pure light of truth; which, amidst all the degeneracy of theology, was never extinguished.

In this country, it may be emphatically affirmed that the philosophy of the day has always given a colouring to theology. Thomasius was a kind of pioneer to the attacks and innovations on Aristotle;

and the German philosophy began, towards the end of the seventeenth century, with Leibnitz; who attempted to give to all science an air of demonstration. Wolf, who became professor of mathematics at Halle, in 1707, pursued a similar course still farther, and was the founder of the *Leibnitzo-Wolfian* school; which, after struggling with great opposition, continued to be predominant in Germany till towards the middle of the eighteenth century.

The most solemn verities of faith were now subjected to definition, and formal philosophical proof; the most mysterious doctrines professedly explained by algebraic formulæ, to the neglect of the evidence and the limits of the divine testimony; reason was virtually exalted above revelation; and Christianity was reduced to a mere abstraction of science, in which human speculations were supposed to be demonstrated equally with the doctrines of Scripture, and held a co-ordinate authority. The adoption of the Wolfian philosophy by the degenerate school of the Pietists, prepared a soil in which the unbelief of *Rationalism*, under the sacred name of Christianity, was destined to attain a luxuriant growth.

The sceptical and infidel war against revealed religion was earlier at its height, in England, than on any part of the continent of Europe. Voltaire himself borrowed much from the English

freethinkers Morgan and Tindal; and if Collins and Toland be added, ample materials may be discovered, as elements for Rationalism, when these were imported among a people who, if not by nature fonder of theories and speculations than some others, have, on account of the social and political condition of their country, found less vent in other directions for their energies, than those who live in an atmosphere of greater civil freedom.

Toland's book, entitled '*Christianity not Mysterious*,' might alone be considered as an adequate germ of all scepticism: and the reception the author met with, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, at Hanover and Berlin, indicate that the higher classes, at least, of German society, were not unprepared to sympathize with an innovator who had retired from England, his native country, to avoid the obloquy he had incurred; whose book had been burnt at Dublin by the hands of the common hangman, according to the mode *then* in vogue of attempting to suppress error,—and who openly published himself to be a Protestant latitudinarian. We have the authority of Twesten* for the fact, that the first *replies* to the English deists, which were translated into German, were wholly inefficient as remedies, and did but aggravate the evil;—they diffused a poison, which the antidote was not adequate to neutralise.

* Dogmatik.

The encouragement afforded by the popular monarch Frederick II. of Prussia to the infidel literature of France, and the reception of its abettors at his court, added the influence of royal patronage to the seductions of a volatile scepticism; and rendered fashionable an equal licence of sentiment and manners. The birth and growth of German literature, which date from this period, were little else than the decay and death of religion; and the king himself lived to regret the mischief to which he had been so powerful an accessory.

The critical dictatorship set up by Nicolaï* of Berlin, which in the latter part of the eighteenth century gave law to multitudes of German readers, was of a complexion decidedly and boldly infidel; and the dry and frigid commentaries of the Arian and Remonstrant Schools, which had been introduced into Germany, were but ill calculated to produce a race of men fitted to stem the threatening torrent of error and corruption.

In philosophy, Wolfianism declined, and a sort of *Eclecticism* gained ground, more characterized by popularity than depth; but professing to be guided by utility and common sense. More or less of this school were the systems of Basedow, Mendelsohn, Steinbart, Eberhard, Plattner, and Garve: of these speculations a superficial utilitarianism, of a character hostile to Christianity, was the chief basis.

Among the first theologians, in whose systems

* Founder of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Bibliothek.*

the neological tendency of either a false or misplaced philosophy became evident, were Baumgarten, who died in 1765,—and his cotemporaries Ernesti, and Michaelis; the two former of whom, however, faithfully adhered to the doctrines of Christianity: nor did Michaelis formally deny them, notwithstanding his low views of Scripture. Even *Semler* himself, who may be regarded as the more immediate instrument in forming the rationalistic school, did not directly abandon the Christian system, although he neutralised it by a cold, speculative criticism, founded on assumed and mistaken theories of interpretation. Hence theology still deteriorated, both under his influence and that of other disciples of Baumgarten, Ernesti, or Michaelis; among whom may be named Morus, who taught that, amidst so many controversies, what is directly moral in Christianity ought alone to be retained;—also the celebrated critic Eichhorn, who robbed religion of all claim to the supernatural.

While the abettors of these alarming innovations were continually increasing, the orthodox clergy appear to have offered comparatively little efficient counteraction. The way was prepared for an extensive defection from the truth; and attempts were made to conciliate avowed sceptics, by giving up all that renders Christianity a peculiar system; by lowering it to the level of a mere human inven-

tion, wrapped in a symbolical or oriental garb, and containing nothing more than ordinary truths, discoverable by reason, and adumbrated in mythic representations:—in short, by reducing Christianity to a form of natural religion — witness the efforts of Nösselt, Teller, and Spalding.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, the popular philosophy gave place to the metaphysics of *Kant*, which aimed at a more profound analysis of the faculties of the human mind; and which, whatever its fundamental defects, had the merit of diffusing in the German universities a spirit of deeper reflection, favourable, in its ultimate tendency, to a reception of the highest religious truths. Its immediate effect, however, on theology, which it brought under its dominion, was to give consolidation to the scattered and disjointed materials of Rationalism.

Fichte, a disciple of Kant, conceived that his master's system warranted him to infer that there is no necessary relation between the impressions of human consciousness and the *reality* of things; which dogma Kant had left in uncertainty. Fichte consequently denied, with some of the British philosophers, all evidence of the existence of a material world. This new system did little to produce that humility of reason which, as it is the most genuine philosophy, is also essential to a just reception of revealed truth.

Schelling, in opposition to the views of Fichte, maintained, in his *Nature-Philosophy*, that our knowledge of the correspondence between thought and outward existence, rests on an intellectual *intuition;* and in Germany, where the changes in philosophy have exerted so great an influence on religion, Schelling's system, though of a pantheistic complexion, as identifying the Deity with nature, has nevertheless been regarded by some friends of the truth, as leading to a species of *reflection* ultimately favourable to a transition to the genuine doctrines of Christianity.

The views of *Jacobi*, who died in 1819, were opposed to the Critical Idealism of Kant, the Scientific theory of Fichte, and the Pantheism of Schelling. Jacobi founded all knowledge not received by the senses—on *belief;* which he described to be a sort of *Internal Sense*, or the instinct of reason appropriated to *Truth*, of which he considered it the organ. All religious knowledge, therefore, he supposed to be attained by a kind of immediate consciousness. Historical evidence not being thus direct in the information it conveys, Jacobi rejected this proof of religion; limiting himself to the *natural revelation of the inner man;* and leaving the door open to an unlimited philosophical mysticism, without any test of truth beyond the impressions of the individual. Connected, in some respects, with this school of the philosophy of

Sentiment, are Köppen, and Salat; and with greater modifications Schulze, and Herbart.

Allied to the Kantian school, are Krug and Fries, the latter of whom symbolised in a great measure with Jacobi. Von Eschenmayer and Wagner, whose systems originated in the philosophy of Schelling, became eventually opposed to him, but by speculations not at all less mystical than his own.

Hegel, also of the school of Schelling, held a pantheistic system of absolute idealism. This theory contains the seeds of a deep infidelity, which is exemplified in some of Hegel's followers, as in Strauss, author of the *Leben Jesu*. Among these, there is a disposition to deny the sublime truths of a personal God, a personal immortality, and the resurrection of Christ. Other Hegelists, however, as Göschel, have been led, by their Christian feelings, to attempt to turn this philosophy to account, in favour of the Christianity of the New Testament.

The various forms and degrees of Rationalism which have prevailed in Germany, from about the middle of the eighteenth century, have all been mixed up more or less with several of these systems of philosophy; and the spirit of daring speculation has made dreadful havoc in every department of theology. Although it is true, indeed, that the absolute infidelity, and the *Naturalism*, in the forms of materialism and pantheism, which have been main-

tained by some of the *philosophers*, are not to be confounded with *Rationalism* properly so called: and though we must not charge on the German churches the tenets of those who, as Paalzow or Wünsch, have avowedly followed in the steps of the English freethinkers; or have symbolised with them by openly advocating natural religion to the exclusion of Christianity, as Bahrdt, Venturini, and the elder Reimarus, author of the attacks on Revelation contained in the *Wolfenbüttel Fragments*, edited by Lessing,—yet it must be admitted that the contact of theology with these infidel speculations has corrupted it, in Germany, to a far greater extent than it was influenced, in England, by our earlier and more celebrated deists.

The neological method of dealing with Christianity was, in a great measure, brought into fashion by the speculations of Semler, who is recognised as having led the way to modern Rationalism, some of the adherents to which system have gone the length of boldly advocating a decidedly infidel theology. The name *Rationalist*, or *Antisupernaturalist*, is applied in Germany, in strictness, to those who, while they profess to regard Christianity as a divine institution, and Jesus as the messenger of Providence, sent for the welfare of mankind, — deny that there is any thing in the Scriptures which involves the supernatural or miraculous agency of God, and maintain that Chris-

tianity is merely designed to introduce, confirm, and diffuse in the world, a religion to which reason itself might attain.* Of this school, though differing in the shades and degrees of their sentiments, have been, among others, the philosophers Steinbart, Kant, and Krug: and the theologians Teller, Henke, Thiess, Paulus, Schmidt, Löffler, Röhr, Wegscheider, and Schulthess.—De Wette, and Hase, have held a more modified and sentimental kind of rationalism.

The periodical press, has also lent its aid to disseminate the poison of scepticism and unbelief, in such journals as the *Allgemeine Kirchenzeitung*, Röhr's *Prediger-Magazin*, and the *Halle'sche Literatur-Zeitung*.

Another class of divines receive the Old and New Testaments as a Revelation from God, in a higher sense than the Rationalists allow; admitting that it may contain things *above* reason; and regarding it as a depository of divine knowledge, communicated in a mode different from the ordinary course of providence. They do not, therefore, professedly deny the reality of the Scripture miracles; yet they distinguish between the original, and the present evidences of Christianity, in a manner which deprives it of the solid basis on which it

* Vid. Apologie der Neuern Theologie des Evangelischen Deutschlands, gegen ihren Neuesten Ankläger. Von D. K. G. Bretschneider, Oberconsistoriabrathe und Generalsuperintendenten zu Gotha. Halle, 1826.

rests—historical testimony; for they maintain that whatever might be the effect of the miracles which attended Christianity, at the outset,—the principal, if not the only proof of its divinity *to us*, is its internal evidence of truth and goodness. To this school have belonged Döderlein, and Morus; and latterly, among others, Von Ammon, Schott, Niemeyer, and Bretschneider.*

Though divines of this class have differed in theory, from the rationalists properly so called, it is certain there have been not a few among them who have so far symbolised with the thorough-going rationalistic school, as practically to do away with the essential doctrines of the Christian faith. Amidst the chaos of speculations, theological as well as philosophical, that have inundated Germany, the shades and hues of unbelief have been multiform and various; and where the strictest rationalism has not been avowedly maintained, Christianity has often been employed as little more than a kind of veil to some system of human philosophy. Hence among this large class, many of whom have termed themselves *rational-supernaturalists*, and *supernatural-rationalists*, in distinction from the *systematic* rationalists, the neologistic innovations have prevailed to such a degree as to produce lamentable effects in lowering the general tone of Christianity.†

* Apologie, etc.

† Bretschneider describes as *evangelical* those divines who rest the divinity of Christianity chiefly on the internal evidence: such,

It is matter for rejoicing to all the friends of Christian truth, that the advance of the present century has been marked by the progress of a decided and extensive change for the better in the theological character of Germany. The whole school of Würtemberg and Tübingen, with Storr at its head, has for forty or fifty years sent forth a race of judicious thinkers, who have maintained the doctrine of a *Miraculous* Revelation; have subjected the bold dogmas of rationalism to a searching investigation; and have successively exposed the hollowness of the reasonings of Eichhorn, who, near the close of the eighteenth century, and at the beginning of the present, reigned supreme, for about twenty years, in the department of Biblical Criticism.

Among those who have more or less directly counteracted, or opposed the rationalistic school, may be mentioned Reinhard, Jahn, Meyer, Kelle; the two Flatts, Süsskind, Kleuker, and Knapp: of living writers, Steudel of Tübingen, Von Meyer of Frankfurt, Lücke of Göttingen; also Neander, Hengstenberg, and Twesten, all of Berlin; Hahn of Leipzig, Nitzsch of Bonn, and Tholuck of Halle, who now occupies the chair of the late Professor Knapp. This venerable man died in 1825, and was, as it were, a solitary beacon-light for the truth, at Halle, while the

he says, are the majority of the German clergy, among whom he ranks himself. It would seem, therefore, according to Bretschneider, that the term '*evangelical*' may sometimes mean those who are not the most daring rationalists.

shades of rationalism were casting their gloom over its academic halls; and the students were worshipping the idol-phantasms of imagination, under the name of truth,—unchecked by Niemeyer,—sanctioned by the great Hebraist Gesenius,—and more directly encouraged by the example and the guidance of Wegscheider, one of the great apostles of the neological exegesis.

The Moravian brethren possess the credit of having contributed much towards stemming the torrent of error, by the special prominence they give to the great doctrine of the atonement. Also, the literary labours of some of the members of the theological faculty of Berlin have, for many years, had an influence directly opposed to the school of Semler, Eichhorn, and Paulus.*

Some who were once among the supporters of rationalism have, to a greater or less extent, renounced their former sentiments. Others appear to have vacillated between the neological speculations, and the evangelical doctrines. Among the latter are quoted the names of Von Ammon, and De Wette; but their most recent productions leave doubtful the reality of any material change in their system. Of the philosophers, Schelling may be mentioned as at present entertaining views more in harmony, than heretofore, with the doctrines of revelation.

* Paulus is a theological professor at Heidelberg; and, at the full age of man, is still a most zealous and decided advocate for the infidel speculations.

Among those who, while they have failed to embrace the gospel in its simplicity, are nevertheless to be regarded as widely different from the rationalist theologians, and who have led the way to an ultimate return to the doctrines of the Reformation;—Schleiermacher is the most conspicuous. This celebrated man was educated in the Moravian faith, and he early imbibed strong impressions of religion. In his maturer years, his highly speculative and ardent mind entered deeply into the spirit of Plato, of some of whose works he is the translator; and he attempted to construct a scheme of theology on a philosophical basis. The grand error of his system consists in giving more prominence to the importance of inward feeling, than to the testimony of Scripture; and in so exclusively fixing his attention on the *effects* of the gospel on the heart, as too much to neglect the historical basis on which it rests.

So far as relates to the corruption of human nature, the necessity of divine influence;—with its practical efficacy on the character; and the agency of faith as a means of receiving salvation,—Schleiermacher would seem to agree with the bulk of evangelical Christians. He also regarded the recovery of man from the ruin of the fall, as entirely the effect of *grace:* but in respect to the momentous doctrine of the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, his system exhibits a marked departure from the

statements of the New Testament.* Schleiermacher was professor of theology at Berlin; and died in 1834. Some of his most able followers have advanced much nearer to the truth than himself: among these are Twesten his successor; and Nitzsch of Bonn, both decidedly evangelical.

The whole population of Germany was estimated, in 1830, at upwards of thirty-six millions; the Protestants being to the Catholics in the proportion of somewhat less than fifteen to twenty-one; and by the terms of the German Confederation, both parties are placed on an equal footing as to civil rights. The two denominations of Protestants,—the Lutherans and the Reformed, are now to a considerable extent amalgamated; though, in Prussia, the union is not completed.

The grand change which has commenced in the religious complexion of Protestant Germany, cannot be expected to develop itself in the full glory of its triumphs, without considerable lapse of time. The mystic phantoms of an imaginative philosophy, shifting as the wind, and demanding, with every change, to exercise a wide influence over religion, have taken too firm possession of the German mind,

* Schleiermacher's system omits the atonement; simply stating that the reconciliation, (*versöhnung*,) and the certainty of the Father's love in the Son, consist in the *new life* derived from Christ and existing in the regenerate.—But while dying, he spoke of the 'expiatory death' of Jesus.

delighting as it does in speculation and in theory, easily to abandon their cherished abode. These phantoms are not merely the tenants of darkness, fleeing when they 'scent the morning air:' they would fain linger in the dawn, and haunt the twilight. The shadows of philosophic error which have so long obscured Christianity in this interesting country, are already yielding to the returning light: but Rationalism, as holding a sway over the human spirit, can become matter of history only to a future generation; nor can so fascinating and deeply-rooted a figment be speedily eradicated, according to the ordinary course of events, from the national mind: its traces may remain for ages.

The political condition of the German States has to a great extent shut out, from the master-spirits, the *practical* world. The active and ardent mind has sought a field for itself almost exclusively in the pursuit of philosophy; and he who has skilfully framed a new system of opinions, and adorned it with the charms of eloquence, has laid hold of the whole intellectual life of the nation. Hence while there have been so many novelties and successive systems both in philosophy and religion, that it might have been supposed all confidence in the opinions of theorists would be shaken,—there is perhaps no country, since the times of ancient Greece, where so great a deference has been paid to the authority of names.

There is reason, however, to believe that the existing state of the Protestant religion in Germany, viewed on the grand scale, is not without high promise, as regards the future. The gospel, indeed, must in this country long maintain an apologetic and polemic attitude; for it has many enemies who must be fairly met in the field of argument, that they may be repulsed, in the eyes of all men, and compelled to retreat, though they may still refuse to submit. If the sons of evangelical truth, conscious that the element of controversy is not the best atmosphere of faith, feel a hallowed reluctance to become aggressors in attack,—they must still ever stand on the defensive, and be ready at any moment to enter into the conflict;—as the soldier in an enemy's territory sleeps upon his arms, that at the first blast of the war-trumpet he may have them ready for service.

Truth has still victories to win in this country, above all others, by conquering philosophy with her own weapons, and rendering her, in a regenerated form, the handmaid of religion. What deism was in England, such in Germany has been Rationalism; and its final overthrow, as a system, will probably take place, so far as *human* means are concerned, on principles similar to those which, in the hands of our English Butlers, and Lardners, and Paleys, and Lelands, have at length fairly driven infidelity, in its grosser forms, from the field

of argument, in our highly-favoured isle; and have sent it to cater to the lowest taste, and to celebrate its bemaddened orgies among the vulgar.

A decided return to the leading doctrines of the Reformation is evidently going forward in many parts of Germany, notwithstanding the long-confirmed reign of error, and the difficulties which the gospel has still to contend with, in a country where religious liberty is seldom well-defined; where despotism is not overpowered by the indignant voice of a free people; and where, excepting some of the free cities, and the Rhine provinces of Prussia, the state not only exercises an arbitrary patronage, but generally assumes dominion over all things connected with religion.

While Rationalism still holds its sway in several of the countries of the Confederation, there are many parts in which evangelical truth has either sprung up in a previously barren soil, or has found additional labourers to promote its growth and vigour; and the universal testimony is, that regarding Germany as a whole, a surprising change has taken place for the better, within the last fifteen or twenty years.

In the free city of Frankfurt,* though the Lu-

* For a considerable number of the following facts, many of which he has been enabled to verify from oral sources, the author is indebted to Dr. Patterson's Letters from the Continent, in the Scottish Congregational Magazine.

theran clergy are not evangelical, three others, two of whom belong to the French Reformed Church, and one to the German, are usefully preaching the doctrines of the Reformation. At Maintz, the chaplain to the garrison of the Confederation is a decided advocate for the truth, and has recently published a valuable apologetic work on the book of Joshua.

In the manufacturing part of the Prussian Duchy of Berg, or the district watered by the Wipper, which falls into the Rhine below Cologne,—Christianity is said to flourish considerably; especially at Elberfeld, and Barmen, where it has always existed in its evangelical form.

Advancing to the three free towns of the north, we find a highly favourable report of Bremen, which is spoken of as one of the most distinguished places for serious religion in Germany. Lübeck too has not remained unblest with the moral reanimation which has begun to diffuse itself; and which has extended over the Danish dominions of Holstein and Sleswick.

In the great and important city of Hamburgh, remarkable early after the Reformation for the piety and liberality of its inhabitants,—then for its intolerance,—and, in more recent times, for its demoralisation, and destitution of the truth,—there are now thousands of Christians, who are continually increasing in number, by means of the in-

strumentality of a body of evangelical clergy, the fruits of whose labours appear in the works of philanthropy in which their hearers take an interest: and although two strenuous rationalists have lately been placed in two of the vacant churches, the evangelical system is gradually prevailing. While religious liberty is not yet fully recognised as the right of *individuals*,—here, as in the other Hanse towns, all the usual *denominations* have long been tolerated; and it is a happy omen that in Hamburgh, the law against unrestricted freedom of worship is practically relaxed, and the unscriptural and unphilosophical notion that the civil magistrate ought to interfere with religious opinions *as such*, is not universally held by the members of the municipal government.

In the duchies of Mecklenburg Schwerin and Strelitz, few of the clergy preach the evangelical doctrines: in the university of Rostock, on the Baltic, however, Hävernick has recently opposed the rationalistic speculations, in his lectures, as well as in his valuable Commentary on Daniel, and in his Introduction to the Old Testament. In our sister kingdom of Hanover, there are symptoms of moral resuscitation: but in Brunswick, the adjoining state, the prospects are less hopeful, partly in consequence of the opposition made by the Duke himself to evangelical religion.

Saxe Weimar, formerly termed the German

Athens, was the cradle of polite literature, and was illustrious at the beginning of the present century for the genius of Wieland, Herder, Göthe, Schiller, Musäus, and other learned men, whom Charles Augustus patronised at his court:—but there is here an almost total dearth of the gospel of salvation; while rationalism openly diffuses its moral poison. In no countries of the Confederation does the philosophical apostasy so triumphantly reign, as in Brunswick and Weimar. In the city of Weimar resides the celebrated Röhr, as court-preacher, one of the high priests of reason, and a zealous advocate for the idol to which he ministers.

The kingdom of Saxony is still renowned as the seat of philology, but not as the soil where flourishes the word of truth; of which the pulpits are for the most part destitute, the Protestant clergy being, in general, either neologists, or mere ethical preachers. At Leipzig, however, there are several evangelical ministers, who address large audiences; and in this city are maintained some religious societies for promoting the truth. A small secession has also taken place here from the Lutheran church, as by law established, on the alleged ground of its corruptions.

Wittemberg, in the Saxon province of Prussia, is the town where Luther threw down the gauntlet to the 'Man of Sin;' and where his ashes now await

the morning of the resurrection. Here Heubner, and Rothe, still cherish the doctrines of the Reformation, and preside with eminent success over the Theological Institution; which has proved to Prussia a fountain of moral life. Heubner also exercises the pastoral office with great usefulness.

The University of Halle, also in Prussian Saxony, is ever memorable, as the seat of the early Pietism; the adherents to which here trimmed anew the lamp of the Reformation, in the second century after it had been kindled, and at a time when it had almost expired in the ungenial atmosphere of a scholastic and formal theology. To this institution, shortly after its foundation, near the end of the seventeenth century, the excellent Spener was the means of introducing that eminently pious man Francke, and his coadjutors, as the first professors of theology. Their mantle, however, did not descend down the line of their successors in the chairs of the university; and under the influence of Semler, who died in 1791, the basis of an infidel theology was widely and deeply laid, with materials drawn from a daring and unhallowed criticism of the Sacred Records.

In later years, Halle became one of the high places of Rationalism; and when Professor Tholuck of Berlin was appointed, in 1825, to the theological chair vacant by the death of the venerable Knapp, great opposition was made to him

on account of his anti-rationalistic sentiments. By means of his piety, learning, and talents, however, he has been enabled to weather the storm, and is now surrounded by a band of students who are daily imbibing from his lips the system of truth. Tholuck, in addition to his eminent usefulness as a teacher of theology, also possesses high reputation as a preacher; and though discountenanced as much as possible by the rationalist clergy of the city, his labours have been attended with evident success among the inhabitants.

The cause of evangelical religion has been in a considerable degree impeded at Halle, and other places, in consequence of the want of standard works on some of the branches of theological learning, of a moderate price, and untainted with error. The spirit of antichristian speculation has so long reigned over sacred literature in Germany, that some of the cheapest and most popular books,—those which, as containing useful matter for the examinations, are most commonly to be found in the hands of students in divinity,—are more or less tinged with Rationalism. Some of these works, especially on the Old Testament,* and on *Dogmatik*,† or systematic theology, are of the most pernicious character, containing nothing less than downright infidelity; for the most solemn

* Witness Gesenius's *Commentar über Jesaiah.*

† Wegscheider *Institutiones.*

and momentous facts of the Christian religion, such as the resurrection of Jesus,—are either denied, or called in question, and every thing vital is explained away.

In the south of Germany, a distinguished position with regard to religion is occupied by Tübingen in Würtemberg. This university is remarkable for the fidelity it has maintained to the doctrines of the Reformation; and it is illustrious in the annals of theology by the names of Storr, the two Flatts, Süsskind, and others. Here, as in other places where the apostate theology is opposed, it may sometimes be found putting on its rankest form. A work lately published at Tübingen, on the 'Life of Christ,' throws off from the hideous form of infidelity, every remnant of the Christian mask; and Strauss, the author, openly proclaims the Gospels to be the compilations of a subsequent age. Such an attack may be less dangerous, perhaps, than some others of a less definite and more plausible nature; as it at once calls on the friends of truth to make a practical appeal at the bar of historical evidence; where the controversy between Christianity and the infidelity of Rationalism, must always be ultimately decided.

In Prussia, the university of Berlin, ever since its establishment in 1810, has been an increasing source of pure theology to Germany; and the rank it holds among the schools of learning has attracted

students from all parts of the Confederation; from the extra-Germanic dominions of Austria; and even from Russia. The evangelical spirit which pervades the theological faculty of this university, distinguishes it beyond all its kindred institutions; and, in the city, the clergy who preach the truth, many of them very earnestly, are so numerous, as to constitute a majority of the whole body. Hence Rationalism, which in other places is enthroned in the pulpits, and in the chairs, does not here sway the sceptre; and Berlin is to Germany a strong-hold of the doctrines of the Reformation.

Rational divines frequently bestow upon evangelical Christians the name of '*mystics*;' and wherever the infidel theology prevails, the *mysticism* of Berlin is regarded with abhorrence. Indeed those who have visited this capital, as Christian philanthropists, concur in giving, on the whole, a highly favourable report of its thriving state as a seat of genuine Christianity; and of the salutary religious influence it is acquiring, as the heart of Protestant Germany, over various parts of the Confederation. Like our own metropolis, indeed, Berlin is very destitute of places of worship, in proportion to the number of the inhabitants; but it appears that, in the Prussian capital, attendance on divine service is regarded, by those who are best qualified to judge, as a more decisive test of

religious character than with us; as fewer persons are supposed to frequent public worship from mere fashion or custom, and more from conviction, and from principle.

The spirit of antichristian error still lingers, however, even here, and has lately appeared from the press in the form of the deadliest Rationalism; but happily in instances that are as solitary as they are decisive. Vatke, a *Privat Docent* in the university of Berlin, has within these few months* attempted entirely to overthrow the authority of the Pentateuch, and to prove that the Hebrew theology was borrowed from the astronomical theogony of the Chaldeans! This daring piece of absurdity has been extensively read and applauded in Germany; but the excellent Neander is making a successful stand against these renewed, and, it may be hoped, convulsive and mortal struggles, of the infidel school.

It argues well for Neander's secure reliance on the innate power of the Truth, that when it was debated among the authorities whether Strauss's book should be officially suppressed at Berlin,—he decided, by his casting vote, in the *negative*. This was taking high and noble ground for Christianity. By leaning on the obtrusive and unsteady arm of the civil power for support, truth gains over error but a temporary triumph;—a triumph which, in

* In 1835.

the end, she dearly purchases; for it costs her nothing less than the loss of her independence, and transforms her into the Helot of the state; it lays her open to the imputation of weakness, hypocrisy, and revenge; and exasperates against her the hatred of those whom she can only subdue by inspiring them with love.

A hopeful testimony is borne to the cities of Königsberg, Memel, Dantzig, and other places on the shores of the Baltic. Over the extensive country of Silesia, also, are scattered a number of evangelical preachers; and the university of Breslau is not destitute of a pure theology.

The Prussian monarch has credit for being sincerely desirous of promoting the cause of true Christianity; but the course he has taken for this end is wholly indefensible. In the greater part of Germany, the Lutherans, and the Reformed,—who originated in the school of Calvin,—are now united: and in Prussia, the means that have been adopted in order to effect the union have been arbitrary in the extreme; proving that in this country the basis of religious liberty is not more secure than it was in England nearly two centuries ago, at the time of the Act of Uniformity.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century, the house of Brandenburg has professed the Reformed faith, while the nation at large has been

Lutheran; and from the time when the country was erected into a kingdom, in 1701, one of the favourite objects of the monarchs, with the exception of Frederick the Great, appears to have been to produce a compulsory uniformity, though at the expense of the religious liberties of the Lutherans. The present king has shown a determination fully to centre in his own person the supreme government of the church, as well as of the state; and, in 1822, the *New Liturgy* appeared, under his sanction. In this formula of worship, the doctrines peculiar to each party were omitted, while the Reformed service was assimilated to the Lutheran, by some additional ceremonies.

In 1830 the adoption of the royal liturgy was no longer left optional: it was enjoined, in a revised form, to be used in all churches Lutheran and Reformed; with a view to remove, as much as possible, the distinction between the two denominations, and to merge both in the common name of *Die Evangelische Kirche.* In this newly-formed community, were to be blended the most heterogeneous and conflicting opinions;—strict and moderate Lutheranism; the whole chaos of Rationalism, in its various shades and gradations; the doctrine of the Heidelberg catechism, as held by most of the Reformed; and the decided Calvinism which has its principal seat at Elberfeld, with Krummacher as its leader.

The consequences of this unjustifiable and anti-christian attempt to *force* uniformity between two religious bodies, have naturally been similar to those which have been witnessed in every age and nation, in which the civil magistrate has assumed a legislative power over the affairs of religion. These effects have been especially felt in Silesia. Those who have refused to utter their prayers according to the mandate of the royal '*Supreme Bishop*,' have been pronounced 'rebellious' against the State;—useful men, both as pastors and as professors, have been deprived of their offices, and driven into exile from their native country;—Lutheran clergymen have been prohibited from the public exercise of their religion;—children have been taken by force from their parents, to be baptized by the clergy who have bowed to the new order of things;—some individuals have been imprisoned;—others have been fined, or have suffered the loss of their goods;—the new liturgy has been introduced, in some cases, at the point of the bayonet;—and in 1834, in order to make the Lutherans feel that the attempt to retain their religion was hopeless, all persons were prohibited from exercising worship in a private house, in presence of any one who was not a member of the family.

It is no wonder that, impelled by the galling pressure of these persecutions, many families have

sought that religious liberty on the other side of the Atlantic, which was denied them in the land of their fathers. When will the rulers of the earth cease to tyrannize over conscience, and to usurp the throne of Christ! These persecutions have already set men reflecting, in Germany, more than ever, on the question of human authority in the church of God; and there is no room for doubt, to those who observe the signs of the times, that the voice of truth and reason must ultimately prevail.

The churches of Germany are strictly *national*, and that of Prussia is so in the highest degree. All the members of the Consistories are appointed by the king, and consist of clergymen and laymen. Between the ordinary clergy and the government, a functionary intervenes entitled the *Superintendent;* who is in fact a kind of *bishop*, chiefly designed to form a link between the church and the state. Not long since, the king introduced the episcopal name itself into the ecclesiastical system, having appointed several bishops, who are a species of General-Superintendents.

LETTER IX.

Watch-towers—Darmstadt—The Schloss—The Bergstrasse—Auerbach—Smoking—Huge grasshoppers—Storks—Neuenheim—Heidelberg—Churches—Ravages of war—The Castle—The University—Durlach—Carlsruhe—Lutheran church—Schloss—Radstadt—Baden-Baden—Castle-dungeon—Mineral waters—Visitors—Ulm—Rustic wedding—Kehl—Strasburg—Cathedral—Romish ordination—Marshal Saxe's monument—Preserved bodies—Freiburg—Münster—Approach to Switzerland.

My dear Friend:—The road to Heidelberg leads over the stone bridge across the Maine; which is here about a thousand feet in breadth, and separates Frankfurt from its southern suburb of Sachsenhausen. The traveller soon passes one of those antique, top-heavy looking towers, which often form a remarkable feature in the German land-

scape: this is one of the four watch-towers which mark the limits of the ancient jurisdiction of the town.

An opportunity now occurred of ascertaining how the tracts we had obtained at Frankfurt would be received;—which was always very civilly, both by drivers, and other persons. These tracts were published at Hamburgh, by the Lower Saxony Society for the 'Distribution of Books of Christian Edification:' several of them were translations from the English.

In about three hours we reached DARMSTADT, a small but very handsome city,—to a considerable extent modern; with wide and airy streets, and some fine public buildings. The general appearance of this place, the good taste of the houses, and the cleanliness that prevails, render it exceedingly agreeable. It is the capital of Hesse-Darmstadt. Though there were very few people in the streets,—and the town, excepting the market-place, had a remarkably quiet and lifeless appearance,—it was amusing to witness the officiousness and importance of the street-keeper; who would not allow any person to stand still for a moment in the spacious but empty streets; and seemed to be a personage of far more consequence than any member of the London police.

About two hours were required, here, to rest the horses; this gave the opportunity of a general

survey of this beautiful town; and in the course of our walks we strolled into the new catholic church, which is an elegant rotunda, with a very chaste interior, containing none of the tinsel of popery; a simple crucifix being placed on the altar. On the floor, however, stood a sort of frame, having the appearance of a coffin, covered with black cloth; which proved to be the preparation for saying mass for a priest who had died on that day twelvemonth The infallible church does not bate from her leading superstitions, though Protestantism may, in some places, have a little modified her external appearance.

We had time to visit the *Schloss*, or château of the Grand Duke; where is an exceedingly fine collection of paintings, in nine large rooms; and divided into the old and new German, French, Flemish, and Italian schools. Among these pictures, were some by Kalf, four hundred years old. There are also a number of finely executed cork and plaster models of Roman monuments. On leaving the town, by the opposite end to the entrance from Frankfurt, we could not but again admire its appearance. The streets in the new part are at right angles; and elegance was exhibited,—even to the lamp-holders, which were to us of a novel construction, the lamps being suspended from the mouths of serpents.

In proceeding towards Heidelberg, which lay on the other side of the ridge called the *Bergstrasse*, the hills we had seen before us all the way from Mayence rose into importance, and appeared covered with verdure, and ornamented with interesting ruins. After skirting some immense tracts of sand, we continued our route, having on our left the *Melibocus*, one of the loftiest hills in this district, and reached Auerbach; where it was again necessary to stay, for the sake of the horses; for in these parts it is not usual to have relays. The costume of the country people was here changed, the waggoners on the road wearing large cocked hats. While remaining at this village, we were literally besieged by troops of little barefooted begging peasants, crying out for alms—*Geben sie mir einen Kreutzer*. The German pipes, too, became more frequent than ever; and most of the men we met were enveloped in smoke. Indeed the habit of expectoration seems, in these parts, so great, that it is no uncommon thing to see numbers of little boxes filled with sand, in the churches; and they are sometimes found even at the altars: at the inns they form part of the furniture of every room.

Crucifixes, as usual, lined the road as we advanced; and it was varied by the view of Starkenberg castle, and other remnants of Teutonic chivalry; which powerfully recalled the ruined

castles of the Rhine. The country is well cultivated: pear, walnut, apple, and plum trees, laden with fruit, border the traveller's path; and the beautiful hills are covered with vines. In some places grasshoppers of huge size, and swarming on the trees as locusts for number, made the air to ring with their shrill chirpings; and in this neighbourhood we first noticed the singular effect of large storks sitting solemnly on the chimneys. Another order of feelings arose in passing through Neuenheim, where Luther slept the night before he appeared at the diet of Worms, which was not far distant on our right.

Having travelled for a number of miles along a range of irregular hills, clothed with trees, or vineyards,—or surmounted with castles, we arrived, in the evening, at HEIDELBERG, in the duchy of Baden, distant from Frankfurt nearly fifty miles, by the road called the *Bergstrasse*, or *mountain-way*, which here ends. The traveller cannot but be charmed with the truly romantic and delightful situation of Heidelberg, the view of which on approaching it was more strikingly picturesque than that of any town we had yet seen. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains, and lies partly along the narrow valley through which flows the Neckar, and partly up the acclivity of a lofty hill which rises behind the town, clothed to its summit with the richest green, and finely wooded;

bearing on its side, about halfway up, the impressive ruins of the magnificent and far-famed castle. You enter the city across a fine bridge, adorned with two massive statues of the Elector Palatine of the Rhine, Charles Theodore.

The large Protestant church of the Holy Ghost being closed, we went forward to look at the church of the Jesuits, which is handsome, but not much adorned, and containing a beautiful picture of the Madonna. Popery, in these parts, certainly seems modified by its contact with Protestantism, whether this be the result of policy, or arise from any convictions of the absurdity of its usual gaudy and meretricious attire. At the foot of the steep road which leads up to the castle, is the Protestant church of St. Peter, a very plain building, but containing some ancient tombs, and the sepulchral inscription of the learned Italian lady Olympia Fulvia Morata, wife of one of the former professors at Heidelberg: she died in 1555. Close to this church it was gratifying to hear, for the first time, the sound of psalmody uttered by a school of Protestant children, instead of the chants of Romanism. The town contains sixteen thousand inhabitants, half of whom are Lutherans, and half Roman Catholics. Smoking seems to be in full force at this place, the pipe being the constant companion of all classes.—We met with an instance or two, here, of persons who

could not read the Roman character, but only the German.

The ascent to the Castle is exceedingly steep, and oxen were dragging down the hill rude carts full of wood, with the hind wheels fastened to large logs, so as to form a kind of sledge. On the side of the mountain, a beautiful terrace, laid out in delightful public walks, and a gate built in honour of the Princess Elizabeth of England, in 1607, leads to this majestic electoral palace, which is now a solemn ruin.

Few cities have suffered more from all the horrors of war than Heidelberg. During the seventeenth century, it was again and again sacked, burnt, and partly razed to the ground. In the wars with Louis XIV., which, near the close of the same century, laid waste the Palatinate with fire and sword, and caused it to blaze with the flames of twenty towns, on one day, this city received its full share of the cup of woe; and in 1693, the destruction of this noble castle, as a fortress, was completed. The oldest part of it is said to have been constructed about the end of the thirteenth century; but the bulk of the edifice is two or three centuries later. Its situation is most commanding,—in a recess formed by mountains. From the front terrace is a very extensive and charming view; which comprises the town itself, the tasteful gardens, arbours, and vineyards, across the valley, on the opposite

heights, and the mountain of Heiligenberg, surmounted by a more humble ruin; while the Neckar winds its course below, to join the Rhine at Mannheim; which city is discerned in the dim and shadowy distance.

The outworks of this fortress, with its towers, ditches, and entrance gate, bear various emblems of chivalry and war belonging to the bygone times; and a deep glen of fine poplar trees contrasts the tendency of nature to perpetual life, with the decay inherent in the strongest works of human art, and the desolations to which they are continually exposed. In one spot is a huge fragment of a round tower, whose ponderous mass lies torn from its foundation, reclining its burden on the earth, having been blown up by the French, and testifying by its vast ruin, how much more destructive is the rude shock of war, than the silently mouldering hand of time. The grand destroyer is indeed universal in his operations; but he takes ages and millenniums to do his work; while war leaves in its train, traces of ruin more resembling the sudden desolations of the earthquake.

The central part of this palace-castle, where the electors of the Palatinate resided, and held their court, is a remnant of the most exquisite and ornamental workmanship; and in the days of its glory must have been a superb monument of the magnificence of the German potentates. In the

Rittersaal, or Hall of the Knights, which still remains, we saw interesting relics of the days of chivalry; and in the gloomy chapel, which has also escaped the general wreck, was the figure of a monk, in wood, sitting in his confessional, in the dress of his order; and so well executed as, at first, to startle the beholder with all the effect of real life. The ruins are considered the finest in this land of feudal remains, and some of them consist of the shells of buildings of the richest and most florid style of architecture, finished with great elegance and taste.

In an apartment over the entrance-tower, were some old paintings of the Electors; and a number of prints and pictures for sale. Some of these told the tale of desolation, and taught us that this pile of stately edifices had not suffered merely by war;—still less by time; but that the elements have also conspired to scathe it into the mere skeleton of what it once was. It has been repeatedly struck with lightning, by which it was set on fire about the middle of the last century, at the very time when after having been long deserted, the Elector Charles Theodore had fitted it up anew, and was about to remove hither with his household from Mannheim. The flames could not be extinguished, and they left the castle but the spectre of its former self; so that it has never since been inhabited. The desolate, grass-grown areas, and the noble façades

which remain as bare walls, adorned with sculpture and heraldic arms, form an impressive contrast with what fancy pictures of the mirth and minstrelsy that once reigned through these gorgeous halls, now silent and roofless, and no longer illuminated for the nocturnal assembly, but only by the ray of the moon, palely gleaming through the ghostly walls, which echo but to the winds of heaven, or to their own crumbling ruins.

Heidelberg is celebrated for its wines, and in the cellar of this once hospitable palace is the enormous tun, which contains eight hundred hogsheads; and looks more like a house than a cask: a staircase leads to the top of this grand trophy to Bacchus, which is surmounted by a platform for dancing. The subterranean passages and rooms of the castle, into which we were conducted, appeared to be of great extent, and are said to reach down as far as the market-place.

The university, which is a very mean building, is the most ancient Protestant seat of learning in Germany; and was founded in the fourteenth century. It has about six hundred students, and twenty-four professors *in ordinary*. The library contains about forty-five thousand volumes: and here we saw the first print of the German Scriptures, of the date 1462, and richly illuminated; several illuminated missals,—one in the most superb style, and another of immense size and weight, with

clasps of gold; a manuscript of the Gospels, of the date of 875, and a legend of St. George, still older; also a bull of Boniface IX. with the papal seal, incorporating an order of Cistertian monks at Heidelberg, in 1399. But the most ir cresting curiosity that was placed before us, was a book of manuscript sermons in the hand-writing of Luther, with his signature on the first page. At the entrance of the university, a notice was fixed up relative to the expulsion of a disorderly student, a character which has been by no means uncommon in some of the German universities.

Previously to reaching Heidelberg we had again approached the Rhine; on which were seated Worms, and Mannheim, at no great distance, on the right: and now in proceeding towards Carlsruhe, Spire was soon distinctly visible in the same direction. The country was richly cultivated, interspersed with quantities of hemp: also with fields of tobacco, which we had observed occasionally between Frankfurt and Heidelberg. In the journey to Carlsruhe, we were struck with the additional number of crosses by the road side, which, as before, was lined with fruit-trees. The women appear, in this part of Germany, to perform a very great proportion of the field labour; indeed by far too much.

At Durlach commences a magnificent avenue of poplars, extending in a straight line to Carlsruhe, a distance of nearly three miles. The evening was

illuminated by an exquisitely rich sun-set; and the ride along this vista was exceedingly agreeable. After passing a handsome building, which, from having formerly been a nunnery, has now become a military station, we arrived at CARLSRUHE, distant from Heidelberg about eight German, or nearly thirty-seven English miles.

As this was Saturday evening, it was desirable to secure accommodations in which our party could be comfortably lodged during the Sunday; but we found some difficulty, in this new and prepossessing town, in obtaining what we wished; some of the inns being full, and others such as we did not like. At length, after driving about for three-quarters of an hour, we were tolerably lodged at the Darmstadt Hotel; though here, as elsewhere, there was a deficiency of attention to some points of cleanliness, which the tastes and habits of English people render indispensable to their comfort.

On the following morning, one of the Protestant churches was crowded, at an early hour, even to the door. The minister read a passage from the latter part of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew; on which he founded an animated and faithful appeal, on sincerity of profession. The new church, in the handsome square near the ornamental pyramid, is probably the most splendid Protestant temple within many miles. On the first view, it would strike you as being Catholic; for there is rather

too great an appearance of conformity, both within and without, to the symbols of the church of Rome. Under the beautiful portico, at the entrance, is a cross: beneath the pulpit, and over the altar, a large gilt crucifix; and above the pulpit a brilliant picture of the Ascension. The church is very spacious, and much adorned with marble: the lofty columns have gilt capitals, and the ceilings are richly ornamented with carving and gilding: the whole is certainly too showy for a place of worship, where the worshippers profess to repudiate 'the pomp that charms the eye, and rites adorned with gold.' The new Catholic church is a handsome circular building, somewhat resembling that at Darmstadt.

This city, which has about seventeen thousand inhabitants, is the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden; and was called Carlsruhe, or *Charles's Repose*, in consequence of its having been founded, in 1715, by the then reigning sovereign, Charles William. The new and white appearance of the town; the seeming absence of poverty; the paving; the beauty of some of the streets, open places, and gateways; the cleanliness and extreme regularity of the whole;—the *Schloss* and its park; the vicinity of the forest of Hartwald, which closely surrounds half the town; and the delightful promenades which here abound;—conspire to render Carlsruhe a paragon among cities for elegance and beauty. It has

gradually grown up around the princely grand-ducal palace, which is worthy, for magnificence and extent, to be the residence of any monarch in Europe.

From this edifice, about fifteen principal streets radiate; so that the town may be compared, in its arrangement, to a fan; and in whatever part of it you are situated, the palace-tower is continually presenting itself. Across these diverging streets, and parallel with the line of the palace, runs, with fine effect, the spacious and handsome main-street, nearly a mile in length, and terminated with two gates, one of which leads into the forest, the other being at the end of the avenue of poplars which extends to Durlach. From the lofty tower of the château, we obtained a delightful view of the town, and of the forest, all the ridings or alleys of which, including one leading to the Rhine, converge towards this point, as do the streets of the town, nearly the whole plan of which is visible from this elevation.

Some of the apartments are very fine, and particularly the *Lang-Saal*, or Long Saloon, which contains chandeliers sufficient to produce a mimic daylight. Some few rooms had fire-places; but the earthenware German stoves were more general; and some of them were very large and handsome. The grounds which lie between the palace and the town are not enclosed, and form a delightful promenade for the inhabitants, being adorned

with reservoirs of water, fountains, and a great number of fine orange and citron trees, which were beautifully laden with fruit.

In this town is a type-foundry: and here is stereotyped a weekly publication called *Das Pfennig-Magazin;* one of the numbers of which fell into our hands, and proved to be exactly on the model of our Penny Magazine.

On our way to Strasburg, which city is between fifty and sixty miles from Carlsruhe, we resolved to take Baden-Baden. The road lay through a large plain, hills and mountains being in the distance on each side, with an occasional ruin deeply embowered in foliage. At Radstadt, where we arrived about noon, we found Marias again at the corners of the streets, and the church much more popish than the Catholic churches we had lately seen. The Schloss, formerly the residence of the Margraves of Baden, is a magnificent building, with wings, and has a princely air; but its whole appearance indicates neglect and decay. BADEN is situated in a beautiful valley of the *Schwarzwald*, or Black Forest, a range of mountains running parallel to the Rhine, dark with pine forests, and forming part of the ancient, and vast *Hercynia Sylva*. Many streams have their source at the base of this chain; and from the part of it near the Swiss border, the Danube, the greatest of European rivers, excepting the Wolga, here begins its course of sixteen hundred

miles, to discharge its mighty flood into the Black Sea.

On arriving at Baden the best inns proved to be full, and the remaining accommodations so extravagant, and so bad, that we determined on getting forward another stage the same day. They asked fourteen francs for a bed, at a very indifferent inn. Having hired an intelligent guide, we immediately set out to explore the place; and the first object was the castle, situated above the town, the residence of some of the Baden family. The apartments are very plain, and the unadorned Margrave-Gallery contains many old portraits of the successive princes. The views of the surrounding country are charming, including the waters of the Rhine; and, high on the neighbouring summit, are the beautiful wild ruins of the *Altes Schloss*, or ancient castle, which we had seen for miles on the road. A small and handsome pavilion, or summer-house, said to have been brought from the ruins above, and to be of the date of the eighth century, stands in the garden.

Of this castle, however, the most interesting feature is the subterranean caverns, supposed to have been originally a work of the Romans. In the ages of spiritual and feudal tyranny, a secret tribunal held its sittings, and confined its prisoners, in these gloomy dungeons. Each of our party was furnished with a lighted candle, and we were con-

ducted down into the judgment-hall, where the judge is said to have sat in an elevated recess excavated in the wall. These dismal and horrible abodes awaken in the mind all that has ever been heard, respecting the inexorable oppression and cruelty of despotic times and governments; for here are all the means for putting them in practice. The miserable delinquents were taken to the top of the castle, and let down into the secret cave of their prison-house, by an opening through the building.

The massive stone door of one of these dungeons of darkness still remains: it is of one solid piece, and is about a foot thick, grating fearfully on its hinges, with the rust of ages, as it is partially opened, proclaiming, as it were, the doleful sentence of irrevocable immurement. A strong iron lever stands within, in case the door should be closed too much to be re-opened by ordinary force. Horrid stories are told of condemned prisoners being thrown down a chasm, now partly filled up, which is said to have been once of tremendous depth, with a wheel at the bottom armed with knives, by the turning of which the victims were mangled to death. Whether such revolting details be true, in this instance, to the letter, or not, there is enough in a visit to these gloomy caverns of the dark and semi-barbarous ages, to excite gratitude that we live in other times; when the progress of Christianity has so far humanised society, as to render impracticable the

secret mysterious murder, under the shield of law; and to check the cruelty of unrestrained, and irresponsible power. Happy will it be when the voice of public opinion shall speak so loud as to put down the disgraceful slavery of Christian America; and the inhuman military torture of Christian England, —a country where efforts are made to prevent cruelty to animals, while the soldier is savagely lacerated to death, for trivial offences compared with those crimes, desolating to society, which his officers may perpetrate with comparative impunity.

The mineral waters from which Baden derives its name and attraction, are supplied by a great many springs, differing both in their analysis and their temperature. The *Ursprung*, which is one of the hottest, is 54° of Reaumur, and tastes like Rochelle salts: it was known to the Romans. A hall has been erected over this spring, ornamented with Doric columns, and containing a collection of interesting Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood; consisting chiefly of altars, sepulchral and mile stones, an inscription in honour of the barbarous Emperor Caracalla, a statue of Mercury, and a votive stone to Neptune.

In the parish church are some tombs of the Margrave-Electors; this having been the chief burial-place of these sovereigns, for several centuries. The *Spital*, or Hospital Church, is used by the Lutherans, and Catholics; and also by the English

Episcopalians, who have here a Chaplain appointed by the Bishop of London, and remunerated by voluntary contributions. The church-yard is a place of interment common to all; and the graves are adorned with wreaths of flowers, and with crosses, and various other symbols of Romanism.

The visitors at this frequented watering-place were about two thousand, of whom a large proportion were English; which accounted for the cards and notices we observed in the English language.* During the season, a daily list of the arrivals is published, in a paper called the *Bath-Journal*,† two numbers of which we saw at the hotel where we dined. The total amount of visitors in 1834, up to the 23rd of September was 14,538; and the arrivals, on one day, in the beginning of

* Along the whole of the most frequented line of English travelling in Germany and Switzerland, these specimens of composition frequently amuse the English reader; though, were England as much frequented by foreigners as the Continent is by the English, the Germans and the French would no doubt be equally amused with the solecisms of our countrymen.—The following may be taken as an example: 'To the Gentlemen Travellers. 'The pre-eminence of the collection which here is to be seen, is 'too known as to require some more description; also the style of 'such works of art which I will always manifest, is ensuring the 'domination of enchanting pictures, and curious novelties. The 'justice of the prices to the buyers shall, without doubt, fulfil 'their intentions, if they will do me the honour to make a visit, 'which I am respectably begging for."

† Badeblatt für die Grossherzogliche Stadt Baden.

August 1835, were 121. The display of fashion in dress, and equipages, exceeded any thing of the kind we had met with on the Continent; and much resembled that of some of the most patronised watering places in England. The promenades are delightful, and the situation of the town is exceedingly attractive. The *Conversations-Haus* is the centre of the beauties of the spot; and the principal room is one hundred feet long, and very magnificent. The name of this place seems to be a sort of *euphemism* for *Gaming-House*, for gaming appeared to be the principal thing that was going on; and a number of triflers, ladies and gentlemen, old and young, German, French, and English, were here killing time by this baneful practice, with an air of deep seriousness, and interest, that was worthy of some more exalted pursuit. The walks around this building, and the view from the front, are charming; and excursions into the immediate neighbourhood must be delightful.

On leaving this celebrated watering-place, we travelled by a winding, lonely, cross-country-road, with the Rhine on our right, and the mountains of the Black Forest still bounding the horizon on the left; and reached a small village called Ulm, at a late hour. The farm-house inn was very comfortable; we were civilly waited on, and the provisions were exceedingly good. We found, however, that every part of the house but that which

we occupied, was the scene of music, dancing, and the most boisterous merriment. On inquiring of the servant who waited on us what all this meant, she replied with great good-humour, and apparent satisfaction, *Es ist Eine Hochzeit.**

The passage on the first floor led to a large loft; and on being invited to view the scene, we beheld a company of rustics, dressed in the most fantastic manner, resembling our May-day merry-andrews, and having their faces besmeared like the actors of Thespis; dancing with violent motion, and whirling their partners round with great rapidity; while the instruments of the village minstrels were all made to speak in their loudest tone. The solid shoes of the party, adapted for far other purposes than 'tripping on the light fantastic toe,' clattered on the floor almost like the trampling of horses; and the howlings, and unearthly noises that were intermingled with the whole, indicated that the libations from the Rhenish grape had been quite as copious as was desirable. Seeing the state of things, and apprehending that matters might become still more boisterous and uproarious, we were a little concerned to find that the door leading to our apartments had no fastenings; and to prevent a visit from some stray bacchanalian, we were fain to barricado ourselves in, with tables, chairs, and luggage, by way of self-defence. The orgies ran high till

* A wedding.

near midnight, and such was the perpetual jumping, and shouting, and racing up and down stairs, that sleep was out of the question, till the merry-makers had left the house. Some of the party made their appearance again in the street, in the morning, and seemed rather disposed to prolong the festivity.

With the Schwarzwald still on our left, we proceeded towards Strasburg; and, on the road, the principal novelty was the old-fashioned wells, from which the water is drawn by means of a very long pole, suspended above, and acting as a lever. The spire of the massy cathedral, the loftiest in Europe, long marked the place of our destination; and early in the day, we arrived at Kehl, a small town which, as lying on the borders of France and Germany, has suffered much by war. A bridge of boats leads from this place across the Rhine, between which and Strasburg, on the left, is the pyramidal monument erected, by Bonaparte, to the memory of General Dessaix, who fought in Egypt, and subsequently in Italy, at Marengo; where he was mortally wounded, in the moment of victory.

We were now in the French territory, and were very leniently searched by the officers of Louis Philippe: indeed this was almost a mere nominal affair, and conducted with the greatest politeness. We had found that those fared the best who were the most prompt in facilitating the inspection of their

luggage; and we endeavoured to profit by our experience. On reaching STRASBURG, we drove to the *Hotel du Saint Esprit*, a strange name for an inn, and indicative surely of the unnatural and morbid state of religion, in a country where such uses are made of sacred things: we did not however like appearances here, and obtained more comfortable accommodations at the *Hotel de Paris*.

This large and ancient-looking city has an imposing effect, on account of its lofty, massy buildings. Some of the *Places*, or squares, are open and airy, among which are the *Place d'Armes*; and the *Place de la Comedie*, where were lying about a hundred pieces of brass cannon; but the streets, in general, are narrow and dirty; and almost the whole town has an air of desolation and decay, though the traffic, and the bustle, seemed abundant. The suburbs are very extensive, but mean; and are fortified by a strong, raised rampart, encompassing the town, which is a good deal intersected by water. The inhabitants are computed at between fifty and sixty thousand, including several thousand Jews. The inscriptions on the shops are for the most part in French; though German is the language of the common people; among the female part of whom, a characteristic costume is the wearing of perfectly round hats.—This was a Roman town, and was burnt by Attila, the sovereign of the Huns; who, in the fifth century, poured down his Gothic hordes

from the Danube to the Wolga, on both the eastern and western empire, as a desolating flood. In later times, Strasburg was long regarded as the bulwark of Germany against the encroachments of France.

The object which naturally attracted the greatest share of our attention was the truly magnificent *Münster;* the possession of which, since the union of Strasburg with France, has been secured to the Roman Catholics. It is said to be exceeded in height only by the Great Pyramid of Egypt, which has the advantage of it by about thirty feet. As at Antwerp, the northern tower, only, is erected; though two towers are decidedly requisite to produce uniformity in the design. The 'dim religious light' is effectually obtained, in the interior, by a vast number of the most superb, stained windows, which throw a shade of rich and sombre magnificence over the vaulted aisles of the spacious area. The baptistery dates from the twelfth century. The celebrated old astronomical clock, in the south transept, which exhibits the movements of the planets, was out of repair. Under ground, in the crypt, is a sort of Calvary, and a group of ancient statuary. The whole interior of the cathedral is undergoing a complete renovation, which will render this edifice a monument of great splendour, though little adapted to the purposes of Christian worship.

While we were in this church, a poor female

devotee added a waxen leg to the other similar emblems of human folly, at one of the altars. Being present at vespers, we heard the powerful and exquisitely fine-toned organ, which was played by a lady; and we were much struck with the deep voices in the choir, to which there was a bass accompaniment, independently of the organ. We were accosted here by beggars, with more earnestness than usual; though this was not the first time we had been asked for alms in the churches; but the same persons importuned us here, both in French and German.

The west front of this cathedral is magnificent beyond description, in consequence of its extreme loftiness, and the profusion of sculpture. Seen on this side, the church has a huge appearance, from the vast elevation of the body of the building, which takes off from the apparent height of the spire. The latter, though massy in its figure, is exceedingly light and open in its masonry. The view from the platform at the foot of the spire is very extensive, and amply repaid the toil of the ascent. The place was pointed out, where the spire rises from the tower, at which, a few weeks before, the building had been struck by lightning; large fragments of stone-work were forced out, and part of the ballustrade which looks down on the nave of the church. The man who lives at the base of the spire, on the top of the huge front,

escaped injury; but he described the storm as truly appalling.

Perceiving that the floor of the choir was covered with tapestry, we learned, on inquiring the cause, that on the following morning an ordination was to take place, by the Bishop of Strasburg. The beadle, who was marching about with his cocked hat on, and his sword by his side, as is usual in Catholic cathedrals, seemed to think that he was conferring a great favour in telling this secret, and in promising, if I came by six o'clock, to get me a good place. I did not fail to seize the opportunity of seeing a Roman Catholic ordination of priests and deacons; and repaired to the church, in the morning, in time to witness the ceremony; which proved to be not a little imposing. About eighty young men received holy orders. The bishop came in procession to the choir, with his mitre on, and his crosier in his hand; and as he passed through the throng of people, some of whom were kneeling, he held up his hands, frequently stopping, in a somewhat theatrical manner, to impart his blessing. He then ascended the steps of the choir, followed by the young men, each of whom held an unlighted taper in his hand. After they had stood for some time in circular rows round the bishop, who was seated in his chair, attended by his clergy, the candidates advanced in small groups at a time; and after the

bishop had anointed their thumbs, and laid his hand upon their heads, each had his garment put on him, at the altar, by the attendants; some having the hoods of their dresses pulled over their heads.

Their robes seemed to be made of good, or indifferent materials, according to their means: and it was not difficult to fancy that one was about to officiate in a rural district, while his neighbour was destined to perform his pantomime at a more splendid altar, and to present his gorgeous mantle to the gaze of a city throng. During the ceremony their candles were all lighted. At an early part of the affair, the whole number lay prostrate on their faces, in circular rows, before the bishop. Whatever they might feel, nothing could be more becoming than their appearance: and there was not one who did not look extremely serious. The crowd of people in the galleries, and in the choir, were exceedingly attentive and orderly. The bishop, within a very few yards of whom I stood, is a gentlemanlike old man; but he appeared less concerned than any one there, and seemed to go through the business as a mere routine. It was ridiculous to see his attendants at one time take off his mitre for him, and at another put it on, as the service proceeded. The ceremony was protracted to a great length, and became at last rather tedious.

In the Protestant church of St. Thomas is the

exquisite monument, by Pigalle, in marble, erected by order of Louis XV. to his general, Marshal Saxe, who died in 1750. This impressive piece of sculpture occupies the east end of the church. The marshal stands armed, having his baton of office in his hand; and Death, holding open the lid of a sarcophagus, presents to him a spent hour-glass; while a beautiful figure, emblematic of France, with most impressive and eloquent looks of sorrow, implores the gaunt and inexorable monster that her favourite hero may be spared. All the sculptures are beautifully executed; and the whole effect is striking in the extreme.

Here also is a mural medallion monument to the brother of Oberlin, the exemplary pastor of the *Ban de la Roche.* We were conducted to a side-apartment in this church, to see the extraordinary spectacle of the bodies of a Count of Nassau, and his daughter, which have been preserved for four centuries. These bodies are in the dresses of the times, and have no appearance of decay: the face of the Count has been coated with varnish.

There is a botanic garden, connected with the university: a placard indicated that the French practice of *concours* is adopted here: one was to take place for the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, to be begun on the 5th of November 1835. We

next visited the large collection of natural history, extending to every branch of the animal and mineral kingdom, and also to the vegetable. In this Museum, is a horizontal section of an immense fir-tree from Hochwald forest. It was cut in 1816, and is determined to be three hundred and sixty years old: the height of the tree was one hundred and fifty feet, its circumference twenty-five, and its diameter eight.

Our passport having been examined at Strasburg by the French authorities, and again at Kehl by those of the Grand Duke of Baden, we proceeded through his territory, in the diligence, to Freiburg, during the night; by which means we avoided the heat, and much of the dust; the weather having been intensely hot during the day. The moon threw her beam upon the landscape, and the frequent lightning that emerged from the dark clouds in the horizon, clearly revealed the mountainous region of the Black Forest, which extends to the Swiss border.

We arrived between four and five in the morning at FREIBURG, or Friburg, an agreeable open city, in a hilly, picturesque situation. It derives its name, *free city*, from the circumstance of certain privileges having been purchased, by the citizens, of their lord, in the feudal times, for a large sum. It now belongs to the Grand Duchy of Baden, and is the ancient capital of the territory called the

Brisgau. As an hour was allowed for breakfast, we had time to go to the Münster; which we found open about five o'clock, and attended by a great number of people, and several officiating priests. This is a most beautiful old cathedral, one of the finest in Germany; and the effect of the interior, with its stained windows, is very chaste and solemn. The exterior is remarkable for the elegance of the workmanship; and the lofty steeple, which rises to the height of about three hundred and eighty feet, is of the most exquisite frost-work, and everywhere open, having the lightest and most airy effect imaginable; the two smaller steeples, the buttresses, and the pinnacles, are also richly ornamented.

This city is the seat of a Catholic university, founded in the middle of the fifteenth century: in 1818, there were thirty-two professors, and eight hundred and thirty-seven students. The library is rich in old books, collected from many of the monasteries which are now dissolved. Freiburg contains about ten thousand inhabitants.—Here the bills were again in florins and kreutzers; the currency having, at Strasburg, become French.

The road to Basle presented many remarkably fine views, and as we advanced we could see far into Switzerland: the *Vosges* mountains, in France, were on our right; and on the left the chain of the Black Forest, which had so long been our companion, and which commences at the northern

frontier of Switzerland. It is the *Sylva Marciana* of the Romans, part of the *Hercynia*; and the Germans formerly called it *Markwald*, or *Boundary-Forest*. It penetrates into Germany, to the extent of from a hundred, to a hundred and fifty miles; and some of its summits are between four and five thousand feet high.

This range of woods and mountains, has been the asylum to which persecuted Christians have fled, in the days when the Christian faith was still struggling with the fierceness of Teutonic paganism. It has been the scene of endless legends and romances, and stories of gigantic kings who resisted the Roman power; and authentic history informs us that this region was the centre of those Germanic associations which, ultimately, threw off the Roman yoke. Subsequently, the warlike princes who here built their strong-holds, presented a formidable barrier against the ambition of the Frankish monarchs; and in this part of Germany, more than in any other, the inhabitants are said still to retain traces of the ancient Teutonic times.

LETTER X.

Basle — Münster-Kirche — University — Costume — Automatic Figure—Bishopric of Basle—Swiss Disturbances after the late French Revolution—In the Canton of Basle, in 1833—Journey to Luzern—Storm on the Hauenstein—Olten—Lake of Sempach Luzern—Costumes—Fracas—Sketch of Swiss History—Helvetii—Rhaeti—Romans—Burgundians—Alemanni—Ostrogoths—Franks—The Kingdoms of Lower, and Upper Burgundy, and of Arles and Burgundy—House of Zähringen — Rudolph—Albert—The Three Swiss, and William Tell—Battle of Morgarten—Battle of Sempach—Swiss Confederation—Effect of French Revolution—Helvetic Republic—Act of Mediation—Restoration of Swiss Independence—Constitution of the Swiss Cantons—Political Parties.

My dear Friend,—We reached Basel, or Basle, distant thirty-five miles from Freiburg, about noon; having crossed the bridge over the Rhine, which is here deep, impetuous, and about six hundred feet in width. The river separates the Grand Duchy of Baden from Switzerland; in which most

interesting country we were at length arrived. The *Drei Könige* received us,—a very commodious hotel, situated by the side of the Rhine, of which the windows commanded an interesting and delightful view; including the bridge, the opposite suburb called *Little* Basle, and a back-ground of distant mountains, which were partially enveloped in fluctuating clouds. The Three Kings, or Magi, are very popular along the Rhine, and their figures, as large as life, adorned the front of our inn; two being represented as whites, and the other as a black, agreeably to the Romish tradition.

After the *table d'hôte* was over, and the evening began to draw in, the first of those heavy storms came on, of which we witnessed several, in this country of mountains. Stupendous black clouds darkened the horizon; and a tremendous tempest of thunder and lightning played on the green waters of the Rhine, which flowed in a broad and rapid stream under the balcony of the saloon. The storm lasted about two hours, with a sublime effect.

Some parts of Basle are situated at a considerable elevation above the river: the streets are generally irregular, and many of them very narrow and ill-built; but some parts of the town are open and spacious, containing handsome houses, and being adorned with fountains. The environs are delightful; and, from some points, the numerous

spires and towers give the place an air of considerable importance; the two steeples of the cathedral, especially, have a peculiarly elegant effect. Basle is the largest town in Switzerland, and was once the most populous; but it now ranks after Geneva, and Bern, and contains fifteen or sixteen thousand inhabitants. The diminution is said to have arisen from emigration; and from the want of a more liberal policy towards strangers wishing to engage in trade in the city. It is a very commercial place, as lying on the Swiss border, close to Germany, and France. Many of the merchants possess immense fortunes, and magnificent mansions.

A resident gentleman informed us that Basle has been remarkably subject to the shocks of earthquakes; as many as forty or fifty having been felt here in the course of a year. In 1356, a great part of the city was destroyed by this cause; and tremendous effects were, at the same time, produced in some parts of the Jura range.

The Minster is oddly roofed with variegated tiles of brilliant colours, disposed in the form of lozenges. It is a handsome structure, of the eleventh or twelfth century, with two very fine steeples; and its western front is adorned with sculptures of armed figures on horseback, in a style not uncommon along the course of the Rhine; but it derives no advantage from the red colour of its stone. The

interior has an impressive effect, on account of its old monuments; some of which, as that of Anna, wife of the German emperor Rudolph of Hapsburg, date as far back as five centuries or more. Here too lie the ashes of several great men of the times of the Reformation; among whom is the temporising Erasmus, whose conduct was unworthy both of his talents, and his convictions: he lived here many years, and was rector of the university: he was buried in this church with great pomp, in 1536; and a large mural slab of marble resting on the ground against one of the pillars, marks the place of his remains. There is also an inscription to one of the two Buxtorfs, who, in the next century, were professors of the oriental languages in this city.

The open cloisters adjacent to the church are full of sepulchral monuments; among which is that of Œcolampadius, one of the champions of the Reformation, in which great work this city was among the first to take part. We were interested in being shown the Hall, at the back of the church, where sat the great Council of Basle; who here issued many edicts for the reform of the church, and came to the resolution of deposing the pope. Close by the cathedral, which is situated in one of the most agreeable parts of the town, is an area called the Pfalz, planted with chesnut trees, and built on a wall overhanging the Rhine: from this

platform there is a commanding and delightful prospect of the river, the town, and the neighbourhood.

The university is celebrated for the names of Erasmus, Œcolampadius, the three Buxtorfs, Wetstein, the Bernouillis, and Euler. It still ranks as one of the most important seats of learning in Switzerland, though the number of the students is but small, not amounting to two hundred. The library contains nearly forty thousand volumes. Here were shown several interesting manuscripts; and among the rest some autograph letters of Luther, Zuinglius, Melancthon, and Erasmus. Here also are the admirable drawings and paintings of Holbein, who was a native of Basle. The beautiful picture, in eight compartments, representing our Saviour's passion, has all the freshness of yesterday, though its age is nearly three hundred years. A number of sketches, which this favourite painter of our Henry VIII. drew with a pen, in a school-book, when a boy, indicate, by their spirit and execution, what he was afterwards to become.

Some of the mansions of the wealthy citizens of Basle have very fine gardens: we were conducted by a friend, to one belonging to the *Würtemberger Hof*, of very considerable extent, and tastefully adorned with pagodas, grottos, and fragments of Roman antiquity, brought from Augst, the *Augusta Rauracorum* of the Romans, situated in this can-

ton. In one of the grottos sat the figure of a hermit in a monk's dress, well executed, and with a large German bible before him—a circumstance which seemed, of itself, almost to intimate that we were now in a Protestant atmosphere. Among other remarkable objects of this city, is the Town-Hall, an ancient, much-ornamented building: on the staircase is a picture representing Satan driving the pope and his cardinals into the infernal regions.

The difference of the costume of the women at this place from that of Germany, appeared very marked; the head-dress consisting of large bows of black ribbon above the forehead, and a long plait of hair flowing down the back: the dress is distinguished by a black velvet bodice fitted with white sleeves, and ornamented with chains and buckles, and sometimes with gold or silver embroidery. The sumptuary laws formerly prohibited the wearing of silk, a regulation which now no longer exists, though this town is said to be more tenacious of former customs than most others in Switzerland. Among the practices that are retained here, is that of the husband taking the name of the wife in addition to his own.

The feuds and quarrels which have existed in some of the Swiss republics are sometimes such that an Englishman scarcely knows how to sympathize in them. At some period, a dispute arose between the Basilians, and the inhabitants

of Little Basle, on the German side of the river; and to this day, a wooden figure of a man, connected with the clock of the gate which stands at the Swiss end of the bridge, puts out his tongue, every five minutes, towards the opposite side, to show the contempt of the inhabitants of the city for those of *Little Basle!*

The only catholic church stands in this suburb, Basle itself being a Protestant city. Most of the clergy hold evangelical views, and the Sabbath afternoons are devoted to the catechetical instruction of all the young people, without distinction. The affairs of the church, which is here in union with the state, are administered by a synod, with a moderator, called the *antistes*, or chief priest. The ancient bishopric of Basle was a province of Germany, and the prince-bishop was a vassal of the emperor; but Basle was the first canton to submit to republican France, to which it was annexed in 1798, the French troops having occupied the capital, and expelled the Austrian garrison, and at the same time the bishop; to whom, and to the emperor all allegiance was renounced. Since the restoration of the peace of Europe, Basle has become one of the most important of the Swiss cantons; like the rest, united to the general confederacy, but entirely managing its own internal affairs. The government of the canton is a kind of moderate aristocracy, consisting of a *Great* and *Little Council;* to the latter of which, selected from

the former, the actual administration of affairs is entrusted.

Events have occurred in the canton of Basle, within these two or three years, which have led to its final division, by the Diet, or general government of Switzerland, into two parts. The French revolution of 1830, was followed by agitations in Germany; and the surges of the political element did not fail to extend themselves also to Switzerland. At the end of the above year, some of the country communes of the canton of Basle insisted on an alteration in the existing system of government; demanding an equal share with the citizens, in the representation, and in the councils. They pleaded their numbers, while the inhabitants of Basle urged the preponderating wealth of their city, and its contributions to the State; and refused to yield. The country people rose in arms, established a provincial government at Liechstall, a few miles from the capital, and, in January 1831, marched against it, but were immediately repulsed, and the authority of the State seemed restored. In the month of August, however, of the same year, the insurgent party was once more in arms; a new government was again set up at Liechstall; and the canton of Basle became the scene of confusion and anarchy; in consequence of which the Diet marched a federal army into this district of the Confederacy, in order to maintain peace, until the differences could be discussed and adjusted.

Disturbances of a similar nature took place, soon after, in the cantons of Schwytz, and Neuchatel, having also for their object the extension of the democratical principle. In Bern, Lucerne, and the Pays de Vaud, the popular domands were peaceably acceded to; all of them tending to render the separate governments less oligarchical, and at the same time to modify the general federal government, by equalising the rights and privileges of each canton, and their representation in the Diet.

While the question of the disputes remained still in abeyance,—having been deferred by the Diet till the session of 1833, the inhabitants of the canton of Schwytz, in the autumn of that year, amid the conflict of parties, came to blows; and about the same time, a very severe and sanguinary contest took place between the troops of the city of Basle, and those of the insurgents of Leichstall. The latter had procured the services of six or seven hundred of the expatriated Poles; who, not waiting to make any very nice distinction between the barbarous despotism of Russia, and the aristocratical spirit of some of the Swiss republics, readily aided the insurgents in the attempt to redress their grievances by force of arms, and enabled them to gain a complete victory over the inhabitants of the capital. This battle was fought a few miles from Basle.

We were informed by a resident in the city, that

besides the dead, about one hundred and fifty were left wounded on the field; among whom were members of some of the principal families of Basle. The leader of the country people came forward, and gave the first signal of granting no quarter, by using his sword to cut the throat of one of his unfortunate vanquished enemies who lay on the ground; and this ferocious example was instantly followed by others of the party, till all the wounded citizens were inhumanly butchered in cold blood! Large sums were offered by some of the principal families of Basle, as a ransom for the dead and mangled bodies of their relatives; but the offers were rejected! Such is the barbarity—ye shades of the Three Swiss, and of William Tell!—that has been perpetrated in your land of patriotism and glory, in the midst of the civilisation of the nineteenth century! Such are the acts of savage cruelty by which your Protestant children have sullied the paradisaical valleys, and the pure snows of this your fatherland,—this land of freedom!

We were very fortunate in meeting with an English gentleman, who had resided in Basle for two years, to whom we were much indebted for his kind attentions; and especially for the benefit he conferred on us by drawing out a plan of a tour in this most interesting land.

Having left at Basle every thing we could dis-

pense with, we set off in the evening, on a journey of between fifty and sixty miles to Lucerne, that we might get at once into the heart of the mountain scenery of this extraordinary country. For some miles, the Rhine was still our companion, bordered with beautiful orchards and vineyards; and after leaving it on the left, we proceeded through a very picturesque country, cheerfully studded with villages and villas to a considerable extent up the Hauenstein mountain, which we had to cross.

The road wound circuitously along its sides, during some hours, and from the time when it grew dark, these gloomy masses of the Jura chain sublimely re-echoed the heavy claps of thunder in different directions; and the frequent vivid flashes of lightning revealed the valleys below, in momentary visions of almost daylight reality, like fairy creations, which, the next instant, vanished in darkness. We were not entirely free from apprehension lest the horses should take fright; as in many places, there was scarcely any defence against the edges of the precipices, along which we had to pass.

As the night advanced, the weather became worse, and the storm drew nearer: the diligence stopped, between ten and eleven o'clock, at Olten, a small town in the canton of Solothurn, with Roman walls, where we stayed about two hours, at a

miserable inn; and, while taking some refreshment, we were at length visited with a violent tempest of thunder and lightning, the rain pouring down for half an hour in one incessant torrent, and producing a complete flood.

At midnight, after the storm had ceased, and nothing was heard but its effect, in the roar of waters on all sides, we got into a cross-diligence, not without some risk of being wet through in the attempt; for it is not uncommon in Switzerland for the houses to be furnished with great projecting wooden spouts, which throw the water, away from the foundation, half across the street; and our vehicle was placed exactly where one of these spouts was discharging so copious a stream, that umbrellas were but an imperfect defence. The diligence itself was not water-proof, and the wet was a source of considerable annoyance to our party; especially as we now had an addition to our number, of two fellow-travellers, who were both wet before they joined us.

In the morning we passed along the border of the lake of Sempach, where, in 1386, a great battle was fought against the Austrians, which terminated in favour of the liberties of the Swiss; and in which Arnold Winkelried is said to have deliberately sacrificed himself, in making a passage for his countrymen through the ranks of the Austrian nobility, eight of whose spears he embraced, and buried in his

own body.* After being delighted with the manner in which the mountains and valleys opened on our view, we reached LUZERN, or as it is called in French, Lucerne, about seven o'clock. The fatigue and discomfort of this journey,—added, perhaps, to the sour bread, and general change of living, rendered the whole of our party, except myself, invalids, during the three days of our stay at this interesting and romantic place.

Our inn, the Swan, a building of immense height, was on the border of the lake; and commanded a lovely view of the water, which is a mirror of fine green, enlivened by water-fowl, and edged with beautiful verdure, trees, and cottages; having in the back-ground, vast mountains; on which, when we arrived, the morning clouds were drifting in the form of white foaming mist, so as half to conceal them, and to convey a sublime impression of indefinite magnitude. The lake is of an irregular shape, twenty miles long, and in its greatest breadth about four: it washes the Vierwaldstädte, or the cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, and its scenery is admitted to exhibit a greater variety than any of the other Swiss waters.

* Arnold vom Winkelried acht Spiesze umfasste, und in Seinem Leib begrub, um den Seinen eine Gasse zu machen.

'O ihr Väter die ihr hier gefallen,
'Gundelfingen, und du Winkelried,
'Eures Sieges Ruhm wird ewig schallen!'

Reichard, Sempacher Schlcst und Kapelle.

By the Reuss, a rapid stream which flows from the lake, the town is divided into two parts; a portion of it, however, is built round the head of the lake; across which, a bridge nearly fourteen hundred feet long led from the door of our inn to the cathedral. This bridge, and two others, one of which is a thousand feet long, run along the edges of the lake, and have a very singular appearance, forming quite a characteristic feature of the place. They are built of wood, and covered in at the top, after the Swiss fashion, but are open at the sides: so that the mountain scenery with which the town is surrounded is visible from them; and they appear to be the fashionable walks of the place. These bridges are decorated, under the roofs, with a great number of Romish and historical paintings, in good preservation; representing the events of Scripture, and the history of the church; battle-scenes of the Swiss, and the 'Dance of Death.'

From some parts of the town, the view of the mountains is truly magnificent; and the whole country on the south side is bordered by them. When the evening throws over these mighty masses the hues of a gorgeous sunset, and the lake reflects a golden glory, the effect is rich as imagination can conceive. On the east is the Rigi; southward, the Burgenberg, the Kaiser-Stuhl, and other mountains; some of them capped with snow, while we were feeling the heat of summer: some are near;

others at a great distance; and on the south-west, Mount Pilate towers boldly above the lake, to the height of six thousand feet; the lake itself being thirteen hundred feet above the sea. The view was altogether novel, compared with any thing we had hitherto seen, and the romantic charms of Switzerland seemed to have burst on us all at once.

The objects which immmediately surrounded us were almost equally grand, beautiful, and singular—the verdant and lively borders of the deeply-coloured lake;—the mountains, sometimes belted half-way up with fleecy clouds, which left their tops quite clear; at other times varying their hues with the changing light, and occasionally exhibiting the darkest blue;—in front of this magnificent amphitheatre, the town itself, with its ancient and chivalrous fortifications, and numerous towers, following the curvature of the hilly land towards the north. Indeed there is a union in this spot, of the beautiful, the sublime, and the picturesque, which is perhaps seldom witnessed even in this land of mountains, lakes, valleys, and antique towns; few scenes presenting such an admirable variety as this. On the Hofbrücke, or Court-Bridge, the longest of the three, a horizontal plate is fixed up, on which are engraven lines which point to a number of the highest mountains, with figures indicating their respective elevations above the level of the lake.

There is an agreeable walk to the top of one of the nearest and lowest mountains, on the western side of Lucerne; on the summit of which a cross is erected, for this canton bears everywhere deep marks of Romanism. From this elevation is a fine view of the higher mountains, and of some valleys, also of part of the Lake of Lucerne, and that of Sempach. Opposite, rises Mount Pilatus, which is properly *Mons Pileatus*, or the capped mountain, because, being the highest in the neighbourhood, its head is most frequently hidden in clouds; but the name has come to be *Pilatus*, and travellers who ascend this mountain for the sake of the view, or for the petrifactions which it contains, are sometimes told a story about Pontius Pilate having come hither, conscience-stricken, to drown himself in a lake on the mountain!

Lucerne and its canton are almost wholly Catholic, and superstition, with all its appendages, reigns in this romantic spot. You are perpetually reminded of its supremacy by the tolling of the deep-toned bell of the cathedral; which, sometimes at the midnight hour, or early in the morning, gives notice, either of some rite of the church about to be performed, or of another soul having departed into the eternal world. There was always something peculiarly solemn and dolorous in the sound, especially during the night; and surrounded as we were with the images of superstition, it was easy to indulge

the fancy that it seemed almost to toll from the doleful depths of purgatory. The Catholic religion certainly adapts itself, with exquisite art, to the senses of mankind; and owes much of the despotic power which it has wielded, to the influence it exercises over the imagination. The artificial nature of this religion, and the corruption of the truth which attaches to it, seemed here to form a striking and painful contrast to the simple grandeur and loveliness of nature. The pope a few years ago always had a nuncio at this place; whether it is so now we did not learn.

The cathedral is not very large, but its two spires have a very picturesque effect. Its interior is much adorned;—a profusion of ornaments being placed on the altars; and the organ is of great dimensions, and has a fine tone. In the sacristy were some costly and beautiful golden chalices; one is seven hundred years old,—which brought to remembrance the old saying, that 'while the church had wooden chalices she had golden priests, but that when she began to have golden chalices her priests became wooden.' Corruption and splendour have certainly run parallel in the history of the church.

Around the cathedral are some fine cloisters, with a profusion of tombs, and frequent receptacles for holy water. The space between the cloisters and the church is a grave-yard, populous

in every part with the dead; whose tombs are covered with crosses, chaplets of flowers, and a great variety of symbols of affection and of blended superstition. The ground appeared to be continually visited by the relatives of the departed; and one man in deep mourning dipped a piece of box-tree in the holy-water, and sprinkled a new-made grave, uttering several prayers: he did not seem at all disconcerted by the publicity of his situation, but was apparently quite abstracted from surrounding circumstances; which is no matter of surprise, for it is of the genius of Romanism,—contrary to the spirit of our Saviour's command,*—to perform the most private acts of devotion in public.

The cloisters are constructed with open arches, so as to give fine views of the lake, and of the mountains with their continually-shifting clouds. On the left side of the vestibule of the church is a carving in wood, which seemed to attract considerable attention from the Catholics, representing the agony in the garden. There is something interesting about this work; but some parts of it border on the ludicrous; particularly the odd way in which some of the spectators are represented as peeping over the enclosure.

Near the back of the cathedral is a way-post pointing to Einsiedeln, in the neighbouring canton of Schwytz. This village is still, probably, more

* Matt. vi. 6.

frequented as a place of pilgrimage than any other spot in Europe. The pilgrims are said to have amounted recently, at one festival, to twenty thousand; the whole number, for the year 1814, was a hundred and fourteen thousand; and they increased till 1828, when there were a hundred and seventy-six thousand! Zuinglius the Reformer was once curate of Einsiedeln; and he here received his impulse towards the work of the Reformation, by profound meditation on the Scriptures.

There is at Lucerne a church of the Jesuits, which is in the same handsome style as is usual with their temples. There is also a monastery of Capuchins, so called from their cowls: they are friars of the order of St. Francis. They walk in the streets bare-headed; and have long beards, which it is a rule for them never to shave: they are clad in a coarse brown dress, fastened with a cord round the waist. We met two of them going about the town to attend the sick, in which office they are very diligent. They appeared very good-humoured easy personages, by no means mortified in their countenances, though their dress is associated with all our ideas of privation and penance. They nodded as they passed with an air of friendly familiarity, which was quite contrasted with the custom of perpetual bowing, so common on the continent, and especially in these parts; for there was here more taking off of

hats than ever, and this appeared to be the indiscriminate mode of ordinary salutation, among all classes.

" Lucerne has from three to four thousand inhabitants, almost all Catholics. There is, however, a very small Protestant church. The practice which prevails in many parts of the continent, of having the Protestant service, with a sermon, only once on the Sunday, at nine in the morning, for about an hour and a quarter, is so different from the perpetual series of ceremonies which are going on in the Catholic churches, that it is evident, until Protestantism shows itself to be more in earnest, it will make little or no impression on the multitude. The trifling portion of time that is devoted to public worship, for a whole week together, would almost lead to the belief that many Protestants conceive it sufficient to have thrown off the yoke of Rome, without substituting any thing better to interest the mind in its room. The Romish church always gives her votaries something to occupy them; and in this country you may go into a church after the evening has set in, on any day of the week, and find a number of people engaged in their devotions, by the light of a few tapers, which throw a gloomy ray over altars, tombs, and relics. The Protestantism of many parts of the continent does not seem, in general, at all to meet the habit which the Catholics have of frequently assembling

in the churches. There is a want of more services on the Sabbath, and during the week, as well as of religious meetings for social and benevolent objects, as a counterpart to the incessant routine of the Romish ceremonies.

The costume of the Swiss women is, to a stranger, one very remarkable and pleasing feature of the country; and it varies, more or less, with most districts. On the market-day, numbers, from each of the four cantons that surround the lake, had repaired to Lucerne, for the purposes of traffic; and the picturesque effect of the different styles of dress was very striking. Some of the women wore perfectly flat straw hats, black or white, fastened horizontally on the top of their heads, and adorned with chaplets of flowers, or ribbons of various colours: this is the costume of Lucerne. Others had hats of a more curved form; and some wore, on their heads, stiffened lace or linen, in a form which had a resemblance to the wings of a butterfly. These remnants of former customs are highly interesting, as serving to carry back the mind to a remote antiquity. The Swiss appear eminently attached to their ancient habits, and have a great *love of country*;—features which are usually found to belong, in a remarkable degree, to the inhabitants of mountainous regions. To the Highlander the sound of the bagpipe, and to the Swiss the air of the *Ranz des Vaches*, have

been known to possess a sort of magic charm—powerful enough, it is said, to rally troops again to the charge, after they have been routed on the field of battle.

> "And even those hills that round his dwelling rise
> Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies;
> Dear is the shed to which his soul conforms,
> And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
> Even the loud torrent and the whirlwinds roar,
> But bind him to his native mountains more."

The principal public buildings in Lucerne, besides the cathedral and the church of the Jesuits, are the Town-Hall, where there are some chambers finely carved, and some old pictures of the ancient chiefs; and the Arsenal, containing, among other curiosities, the banner, said to be stained with the blood of one of the Swiss Avoyers, or chief magistrates, who fell on the field of Sempach. There are also several libraries, and cabinets of natural history, mineralogy, and painting. The library of the Capuchins is remarkable for the magnificent *relievo* topographical chart of some of the cantons, executed by Pfyffer. It is about twenty feet by twelve, and the mountains are represented on a scale of an inch to a thousand feet. This is an extraordinary work, comprising not only all the more remarkable irregularities of surface, but also every path, hut, and cross, found in an extent of one hundred and eighty square

leagues. It is the best map that exists of these parts, and is the admiration of every traveller who sees it.

The town of Lucerne itself is, in general, not well-built, nor are the houses, with few exceptions, well-constructed; but our hotel, which is a new building, was exceedingly commodious. We were here summoned to dinner by the sound of the long Alpine horn. The saloon is a very spacious and elegant room, with an enchanting view of the lake, and of several of the mountains; especially of the Rigi, which is distant but a few miles. Near this part of the town is a monument consisting of a huge lion, admirably cut in the rock, in honour of some Swiss officers who fell in the cause of Louis XVI. during the great revolution.

An adventure occurred on one of the days of our stay at Lucerne, which illustrates the folly of doing what is sometimes attempted by travellers—offering determined opposition to certain customs and regulations, which do not always harmonize with our English notions of right and justice. Two young Englishmen had been dining at the *table d'hôte*, attired in the usual style of mountain pedestrians; and it appeared from their conversation, that they were about to proceed in the direction of the Rigi. Shortly after dinner, a crowd of people appeared on the long wooden bridge, opposite the inn; and in the midst of them lay one of these gentlemen,

held down by some Swiss, and with his face bleeding. The cause of the affray was, that one of the consequential soldier-looking personages, who here act as a kind of police, had claimed a small fee, on some consideration connected with the passports of the two travellers, as they were leaving the town; which demand they refused to meet, unless the officer would show them his authority for making it. They were foolish enough to draw a pistol, by way of intimidation; and a violent struggle ensued, attended with blows. The issue was that the young gentlemen, instead of proceeding quietly on their journey, along the borders of this romantic lake, were dragged back into the town, and taken before a magistrate, amidst the gazing citizens; whose usual profound tranquillity seemed not a little broken in upon by the event of the day; for the affair furnished ample materials for discussion to the numerous little groups that were to be seen collected together, in various places, during the evening.

It is the more necessary for travellers to avoid getting into what is called a *scrape* here, as it has always been the spirit of the administration of the Swiss penal law, to give a greater discretionary power to the magistrate than is common with us. The code of Charles V. is the general basis of the Swiss jurisprudence; but, in practice, much is said to depend on the judge; and a magistrate

who might wish to gratify a private pique, or a national antipathy, would have greater latitude than with us.

Publicity characterizes the spirit of our English judicial administration, and it seems calculated to aid in preventing the abuse of authority; but here things appear somewhat different; and I sought in vain to obtain admittance into the justice-room of the Town-hall, with a view to be present at the trial of two fellow-countrymen, with whom I had, an hour before, been conversing: I was told that my wishes could not be granted, unless I attended as a witness of the fact. The two delinquents were, in the sequel, sentenced to be locked up in prison for the night.

The Swiss prison economy has long been, almost to a proverb, superior to that of England; and the tardy improvement that has taken place in our gaols, is no great credit to the past history of our national humanity, or morality. Howard, the philanthropist, in his work on the state of the English prisons, gives a particular account of those of the Swiss; and shows how far, in his day, the whole English system was inferior to that of the continent, and of Switzerland in particular.*

* *Vide* Howard's description of the prisons at Lausanne, Freyburg, Solothurn, Basel, Zürich, and Schaffhausen; in his work entitled 'The State of the Prisons in England and Wales.'— Lond. 1784, p. 124.

The Lake of Lucerne, or, as it is often termed, of the *Four Cantons*,* is associated with many of the most important events in the history of Switzerland: it was the point of union where the first society was formed for the achievement of Swiss freedom; and at Altorf, on its picturesque borders, was born the patriot Tell.

This interesting country presented the same contrast of fruitful valleys, with snows and ices, in the time of Strabo† and Caesar, as at present. Its first known inhabitants, the Helvetii and the Rhaeti, nations of Celtic origin, pursued the laborious agriculture of their mountain pastures, when the ambition of Rome, grasping at nothing less than universal dominion, claimed to plant her victorious eagle on the central Alps. The Gallo-Celts of these regions engaged in alliance with the Cimbri and the Teutones; and their arms were not informidable to the Roman warriors, whom they and their German allies were sometimes even able to defeat. Thus, about a century before the Christian æra, the Romans were completely routed on the borders of the Lake Lemanus,‡ and the consul Lucius Cassius, with Piso his lieutenant, was slain, by an army composed of the Cimbri, and of the Tigurini—a Helvetian tribe.

The scheme of the ambitious chieftain Orge-

* Vierwaldstädter See. † Strab. lib. iv.

‡ Now called the lake of Geneva.

torix,* for emigrating into the more genial climate of Gaul, proved the overthrow of Helvetian independence. After his death, nearly three hundred and seventy thousand persons set out from their native countrȳ, to put in execution the original design; and so determined were they on accomplishing it, that they left their habitations in flames behind them, in order to banish from their minds all hope of a return. But when arrived in Gaul, they had to encounter the legions of Caesar, and were soon compelled to submit to his invincible arms.

Traces of the Roman dominion are to be found in the antiquities which have been discovered in various parts of Switzerland; and in the prevalence, in some districts of the country, of the Romance language, a compound of the Celtic and the Latin.† The ancient capital was *Aventicum*, now *Avenches*, in the *Pays de Vaud*. Among the Roman antiquities here found, is a sepulchral stone, commemorating an interesting incident

* Caesar de Bell. Gall. lib. i. 5—28.

† In the middle ages, the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, and sometimes the English, were termed the *Romance* dialects, as all partaking largely of the Roman tongue. The following is a specimen of the *Romance*, as spoken in the Swiss canton of the Grisons: *Jou hai se crin. Nuo son iou? Di a mi kantas uras hans ins ded ir ensi? Se dat ei ara tejas del alp sin via? Jou son Franzos.* I have lost my way. Where am I? Tell me how many leagues I shall have to go up hill? Are there any chalets on the road? I am a Frenchman.

which occurred during the confusion that ensued after the murder of the Emperor Galba. Some of the insurgent Helvetians were defeated by Aulus Caecina, the Roman general, who was in the interest of Vitellius; and who demanded, as a condition of peace, the execution of Julius Alpinus, the most influential man of the country. His daughter flew to the camp of Caecina, and threw herself at his feet, intreating her father's life; but the stern Roman commanded him to be instantly put to death. The inscription is in memory of the daughter, who is said to have died of grief: 'I, Julia Alpinula, lie here interred; the unhappy offspring of an unhappy father. I, the priestess of the Goddess Aventia, was not able, by my entreaties, to avert my father's death: he was destined to a miserable end. I lived XXIII. years.'*

During the reigns of the last sovereigns, previously to the division of the empire, Christianity gradually extended itself over Helvetia, which was regarded by the Romans as a part of Gaul. When the Roman power had become too feeble to repel its enemies, the nomad hordes of barbarians that inundated the south and the west, did not suffer the Helvetic and Rhætic provinces to escape.

* IVLIA . ALPINVLA . HIC . IACEO . INFELICIS . PATRIS . INFELIX . PROLES . DEAE . AVENTIAE . SACERDOS . EXORARE . PATRIS . NECEM . NON . POTVI . MALE . MORI IN . FATIS . ILLI . ERAT . VIXI . ANNOS . XXIII.

Conquests, and massacres, with all the miseries that follow in the train of war,—though they could not change the everlasting features of nature, went far to extirpate the ancient people; and the mountain peaks, hoary with the snows of ages, looked down upon a new and mixed race.

Early in the fifth century, the Burgundians, a Vandal nation, but less barbarous than some of the other northern tribes, settled on the banks of the Rhone, on the lake of Geneva, and on both sides of the Jura range. About half a century later, the Alemanni, originally a Suevic people, inflamed with barbarian animosity against the Roman name, destroyed every vestige they could find of the imperial dominion eastward of the Aar; where they fixed their habitations, as well as in Germania; allowing none of the former inhabitants to remain, but as their bondmen. The Ostrogoths from the east, and the Euxine Sea, took possession of Rhaetia. In the mean time, the Franks, a mixture of a Teutonic race, with other confederated tribes, had established themselves in Gaul, and had obtained a great ascendency over the Alemanni.

Hence, about the year 500, the country now called Switzerland, was shared between the Ostrogoths, the Alemanni, the Franks, and the Burgundians. The Ostrogoths possessed Rhaetia, corresponding, in general, to the territory of the Grisons, the Tyrol, the cantons of Uri, and Glaris, and the country as

far as to the lake of Constance: the ALEMANNI and the FRANKS divided the northern, or German part of Helvetia between them: while the ancient Roman province, lying on the south-west, was under the dominion of the BURGUNDIANS. At length the Franks reduced the Burgundians to subjection, obtained the Helvetic territories of the Alemanni, and drove the Ostrogoths over the Rhætian Alps, which extend eastward, through the southern part of the canton of the Grisons. Thus, in the former part of the sixth century, the whole of the country was brought under the power of the FRANKS.

When the Frankish dominions were divided among the Merovingians, the Helvetic provinces were shared between two sovereigns; but Clotaire II., at the beginning of the seventh century, reunited the whole empire. Subsequently, Charlemagne became the benefactor of this interesting country, by introducing into it, among other improvements, popular education, and the cultivation of the vine. Under his feeble successors, the great families became more and more independent of the monarchs; and new and changing kingdoms arose, which extended over more or less of the modern Switzerland.

The kingdom of Provence, or Arles, was founded by Boso, in 879, in the territory between the Jura mountains and the Rhone; and when subsequently enlarged, it became the kingdom of BUR-

GUNDY CIS-JURANA. In 888, Rudolph, Duke of Rhaetia, obtained possession of the country lying between the Jura, the river Reuss, and the Pennine Alps,—the chain reaching east, from the Col de Bon Homme, and Mont Blanc, to Monte Rosa. This new kingdom is known by the name of Upper Burgundy, or BURGUNDY TRANS-JURANA; including, besides the more northern tracts, Geneva, part of Savoy, and the Valais. About 930, Rudolph II. united both these Burgundian kingdoms into one, calling himself king of ARLES and BURGUNDY.

On the death of Rudolph III., the last of these kings, Alemannic and Burgundian Switzerland were again united with the GERMANIC EMPIRE. This event occurred in the imperial reign of Conrad II. His grandson, Henry IV., conferred the Alemannic part of the country on the house of ZÄHRINGEN; and thus was laid the foundation of a line of five successive princes, under whose increasingly powerful sway Switzerland greatly flourished. Berchthold, the last duke, died in 1218, and his possessions reverted to the empire.

In the same year in which the dynasty of Zähringen expired, was born RUDOLPH, founder of the towering house of Hapsburg, or the imperial dynasty of Austria; whose original paternal domains were situated in the canton of Bern. Rudolph, as emperor, professed much attachment to the Helvetic people; and he appears, in the earlier part of his

career, to have been popular in this country, where his house was already so influential; and where, previously to his being elected emperor, he had exerted himself to protect the towns, and the rural districts, against the oppression of the other nobles, and of the marauding chiefs.

ALBERT, the son of Rudolph, had been created Duke of Austria by his father, whom he succeeded in the empire, in 1298. This prince, of a temper ambitious, haughty, obstinate, and tyrannical, was not content that the people of the three *Waldstädte*, or *Forest-towns*, as the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, were called,—should, as before, hold their privileges as dependencies of the empire; but endeavoured to force them to acknowledge themselves his subjects, as Duke of Austria, and in right of his own hereditary possessions, which were separated by these little states. These cantons, already knowing but too well with whom they had to deal, refused thus to be placed in a new political position. Two governors, GESSLER and LANDENBURG, men of kindred spirit with their master, were now set over these free-born children of the Alps, with a view to intimidate them into submission, and to induce them to bind themselves in allegiance to Albert, by an oath. To crush their spirit, however, was impracticable; and the manner in which the emperor's representatives conducted themselves, was ill calculated to con-

ciliate a people, in whose breasts the kindled fire of liberty was impatient of its imprisonment; and which only required a favourable opportunity to burst into an open flame.

The taxation of the country had been gallingly increased; the slightest offences were rigorously punished; and the imperial officers seemed intent on wantonly provoking the people to acts of insubordination, that they might have an excuse for severity. A new house could scarcely be built, in these mountain-fastnesses, without craving permission of the Austrian authorities. Gessler set up a hat on a pole; and none were allowed to pass the spot without bowing, uncovered, to this symbol of the Austrian dominion; and little more than the governor's fiat was required, to shut up any individual in some distant dungeon. Gessler insultingly called his strong castle in Uri, where he ruled,—the '*curb of Uri.*'

The oppressed and insulted foresters were sometimes treated in the most barbarous manner. Of this, one instance occurred in the case of the father of a young man, whose name was Arnold of the Melchthal, in Unterwalden; where Landenberg was governor. Arnold had, with some violence, retaliated an insult offered him by the agent of Landenberg, and was sentenced to have his eyes put out! which inhuman punishment was inflicted on his aged father, in revenge for his having allowed his son to escape to the mountains!

The men of Schwytz had already, long ago, earned the reputation of successful resistance to the encroachments of tyranny, both secular and ecclesiastical; and on hearing of the accession of Albert, they had hastened to strengthen the bond of union with their neighbours, which was afterwards to be regularly organised,—preparatory to the introduction of a new æra for the mountain-race,—that of their emancipation from the Austrian yoke. The time was arrived for the spirit of freedom to break forth in the persons of the THREE SWISS, who were WALTER FÜRST, of URI; WERNER STAUFFACHER, of SCHWYTZ; and the injured ARNOLD of the MELCHTHAL, in UNTERWALDEN. These were the first to form the confederacy which ultimately issued in breaking the rod of the oppressor.

The plan was no sooner communicated to others than it was hailed with joy. The three heroes, each taking ten friends with him, met by night, in November, 1307, in the meadow of Grütli, near Brunnen, on the lake of Lucerne. Here, the whole company, clasping each others' hands, vowed to be mutually faithful unto death; to undertake nothing but in common; to defend their ancient privileges to the last; to do no wrong to the German emperor, as head of the house of Hapsburg; nor to inflict any personal injury on his representatives. Then, at the moment when the dawn of

the morning began to gild the summits of those Alpine masses which form an amphitheatre around the lake, the three leaders, advancing into the midst of the assembly, with uplifted hands, took a solemn oath to fight manfully for that liberty which God had given, naturally, to all men; and to transmit it, as a sacred boon, to their posterity. The other confederates imitated their example.

These patriots, and more especially the three founders of the league, are embalmed and immortalised, in the minds of the Swiss; as may be witnessed in the pictures which are continually met with in Switzerland, representing them as lifting up their right hands solemnly towards heaven, and swearing that their country shall be free.

The conduct of Gessler towards WILLIAM TELL, one of the thirty-three, and son-in-law of Fürst, sealed the destinies of the revolution. It was observed that Tell failed to pay the servile homage that was demanded to the hat, at Altorf; and he was immediately arrested, and brought before Gessler, who hoped to extort from him information respecting the rumoured conspiracy. Tell maintained a determined silence; and, according to the received tradition, Gessler had the wanton inhumanity to compel him to shoot at an apple placed on the head of his son, on pain of death if he missed his aim. Tell succeeded in hitting the mark, and confessed that, in case he had shot his child, a second arrow which

he had in his quiver was intended for Gessler himself.

The history of Tell, in general, admits of no reasonable doubt; even though the incident relating to the apple be not so fully authenticated. The attempt, however, by Freudenberger, in 1760, to throw discredit on this part of the story in particular, called forth the loud indignation of the Swiss; and especially of the government of Uri, who caused the sceptical pamphlet to be publicly burnt.

At all events, the Austrian Vogt* ordered Tell to prison for life; and with the view of seeing him secured, accompanied him in a boat on the lake to Kusnacht. A storm arose, and Tell found means to escape; and shortly afterwards, galled to revenge, he shot Gessler, with an arrow, as he was passing along the road. This event brought affairs to a crisis; and in January, 1308, the inhabitants of the three cantons succeeded, without bloodshed, in deposing the Austrian governors, and in destroying the castles which had been erected to overawe the country. Tell is regarded as the great Helvetian patriot; his memory is dear to the heart of every Swiss; and imagination is laid under an embargo to depict the apparition of the favourite hero as practising the cross-bow, at Altorf his birth-place, near the lake; while

* Bailiff.

the wintry moon is shedding her highest ray on the Alpine snows.

Intestine commotions prevented Austria from offering any effectual resistance to this revolution till the year 1315, when the wrathful Duke Leopold appeared in Switzerland with an army of twenty thousand men, and attempted to force his way to the town of Schwytz, through the narrow pass of Morgarten. Fourteen hundred Swiss, the flower of the youth of the Waldstädte, after spending a whole day in the streets in prayer, and in chanting solemn hymns, cast themselves, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, into the defile; and hurled down upon the Austrians fragments of rocks, and trunks of trees: they afterwards charged the enemy, and threw them into entire confusion, there being no room for so large an army to act. The Austrians were glad to make terms with a people who were so strongly fortified by the nature of their situation; and so resolved to defend their rights against the encroachments of tyranny.

In the same year, the newly-formed alliance of the three cantons was confirmed; and from this period the Confederacy of Switzerland dates its rise; the country having derived its name from the canton of Schwytz, or Schweitz, one of the three which were first united: Lucerne was added in 1332; and by the middle of the same century, after considerable struggles with the feudal lords,

and the Austrians, the cantons of Zürich, Glaris, Zug, and Bern, had acceded to the league; but none of the remaining states joined it till the sixteenth century.

In 1386, Leopold II., Duke of Austria, attempted in vain to crush the now consolidated Swiss Confederacy; and the battle of Sempach was fought between fourteen hundred of the mountaineers, and four or five thousand of their oppressors, all chosen men, comprising six hundred of the feudal nobles and gentry, cased from head to foot in brilliant armour. It was in this battle that Winkelried, the Decius of the Swiss, exclaiming to his companions, *Take care of my wife and children—I will open a passage for you*, rushed on the lances of the enemy, and enabled his countrymen to pass on to victory, over his body. This battle decided the fate of the Confederacy and placed it beyond the reach of danger. If war could ever admit of being regarded with complacency, it would be in the struggles of the Swiss for liberty, against the tyranny of Austria, and of the feudal lords.

Early in the fifteenth century, the community of Appenzell had so far achieved its freedom, as to engage in an alliance with the Confederacy. The Grisons, a people inhabiting the ancient *Rhaetia Superior*, commenced asserting their independence, in 1424, by forming the *Grey League:* soon after,

followed the *League of the Ten Jurisdictions;* while the *League of God's House,* which had been projected thirty years before, was renewed and confirmed. These small republics were added to the Confederacy in 1788, under the name of the Canton of the Grisons.

Some districts purchased their independence with money paid to their feudal barons. This was the case with the little community of Gersau, situated at the foot of the Rigi, and containing only eighteen square miles of territory. Gersau thus became an independent state: it is now united with the canton of Schwytz.

Though the Confederacy had not as yet reached its maximum of consolidation and extent, and its politics were still connected with those of the Empire, the present period comprised some of its brightest days; as it enjoyed a happy exemption from those civil discords which afterwards originated in that avarice and ambition which preferred the private interests of particular cantons, to the general welfare of the whole.

Thus arose the *war of Zürich,* between that canton, and those of Schwytz and Glaris, respecting the estates of the Count of Tockenburg, who died in 1432. Uri, Unterwalden, Lucerne, Bern, and Zug, afterwards united with Schwytz and Glaris; and, in 1440, Zürich was compelled to submit to terms, and to make peace.

The quarrel, however, was soon renewed, on the part of Zürich, and the burghers assumed the red cross, so hateful to the Swiss, as the badge of Austria; with which power Zürich had now formed a secret alliance. The inhabitants of this state at length openly assisted the Emperor Frederick in his endeavour to obtain possession of the Argau; and Bern, with its ally Soleure, united with the confederates against the faithless canton. Civil war raged, and executions and assassinations occurred among the Zürichers themselves, from their own internal dissensions.

The Austrians procured troops from France, which were commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI.; and, in 1444, was fought the memorable battle of St. Jacob, near Basle, in which sixteen hundred Swiss withstood an army of several thousand French, and all perished, excepting ten, after having laid in the dust multitudes of their enemies. The war of Zürich, which lasted thirteen years, ended in the re-union of this canton with the other parts of the Confederacy.

The first alliance of the Swiss with France, took place in 1453; and in 1467, it was renewed, by Louis XI. who was anxious to employ the Helvetian arms against his powerful enemies of the house of Burgundy. The aggressions, and the injustice, which the Swiss had experienced from the governor whom Charles the Bold had placed

over his territories adjacent to Bern and Soleure, enabled the artful monarch of France to draw into a war with Burgundy, a people, whose conduct at Basle, of which he had been the eye witness, had inspired him with the highest sentiment of their military prowess. The duke, who had hitherto been deemed invincible, was completely routed at Granson, and the enormous treasure of his camp fell into the hands of the Swiss. They also defeated the Burgundians at Morat; and again at Nancy, where Charles lost his life, in 1477.

The alliance with France, and the war of Burgundy, formed a new æra in the history of the Swiss. Their friendship was now courted by neighbouring states, and they had established a high military reputation; but their French connexion, and their increasing love of war and plunder, made lamentable inroads on the morals of the country, and greatly lowered the tone of character that once distinguished it. Nicolas de Flüe appears, about this period, to have patriotically allayed some jealousies that had arisen between the rural, and the city cantons; and Friburg and Soleure were now admitted into the Confederacy. This occurred in 1481.

Next arose the Suabian war, occasioned by the Swiss refusing to join the *Suabian League*, a combination of the cities of Upper Germany, under Maximilian, for the avowed purpose of protecting

the Germanic empire. The cantons had no confidence in Germany, on account of Austria; especially as an attempt was at the same time made to renew the jurisdiction of the imperial tribunals in Switzerland. The Swiss gained many victories over the Germans, and the war ended in the peace of Basle, in 1499. The empire now relinquished all attempt to claim jurisdiction in the territories of the Confederacy. In 1501, Basle and Schaffhausen became cantons. Appenzell was added in 1513.

The Swiss were, in 1512, involved in the Milanese war, against France; which originated in consequence of Louis XII. having laid claim to the Duchy, and ended in his defeat at Navarra; in the invasion of France by the Swiss and their allies; and the subsequent abandonment of the pretensions of Louis. After his death, however, Francis I. succeeded in obtaining the Duchy of Milan, but granted an advantageous peace to the Swiss, ceding to them the possession of the Italian bailliages which now constitute the canton of Ticino. They had previously conquered the Valteline, and Chiavenna.

During the progress of the Reformation in Switzerland, the flames of civil war were repeatedly kindled between the Catholic and the Protestant cantons; and Zuinglius, the Reformer, himself fell in battle, at Cappell, in 1531.

In 1536 the Pays de Vaud was taken from the Count of Savoy, and annexed to Bern. This was an important accession of territory to the Confederation.

From the fifteenth century, the Helvetic Confederation became recognised among the European states; and subsequently to the Milanese revolution, the Swiss engaged in no foreign war on their own account; and remained unmolested by invasion, for nearly three centuries,—till the 'storm that wrecked the world,' involved them in all the calamities that powerful and lawless enemies could inflict. During this long interval, however, the ancient connexion with the German empire, and with Austria; the situation of the country, between Italy, Germany, and France; and its own intestine civil and religious discords,—continued occasionally to render it the scene of bloodshed and desolation. In 1620 a disastrous religious war broke out in the country of the Grisons, and the Protestants of the Valteline were massacred with the most barbarous atrocity.—At the peace of Westphalia, in 1648, the Swiss cantons were formally acknowledged to be independent of the Germanic empire.

On the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, Protestant Switzerland became the asylum of the persecuted French; and the disinterested and Christian hospitality that was for many years

displayed by these comparatively poor states, is painfully contrasted with the bloody feuds which too often occurred among them on account of religion: witness the civil war of Tockenburgh, which lasted during nine years, and before its close in 1712, presented to Europe the spectacle of nearly 150,000 Swiss, Protestants and Catholics, in arms; and arrayed in mortal combat against each other! The prevalence of covetousness, private ambition, and religious discord; and the want of mutual confidence among the cantons, together with the progress of French principles and morals, prepared the country to fall a prey to republican France.

The French revolution, like an earthquake in the heart of Europe, agitated all the neighbouring regions with the shock. After doing every thing to foment the internal dissensions of Switzerland, the republicans of France entered the country, in 1797; and after considerable bloodshed, they succeeded in abolishing the ancient confederation, and in erecting another constitution, under the name of the Helvetic Republic; which was modelled according to the new government of France, and subject to its councils. This was the beginning of sorrows to the modern Swiss, and the cause of a series of bloody conflicts and revolutions.

The ancient spirit of freedom, roused to resistance, —produced dreadful collisions with the French

arms. This was especially the case with respect to the small cantons, after most of the others had yielded. Brunnen, on the lake of Lucerne; in the neighbourhood of which village the three Swiss patriots had formed the league against the tyranny of Austria, five hundred years before,—now became the seat of the councils of these three original Forest Cantons; and here they concerted measures for endeavouring to repel the cruel aggressions of France. Morgarten, where the first great victory had been achieved over the Austrian power, was again the scene of conflict; and, at this memorable spot the poor Swiss, under the command of their general Aloys Reding, frequently repulsed their unprincipled invaders. The French, finding that it was not easy to crush liberty in the home where it had been born, and had waxen strong for centuries, sought to allure their victims by solemnly promising to respect their ancient independence; but the Swiss were no sooner thrown off their guard by these syren vows, than their faithless enemies rushed upon them unarmed, with an overpowering force; and compelled them on pain of death to swear submission to the new Helvetic Constitution.

Unterwalden was the last canton to yield to the French; and when it was summoned to give in its adherence to the revolution, all the men of the Lower Valley, fifteen hundred only in number, re-

solved to sacrifice themselves in the hopeless attempt to save their country; and flew to arms. They removed their wives, children, and cattle, into the highest chalets on the mountains, and then descended to meet the foe.

The French had embarked on the lake; and these beauteous and enchanting regions,—where sublime mountains, crested with their pine forests, and skirted with verdure, had been reflected, in tranquillity, from the placid bosom of the waters for ages, since the Austrian had ceased to oppress the Walstädte;—these shores that had echoed only to the voice of the storm, to the Alp horn, or to the chanted legend of the ancient freedom,—now reverberated with the murderous thunders of war. A dreadful conflict ensued between the inhabitants of the valley and the invaders; but the French were vigorously repelled from the borders of the lake; two of their vessels were destroyed, and five hundred of their troops perished.

That the poor inhabitants of these once happy valleys, however, should long resist the French arms, was impossible. In the final conflict, the men of Unterwalden were at length overwhelmed by two bodies of troops, which poured down upon them from the opposite mountains, and acted in concert with another armament on the lake. In this last crisis of their country's fate, the inhabitants of the valley appear to have fought almost *en masse*;

and many of the youth, and even of the women, joined the ranks, and fell in the field; where was mingled together the blood of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, sons and daughters! When the sanguinary conflict was nearly over, two hundred men arrived from the canton of Schwytz, every one of whom perished, after having fought with desperation against the French!

An indiscriminate massacre took place on this melancholy day; and, the next night, the remorseless enemy fired the town of Stantz, the capital of Unterwalden. The neighbouring villages shared the same fate; and this lovely and smiling valley, so celebrated for the beauties of nature, was converted into one universal scene of plunder, rapine, flames, and carnage! Such are the calamities and horrors which the heart of man will allow him to inflict on his defenceless fellow man! Such a fiend may man become!

Bonaparte, the arbiter of the politics of nations, at length gave a constitution to the Swiss, known by the name of the *Act of Mediation;* which was ultimately conformed to the wishes of the people; and proved conducive to their posterity. Switzerland now consisted of nineteen cantons, of which the equality of the citizens formed the basis; while each canton was more or less democratic or aristocratic, according to circumstances.

The triumph of the allied armies, in 1814, libe-

rated Switzerland from the influence of the great modern conqueror; but the change which thus occurred in her destinies nearly produced a civil war; as the cantons were not agreed in opinion with respect to the constitution that should be adopted for the country. The Congress of Vienna, however, saved it from the miseries of new revolutions; and in fixing the boundaries of the countries of Europe, they legislated also for Switzerland; restored her independence; added three additional cantons; and secured to her the constitution she at present possesses.

The Swiss Confederacy now consists of twenty-two cantons.* Each of these separate republics has its own laws; and the government is administered by the *Landesgemeinde*, the general assembly of the citizens, or the Great Council, which possesses the legislative power; and the *Landrath*, or Little Council, which holds the executive. Neuchâtel, however, as belonging to Prussia, has a monarchical government, with estates. The cantons form, together, a general community, the affairs of which are managed by the Diet, which is composed of representatives from the cantons, who assemble in rotation, at Zürich, Bern, and Lucerne, in July, every two years; or more frequently, if necessary, on the requisition of five delegates.

* The canton of Basle, however, has recently, as above stated, been divided into two, by the Diet, for the sake of peace.

The Diet regulates the external relations of the Confederacy; or declares war, makes peace, and concludes commercial treaties with foreign states. It also has the disposal of the federal army for the general defence, and for the security of internal tranquillity. To this force, each canton furnishes its proportion; at the rate of two men out of every hundred that are capable of bearing arms. The canton in which the Diet is held is, for the time being, called the *Vorort*, or directing canton; and the *Schultheiss*, or governor of this state, is then termed the *Landamann* of Switzerland. The general government, though a legislative, can scarcely be called a deliberative assembly, as it is considered proper for the members to vote according to the instructions of their respective local legislatures. There were, in the Diet of 1834, fifty-one members from the various cantons.

The leading politicians of the country are considered as, at present, divided into three parties. One consists of those who are averse to all innovation, and these are termed aristocrats; among whom are the members of the Diet, sent from Uri, Unterwalden, and Schwytz. The radical party form another division; maintaining the principle of proportional representation, according to numbers, and anxious for the greater concentration of the government; this party consists of the members for Bern, Lucerne, Basle-Country, Appenzell Ex-

terior, and Thurgau. The middle party incline more or less to the other two; but agree among themselves, in advocating cantonal independence; and it would seem that this division is more numerous than either of the others.

LETTER XI.

Fall of the Rossberg—Lake of the Four Cantons—Alpnach—Valley of Sarnen—Saxeln—St. Nicholas de Flüe—Alpine Thunder-storm—Lake of Lungern—Village of Lungern—Swiss Cottages—The Brünig Alp—Vale of Oberhasli—Lake of Brientz—Tracht—The Giessbach — Interlachen — Grindelwald—The Glaciers—Avalanches.

My dear Friend:—According to the plan laid down for us by our friend at Basle, we were to proceed from Lucerne, across the lake, to Weggis; and thence over the Rigi to Goldau; next,—to Brunnen, and Altorf: then to Hospital, and the Furka,—a ridge of the St. Gothard,—and celebrated as the seat of the glacier, which is the icy cradle of the Rhone;—also as a great storehouse of mineralogy; no other region of the Alps being said to present so great a variety of beautiful specimens, as the valleys of this mountain. Our prescribed

route next proposed to lead us over the Furka, to Meyringen; and thence to Grindelwald.

Goldau is a point of attraction, in consequence of the immense Alpine ruins which are there to be seen, scattered over a vast tract of country. The fall of the Rossberg mountain took place here, in the month of September, 1806; and buried five or six villages, containing four or five hundred inhabitants. After a very hard winter, a great quantity of rain had fallen, at different times, in the summer. During the day on which the calamity occurred, hollow sounds were heard, as if proceeding from the bowels of the mountain; and the fall of large fragments of it, seemed ominous of some catastrophe near at hand: but the inhabitants of the district appear not to have been sufficiently alive to the impending danger.

In the evening, the upper part of the mountain was seen to sink down; pine forests bowed their ranks; wonted water-courses were suddenly dried up; and new fissures yawned:—the birds flew screaming away; and houses were torn down from the mountain-side to the frightful depth of a thousand or fifteen hundred feet. A party had, a short time before, separated on the Rigi: those who remained on that mountain had seen their companions enter the village of Goldau, and intended shortly to join them there—but the friends had se-

parated to meet no more! Of Goldau nothing was left but the church-bell, which was found a mile off. It was almost a miracle that any individuals should have been saved from this chaos of ruin; but sixteen or seventeen persons were dug out from the edges of the wreck.

Five miles from the immediate seat of the mischief, immense masses of earth and rock were tumbled into the lake of Lowertz, the end of which was completely choked up; and its waters leaped furiously over the island of Schwanau, which is in the midst of it, to a height of seventy feet, and swept away the houses, with their inhabitants, from the opposite shore; carrying a chapel which stood there, built of wood, to the distance of a mile. Enormous rocks, the monuments of this terrible convulsion, were left strewed over a surface of eight or nine square miles, to tell of the desolation, and to warn the succeeding inhabitants to watch continually for the first premonitions of another ruin; for this catastrophe was preceded, for a day or two, by noises and agitations of the earth.*

* This was but one instance of the convulsions of nature, in these sublime and terrific regions. In 1618, a still more destructive mountain-fall overwhelmed the flourishing town of Plurs, situated among the Italian Alps, at the foot of Mount Conto. It occurred after heavy rains, and was preceded by several unheeded warnings,—such as the fall of large fragments of rock from the

Finding that the plan marked out for us would involve a too rapid succession of fatiguing journeys for the strength of some of our party, we determined on another route; and took a boat from Lucerne to Alpnach, in the canton of Unterwalden: a village situated at the south-western point of the beautiful lake of the Waldstädte. From the water, the appearance of Lucerne, with its numerous towers,—lying between the masses of the Pilatus, and of the Rigi, is exquisitely picturesque; and, as you advance, the changing scene presents numerous magnificent points of view. The Pilatus towers nearly six thousand feet immediately above the

mountain, in which chasms appeared, as though it were cleft in twain; the cattle ran about in wild dismay; and immense quantities of gravel poured into the valley from the mountain-side. At midnight, a shock was felt in the neighbourhood like an earthquake; and a noise was heard like distant thunder. Silence followed,—and in the morning the atmosphere was clouded with dust;—the river Maira had disappeared; and the town of Plurs was sought for in vain!—it lay buried sixty feet deep below the fallen Alp, and almost the whole of the population, amounting to two thousand five hundred souls had perished!

The case of one family was exceedingly remarkable, and affecting. They fell on the top of a chaos that was in some places a hundred feet deep. Francesca, the maid servant, who, with the daughter, Marianne, was afterwards rescued from the ruins, affirmed that she found herself suddenly whirled round, in total darkness; and carried away, with the house, which was of wood. When the motion ceased,—injured as she was, she retained her senses, and heard the moanings of the child Marianne; who, in reply to her

lake, which is surrounded by this mountain, the Rigi, the Dietschen, the Honberg, the Louerberg, the Burghenstock, the Axenberg, and the Stanzerhorn: this last mountain presents itself at the end of one of the gulfs of the lake with a grand effect.

When the stormy wind, from the mountain gorges, sweeps over this ample expanse, and agitates it into tempest, the navigation of some of the gulfs becomes dangerous; as in many places the rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the lake. The little chapels that are seen on the crags and on the shore,

call, said that she was held down on her back, and that she could see a glimmer of light. She asked—whether some one would not come and take them out? Francesca replied, 'No, it is the day of judgment!' The entombed prisoners then prayed together; and the striking of the clock of Hunenberg convinced Francesca that all was not ended in the world,—but that something still remained in existence, undestroyed by the convulsion.

The master of the family, who was not at home at the time of the disaster, had wandered about in vain in a state bordering on distraction, seeking for the ruins of his home, amid a scene where every familiar object was obliterated from his view. He at length saw a human foot projecting from the frightful mass of earth and ruins;—on searching, he found his wife, with the child Marianne in her arms! The mother was dead,—but the child, having a broken thigh, was saved. Francesca was taken out of the earth speechless; and remained for some time blind. She recovered her sight, but continued always subject to convulsive paroxysms.—Vide *Goldau und Seine Gegend; wie sie war, und was sie geworden; in Zeichnungen, und Beschreibungen. Zürich* 1807.

and one which we passed on a small island, add to the varied associations of the scene; which cannot fail to suggest to the traveller the most powerful images relative to the independence of the mountain-born Swiss; of whose oppression and emancipation, these waters have been the silent witness: while the continued emblems of Romanism, obtruding themselves on the attention, among all nature's sublimities and beauties, endlessly recall the mighty sway of an apostasy, which seems invested with a sort of omnipresence.

After leaving, on the left, Stanzstadt, a village finely situated on the border of the lake, we proceeded to the extremity of a gloomy bay, and arrived at Alpnach, at the foot of the Pilatus; having been about two hours and a half in the boat. This place is remarkable for the *Slide* which was constructed here by Rupp, in 1812, for the purpose of letting down the pines from the sides of the mountain. A kind of trough, of the enormous length of about eight miles, was formed of trees; its termination being close to the lake. It is said that under favourable circumstances, that is in wet weather, trees have thus been made to plunge into the lake in less than five minutes. These trees are formed into rafts, on the lake; and are then floated down the Reuss into the Rhine.

At Alpnach, we found the landlord a very polite and pleasant old gentleman, who spoke only Ger-

man; this being the first time we had been at an inn where there was no one who spoke French. It would seem that, in this part of Switzerland, the knowledge of French is still an accomplishment. It appeared that the daughter of our host had resided in the canton of Neuchatel for the purpose of acquiring it; but was absent from home. The traveller's book was full of humorous eulogies of the host, his inn, and his daughter; and we found the description of him so just, that we were happy to add our meed of praise.

It is not always easy, when travelling in these parts, to get such a supply of food as is suitable for those who, like some of our party, had suffered from fatigue and indisposition. The bread has always more or less of acidity, perhaps from its not being made from yeast; and the mode of cooking the meat at the inns is so artificial; there is frequently such a variety of heterogeneous messes, cold and hot, put on the table; and the wine is generally so tart,—that a delicate stomach finds it difficult to take a sufficiency of food, without producing disorder. We obtained here, however, a tolerable repast; during which our civil host brought us some cheese, which he told us was fifty years old. It was in small pieces, and looked exactly like chips of deal, having scarcely more taste, and being nearly as hard. But it was gratifying here, to recognise a relic of the ancient

customs of the Swiss. Remarkable events in families,—such as births, marriages, and sometimes deaths,—were formerly commemorated by the making of a large cheese of superior quality. In the case of marriages, the names of the parties were carved on it; and portions were eaten at the weddings of the descendants, from generation to generation. This remnant of simplicity of manners is not yet extinct in some of these more remote and mountainous parts of the country; and it is still the practice to set fragments of an old cheese before guests, by way of showing them respect.

We hired a carriage at Alpnach, and in the afternoon passed through the beautiful Oberwald, or valley of Sarnen, watered by the stream called the Saa, embosomed in mountains, and well deserving the distinction it obtained some years ago, of being exhibited at the Diorama in the Regent's Park, as an example of the beauties of Switzerland. Nothing can exceed the rich effect of some parts of this delightful vale, or the romantic appearance of the groups of cottages which are scattered over it. These genuine Swiss houses are built of wood, with side galleries; and with roofs projecting and somewhat pointed. The casements are generally glazed with very small panes, and protected by a broad ledge which runs above each tier: a vine frequently adorns the front of the cottage.

The chief place in the Oberwald is Sarnen;

situated at the head of the small lake of the same name. It was at this place that Landenberg, the Austrian Vogt, or Bailiff, of Unterwalden resided; whose cruelty contributed to rouse the spirit of Swiss freedom. There is a picture in the Town House representing his barbarity, in depriving of sight Henryander Halden, the aged father of Arnold of the Melchthal.

After proceeding along the side of the lake, for about half an hour, we stopped at Saxeln to view the church; which is much finer than you would expect to find in so remote a valley. The porch is hung with some curious Romish pictures; and the interior is adorned with a great number of black marble columns veined with white, some of which are of one single piece: they are obtained from the quarries of the *Melchthal*, or Milk-Valley, a neighbouring vale abounding in Alpine pasturages. In this church are preserved the bones of St. Nicholas de Flüe; which have attracted many pilgrims to the place. He was born in this village, and is celebrated in the annals of Swiss patriotism; particularly for his conduct in the war against Sigismond, Duke of Austria.

St. Nicholas died in 1487. He passed the latter part of his life in a cave, situated in the Melchthal; and the tradition is that he was miraculously sustained, during the last eighteen years, without food! A visit to the tomb of a patriot, as

such, is a laudable gratification of feeling; but here, every thing is converted into superstition; and in this Catholic canton it is not so much the patriot, as the Romish saint, that attracts the attention of the deluded multitude; who, for more than three centuries, have regarded with religious veneration these remains of mortality. We did not stay to see the saint's bones, as we found there would be some delay in sending for the guardian of these sacred relics; and we were anxious to get forward, as the weather began to threaten.

By the time we had passed along the whole eastern side of the lake of Sarnen, the clouds had gathered into huge, dark, and dense piles, towards the south; and looked like a range of dismal Alps, whose snows had been converted into sack-cloth, and edged with a lurid border, by the upper rays of the sun, which was gloomily eclipsed by these ponderous masses. At length, we reached the mountain pass forming part of the Kaiser-stuhl, one of the group which we had seen from the bridge at Lucerne. This pass leads down to the lake of Lungern; and while we were crossing the highest part of it, the storm burst on us; and the fierce glare of the lightning across the blackened sky, the appalling reverberations of the thunder, which crashed among rocks and ravines, and the pouring hail and rain that followed, gave us such an impression of an Alpine storm, that we would

gladly have taken shelter in a neighbouring chalet; but our driver thought it more advisable that we should make the best of our way down the descent; and by the time we had reached the head of the exquisite little *Lungern See*, or lake of Lungern, the tempest had abated.

The road lay along the eastern shore of the lake, which is about a mile and a half, or two miles, in length: it is of a deep blue colour, and is beautifully wooded to the water's edge. We reached the solitary village of Lungern between six and seven o'clock. This truly rustic little place is situated about five leagues southward of Alpnach, in a small romantic vale, and is almost entirely hemmed in by mountains resembling perpendicular walls, which seemed to hasten on the dusk of the evening, by casting their dark shadows over this secluded spot; while the perfect stillness of the chilly air added solemnity to the scene,—now, every moment becoming more and more indistinct; till, at last, the dark and lofty rampart of the surrounding mountains did but skirt with a deeper shade the universal curtain which night had drawn over the heavens.—In the mean time, the goats had been seen returning home in flocks; and it was amusing to observe how sagaciously they divided themselves; and turned off in groups to go, in different directions, to the houses of their respective owners.

The master of the little inn was an exceedingly

amiable young man, and did all in his power to make us comfortable. Every thing was sufficiently to the mind of hungry and wearied travellers, excepting that we were a little annoyed in the night, by being haunted in our beds with grasshoppers, which are here of a very large size. The watches of the night were romantically indicated by the singing of Swiss airs; and the Alpine horn uttered its voice to call the goats to their wild pasturages, when about a hundred of them left the village, early in the morning, for the mountains.

We found that we had now got into a region where a little German was almost indispensable. A fellow-countryman, who had been a guest to our landlord, not having, it would seem, made sufficient provision for contingencies, had exhausted all his ready cash; and could not exchange his circular notes till he arrived at Lucerne: he had therefore no means of paying his bill. This dilemma became ludicrous from the host and the traveller being unable to understand each other, in a matter requiring some explanation, and in which, in the literal sense of the words, the guest could not *reckon without his host.* The latter however no sooner learned how the gentleman was situated, than he readily allowed him to have a conveyance to Alpnach, and to defer payment till he got to Lucerne.

Nothing indeed could be more frank, civil, and obliging, than the behaviour of our host; and we

fancied that we could discern, here, the genuine simplicity of the Swiss manners. There was a gentleness and kindness in the behaviour of the servant who waited on our party, which was exceedingly pleasing. The soul of politeness may certainly be met with without its forms: for benevolence needs little aid from bows and compliments; as we often see exemplified in the manners of the *Friends*. These people at Lungern had nothing at all rough or vulgar about them; though this was by far the wildest and most retired place we had yet seen.

The odd-looking little church of this village, and the cottages, having their roofs loaded with large stones, appeared in the genuine Swiss style. The roofs of the houses, in these parts, consist of layers of wood, instead of tiles or slates; and in some places, a great number of these small flat pieces are laid one on another, the more effectually to keep out the rain; the whole being charged with large stones to prevent the roof being blown away by the furious storms which frequently rage through these Alpine valleys.

The genuine Swiss cottage is entirely constructed of wood, with one gallery,—and, in the superior houses, with more,—running generally along the side of the building. The roof, near which the upper gallery is placed, projects far over it, so as greatly to shelter from wet the foundations of the house, and also the store of cleft-wood, which is neatly piled

against the side of the cottage. A line of casements opens on the galleries, and along the front; and the windows are frequently made of very small pieces of glass, and rendered capable of being protected against the violence of the wintry storm, by substantial wooden shutters. The galleries are hung with some of the produce of the valleys, for the sake of drying it. On the front of the cottage, there is very commonly an inscription in German, in the old black letter character, stating by whom, and at what time, the house was erected: passages of Scripture, and other pious sentiments, are often added. The ornamental carvings in the front have sometimes a rich effect. We also observed in the course of our journey, that many of these houses have a remarkably new appearance, though they have stood many years; and they often exhibit an air of great comfort, and even of elegance. The wood soon assumes a red fine brown hue.

We left Lungern the next morning to ascend the Brünig Alp, over which there is a pass; this being one of the mountains that separate the cantons of Unterwalden and Bern. Our party consisted of eleven persons: two on horseback, with a guide to each horse; one on foot; and one in a *chaise à porteurs*, attended by four men. This is a common chair, with elbows and a footboard; and to its sides are fixed two long poles. Two men at a time act as bearers; holding in their hands the poles, over the ends of which are slipped strong

leathern straps that pass across the shoulders of the men; who relieve each other more frequently according as the way is steeper and rougher. A boy was also in attendance, to assist in carrying a few light articles that were not fastened to the saddles of the horses. Such was our cavalcade; and such is the mode of setting off to cross a Swiss mountain.

The ascent began shortly after we had left the village; and those who were mounted soon found that riding on horseback was here to be quite a different thing from what it is on the smooth, tame roads of level England. Happily the steeds were none of the most mettlesome; indeed, where English horses would plunge, and prance, and endanger the lives of their riders, or make a determined stop, these Swiss cattle are as steady and persevering as can be desired. Nothing appears to disconcert them,—neither precipices, nor gaping gorges, nor the roar of cataracts, nor rocks up which they must often climb from stone to stone, springing and scrambling rather than walking. They are as quiet and gentle as can be imagined, so that with experienced guides, a moderate share of courage, safe girths, and a firm mode of sitting, there is little danger.

In the course of this ascent, we were continually passing along shelves of rocks, bound together with gnarled roots, and formed more or less by labour; but still sufficiently rugged;—and very

troublesome, excepting for foot-passengers; who alone can go with comfort over these chaotic and extraordinary roads. Sometimes, while huge masses of rock, with tremendous crags supporting lofty trees, overhung us on one side,—on the other was a deep, yawning ravine, the sides of which were more or less covered with firs; and deep below, the concealed mountain torrent was often heard to rush hastily over its rocky bed.

It was easy to account for the ruggedness of our path, when we saw crags above us which we were convinced must fall, sometime or other. These mountain ruins and desolations add not a little sublimity to these scenes; though they interfere so much with the comfort of equestrian travellers; and render it awkward to meet a party coming in the opposite direction, which was once our case. It was curious to observe how the goats, each with a tinkling bell about his neck, leaped with the utmost freedom from rock to rock, looking down upon us with much bearded solemnity, but without any appearance of alarm.

Occasionally, as we advanced, the ledges on which we had to pass were so narrow, and the depth below so great, that the necessity of carefully looking to our footing scarcely left us at leisure to admire sufficiently the singular grandeur of the scene. Many trees lay prostrate in various directions, sometimes below and sometimes above the path, having been torn up by the violence of

the storm, or split by lightning, or hurled down with the falling crags, or washed away by the impetuosity of the mountain-stream, hastening to find the valley. Several unseen cascades, or roaring torrents, mingled the sound of their waters with the echos of our cheerful Swiss; who were perpetually singing either the *Ranz des Vaches*, or some mountain-song that was altogether new to our ears, and of the wildest music. They seemed thoroughly happy, and were very civil and obliging, without the least servility. Indeed they were disposed to enjoy the day, as much as ourselves; nor had they forgotten their pipes.

In ascending the mountain, we found that it was inhabited by immense multitudes of grasshoppers; and frequently beautiful butterflies flitted by us. Once our approach roused from its hiding-place a very large bird, which we at first supposed was an eagle; but the guides said that no eagles were found here, and pronounced it to be the *Lämmergeier*, or lamb-vulture;—the *Vultur barbatus* of Linnæus;—or the *Gypaëtos barbatus* of Storr, a name implying its position in natural history, as between the vulture and the eagle. This bird often preys on the lamb, the kid, and the chamois; and is said sometimes to have attacked young children.

The variety of this day's journey added much to its interest: the mountain-summits that came into view, either topped with snow, or rearing their

bare forms, destitute of verdure; and the *chalets*, or cots, which here and there presented themselves, formed a scene which was to us altogether novel. In the afternoon we arrived on the Col of the Brünig, at the toll-house which marks the boundary of the two cantons. Before we had reached this spot, the beautiful vale of Hasli had disclosed itself, embosomed in the grandeur of its snowy Alps. A short descent presents to view the Oberhasli, with the waters of the Aar, the town of Meyringen, and one or two cascades:—the whole scene being sublimely bordered by the rampart peaks of the Grimsel, and other mountains. The distant Reichenbach fall is also discerned, pouring its waters down the Scheideck, opposite to Meyringen.

Here the Bernese Oberland commences; and we now began to descend into the western part of the valley, the guides sometimes halting for a moment to present to us twigs of the nut, or the wild cherry; while the plentiful geranium,—apparently the *Geranium sylvaticum*, bordered our path. A descent of two hours brought us into the valley; and we arrived early in the evening at the little hamlet of Tracht, on the border of the lake of Brientz, through which flow the waters of the Aar.

From the window of our room, at the commodious inn, as we looked across the lake, which is here probably from two to three miles wide, we

noticed the remarkable effect of the opposite mountains, topped with snow, and clear above; but belted with strata of clouds below: for the weather, which had been fine and very warm in our ascent of the Brünig, began to change before we reached the lake; and a prodigious, black cloud was gathering behind the mountains, towards the west,—portentous of another storm. The guides, however, predicted that we should reach our destination before it came on; for, like shepherds in England, these children of the Alpine regions are frequently possessed of no small discernment in practical meteorology. They were right in their opinion; but soon after our arrival, a heavy storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, resounded through the mountains; and though the weather cleared up in the course of the evening, the lightning threw its momentary daylight over the Alpine scene, during a considerable part of the night.

At this village, was a great assortment of those little works of art, such as chalices, boxes, cottages, and the like,—in making which the Swiss so much employ themselves, during the long winter evenings. Many of these cuttings out in wood are very elegant; but the difficulty of preserving unbroken such light and fragile articles, prevented us from selecting from among them, some memorials of this romantic lake, and of Swiss ingenuity and industry.

Between seven and eight in the morning, we were comfortably seated in one of the numerous boats which lay moored before our window; and which, forming as they do, the little all of some of the cottagers in this sequestered spot, are resorted to, especially in the evening, as a sort of rendezvous, for chatting, and for knitting. The people at the inn pressed us very much to hire a carriage to go to Interlachen along the shore; but we were afterwards glad that we went by water,—on learning that not only was the distance greater, but the road very bad; neither of which facts was stated at the inn. We had by no means, however, generally to complain either of selfish duplicity, or of exorbitancy in the charges; though instances of both may be found in Switzerland, as elsewhere.

Leaving Tracht and Brientz, which lie close together along the shore, we were now on the water, surrounded on all sides by the commanding mountains, which form a deep basin for the lake, and having in the distance a loftier summit, said to be seven thousand feet in height.

We crossed the lake to visit the magnificent fall called the Giessbach, or *pouring stream*, one of the finest cascades in Switzerland. It is computed to be more than twelve hundred feet above the level of the lake; but nothing is seen of it till you approach; as it is hidden behind the projecting base

of the mountain down which it dashes. It is divided into seven or eight separate falls, by the ledges of the rocks from which it is precipitated; and the best view is in front of the cottage which stands at the highest part of the foot of the mountain; from which point the effect of the whole is superb. The cascade issues from a chasm a little below the summit of the pine-fringed rocks; and tumbles foaming from ledge to ledge, bordered with groups of trees, which stand ranged beside it in its course, as if to grace its descent into the great receptacle of the waters that lie expanded below it, in a vast sheet of twenty-five square miles in extent, and, in some parts, of five hundred feet in depth.

On ascending higher up the steep mountain, by the side of the Giessbach, several paths are found successively conducting down to it; one of these leads to a wooden bridge which is thrown across the mountain-chasm, where the waters appear like a boiling caldron: but the most extraordinary effect is produced by standing under the fall itself, in a hollow part of the rock which forms a sort of cavern;—here the thunder and fury of the torrent from above, are awfully grand; and it rushes over you with an absolutely deafening roar.

The Alpine horn now again greeted us, and re-entering our boat, we were rowed along the lake, which is between eight and nine miles long, by two

men, accompanied by a woman, who wore the broad Bernese gipsy-hat. We learned that this woman was a sort of doctress for the village of Brientz. The eyes of one of our party had become inflamed in travelling; and on inquiring what medical attendance was to be procured at Interlachen, we soon found that these good people had no very great idea of regular practitioners. The elder of the two men strenuously recommended his wife, and fellow-rower, as far more clever in curing bad eyes than any of the doctors; and she herself was exceedingly urgent in offering her services, declaring that she could in a few moments remove the mischief, which she was persuaded was occasioned only by some loose hairs of the eyelashes having got into the eye; these she offered to take out. Her services, however, were not accepted; but we were much amused with this aquatic doctress, and with the credit she seemed to have acquired for skill to handle the oar, or the eye, with equal facility.

We arrived at Interlachen about eleven o'clock; and immediately engaged a conveyance to carry us to the valleys of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen; the scenery of which is considered as not to be surpassed, on the whole, in any part of Switzerland. The road lay through wild and romantic valleys, bordered on each side by lofty mountains, which were sometimes entirely perpendicular; and on our

left, rushed, with raging impetuosity, amidst huge fragments of rock, the broad torrent which rises among the ices of Grindelwald.

Previously to our crossing this dark and boisterous stream, which seemed to tell of its origin at the base of the most savage Alps,—the road occasionally lay so very near the edge of the deep gorge along which it ran, that we were not without apapprehension of danger; but the drivers, here, as well as the horses, are so much accustomed to slender ledges, and fearful precipices, and roaring torrents, that the animals seem never to take fright, nor the men to be off their guard, or lose their presence of mind. We especially felt the awkwardness of meeting another carriage in so narrow a road; but we came to no harm, and thankfully crossed the stream in safety, after about eight miles travelling. This torrent was now on our right, and we entered on the picturesque scenery of the valley leading up to the village of Grindelwald. The vale is beautifully green and fertile, bounded on the south by a chain of mountains skirted with pine forests; while, deep in the valley, and far below the level of our road, ran the mountain stream.

As we approached the village, the snows of the '*Silver-Horn*' of the mighty *Jungfrau* glistened in a lovely blue sky, beyond the gorges formed by other mountains; the whole array of which soon be-

gan to present themselves stupendously to view. On the other side of the nearer mountains, rises the Finsteraarhorn, a pyramid of granite, which towers to the height of thirteen thousand feet above the sea. —The first inn we came to at Grindelwald was so full, that we could not be lodged there; but we found admittance at the other: for the great, and annually increasing number of travellers has created a supply of accommodations equal to the demand; and as the glaciers, here, are of less dangerous access than in any other part of Switzerland, this is a very favourite spot for observing them.

The village of Grindelwald is situated on the declivity of an Alpine valley; and is itself three thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is surrounded by mountains of enormous height, and of awful grandeur; several of which are close to the village, and seem almost to impend over it; others being seen to advantage from the immediate neighbourhood. Northward, is the Faulhorn, computed to be 8,000 feet high: the Scheideck, which shuts in the valley towards the north-east, and separates it from that of Hasli, is 6,000 feet: east, and south, are—the stupendous Wetterhorn, nearly 11,000 feet in height; the Mettemberg; the Great Eiger, upwards of 12,000; the Schreckhorn, exceeding 12,500; and the Viescherhorn summits, which are not far from the same elevation. The Schreckhorn, or *peak of terror*, is so called from its rugged, naked,

and piky appearance, which gives it a terrific air; its sides not being clothed, but only scattered over with snow.

The scene from the valley is sublime, bordering on the terrible;—for there is a savage wildness in the aspect of several of the mountains of this vast group, which rear their tremendous heads towards heaven, hoary with the snows and ices of immemorial time; and seem to frown on all that is beneath them. You are particularly sensible of this impression, when the last purple tinge which the setting sun casts on the upper regions of these Alps has melted away; and the cold, pale hue, which then lingers, for a while, on the everlasting snows, has, in its turn, given place to the dusky veil, which the shadows of the evening are throwing over the whole outline of the mountains; while the bases of the chain have already been long enwrapped in a deeper gloom:—these gigantic and awful forms seem, then, to stand around you like grim and shrouded spectres.

I staid out of doors, anxious to receive the full impression of the scene, till it became positively oppressive; and I was glad at last to retire to the homely candle-light of my room, which at least had something earthly and familiar about it. If nature can teach man his own littleness, and strip him of that pride to which, in the moral ruin of his being, he is so prone, it is from such scenes as these that

he may learn a lesson. Never before did I realise so fully the force and the majesty of some of those passages of Scripture, which speak of the Almighty as *setting fast*, or *overturning the mountains;—touching the mountains* and causing them to *smoke;—weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.*

This is the region of those eternal ices that are among the most wonderful of the phenomena of nature,—which are all wonderful. The windows of our inn were directly opposite to what is called the *lower glacier;* indeed we were somewhat above its base, looking down on it, across the valley;—and beholding now, for the first time, one of these extraordinary natural curiosities. This bed of ice faces towards the north, lying between the Eiger and the Mettemberg; and, in its appearance, having very much the effect of a ravine between the two mountains, filled with chalk, and extending up their sides; its whiteness being strikingly contrasted with the dark green firs which border it. We took a guide, and proceeded across the valley to visit the glacier. From the inn it looked so near, that, not being as yet sufficiently aware of those optical deceptions which are apt to arise in the contemplation of objects so much vaster than we are accustomed to witness, I was surprised to find that it took twenty or thirty minutes to reach the spot at the foot of the glacier, where they place

a small cannon; which on being fired produces prolonged echos, which die away among the mountains.

As you approach the ice, the valley is scattered over with fragments, which appear to be the wrecks that have, at some period, been precipitated down the sides of the two mountains; and the guide mentioned a tradition which exists in the village, that, about six centuries ago, this glacier extended much farther into the valley than it now does. The immense masses of ice of which it consists, are undermined at the base, by the stream of water which contributes to form the torrent we crossed in entering the valley: this stream continually issues from a cavity, which is of the form of a rude gothic arch.

Vegetation flourishes close to the border of the ice, and strawberries are gathered here. This appears extraordinary to those who, like ourselves, are unused to see green grass, trees, and shrubs, in almost immediate contact with perpetual ice, and frozen snow. It is a well-known fact, that some plants, which have no odour in the lower valleys, become delightfully fragrant at the surprising elevation of nearly seven thousand feet:—a beautiful emblem of the human soul;—which often flourishes most in virtue and in usefulness, in the apparently ungenial element of adversity. The moral winter of the world's frown, has turned many

minds to noble purposes, which might otherwise have passed their hour on earth, unknown, and comparatively useless:—such were the martyrs of the church;—such the English Nonconformists;—such were the pilgrim Fathers of America. The *upper glacier* is more to the eastward, and lies between the Mettemberg and the Wetterhorn mountains:—but though its surface is broader, its pinnacles and crags of ice are not so large as those of the lower glacier.

The glaciers may be described as huge beds of ice, of very irregular forms, and of various dimensions. They have their origin in the alternate and continued partial melting, freezing, and consolidation, of the snows which are perpetually falling on the higher regions of the mountains. These ices are in a state of continual progression towards the valleys; and project more or less into them at different times, according to the warmth or coldness of the season, or the pressure from above.

The shapes of these masses of half-frozen snow, and half ice, are indefinitely varied; as though a stream, tossed with tempests, had been in an instant frozen motionless. Some masses aid the imagination to fancy a confused mixture of towers, and spires, and pyramids, and rocks of crystal; for a thousand strange and fantastic forms glitter in the sun-beam, and reflect prismatic rays. Their general hues vary from a dusky blackish colour, to a beautiful tinge of green or blue. In

some glaciers, where sudden convulsions have taken place from above, a large fragment of rock may be sometimes found oddly sustained on the top of a vast pyramid of ice. In some places, huge stones gradually penetrate deeper and deeper into the mass which they have aided to melt, by their contact with its surface in the heat of summer; thus forming deep wells below. Some of these heaps of ice are of a light green; others, in the lower beds, of a dark blue.

During the winter, a solemn and portentous silence usually reigns over these icy mountain-domains: but when spring returns, there is every where a commotion; and noises are heard, as though a general rebellion were taking place among the vassals that have been chained, in frozen fetters, to nature's throne. Far and wide among the glaciers, sounds the hoarse murmur of the stream that is working its secret way beneath the ice; hollow moanings follow,—that might appal an imagination less sensitive than that of those who, like myriads of the Swiss, have been nurtured in all the gloom of superstition; explosions are heard similar to the firing of artillery;—the mountain trembles with the wild uproar, and awful chasms are rent along these crags of eternal ice, with a noise like the crash of thunder to those who are in the midst of the storm.

It is these yawning chasms which have so often proved the destruction of the bold adventurer, who

explores these frozen regions of terror. In spring the rocky masses that, before, seemed bound by the hand of winter in perpetual repose, change their position, and vary their forms every hour; and the water, which can find no vent below, suddenly bursts the barriers that check its course: a furious torrent rages through the ice, and in some cases forms to itself a hideous chasm, a hundred feet in height, and nearly as many broad; and, with waters of a palish blue, hurries through the valley to announce to distant cantons that its prison has been broken; while, either blending with other streams, or tinged with the soil which it tears up in its raging course, it sometimes assumes a shade which might claim to be that of the fabled Styx or the Cocytus.

Of these glaciers, not less than four hundred are reckoned to belong to the Southern range of the Alps, beginning with Mont Blanc: many run between the mountains, to the extent of eighteen or twenty miles in length; some nearer thirty, being sometimes from one to two miles broad. The total superficies of the glaciers of the southern chain alone, it has been calculated, would form a field of ice of between three and four hundred square miles! Some of the fissures in these solid masses, are hundreds, if not thousands, of feet in depth! With the exception of a small part of the Pyrenees, and some isolated spots of Lapland

and Norway, travellers inform us that these remarkable phenomena are to be found nowhere in Europe but in the Alps; the glaciers of which, are the cradles of mighty rivers, as the Rhine, and the Rhone, besides many other streams.

At the inn, small slabs of ice from one of the glaciers were brought to table with the butter, in order to keep it cool,—an humble, but useful application of the wonders of nature in a warm day in August. And while here, we could not but admire the genuine kind-heartedness of a poor Swiss, of the *Pays de Vaud*, who waited on us. One of our party being ill, the *keller*, or *garçon* perceived it; and being much subject to disorder of the stomach, he with great frankness volunteered some medicine which he had procured for himself, from his uncle, who was a medical man. Had we been willing to accept it, he would freely have given us the whole bottle of medicine, which he very earnestly pressed, saying with great simplicity, *Si cela fait du bien à Madame, c'est la même chose que si je le prenais moi-même.* Though the vast influx of travellers into Switzerland cannot fail insensibly to operate on the character and manners of the inhabitants of the more frequented places, it was pleasing frequently to recognise instances of all that we are accustomed to associate with the native simplicity of the Swiss.

We were much gratified, towards nightfall, to be serenaded by several sweet female voices, singing the peculiar and romantic airs of this mountain region. In some parts of the Alps, the ancient custom still lingers, of sounding the *alpenhorn* in the evening; not only as the *kuhreihn*, or cattle call,—but as a salutation in which we may perceive the traces of those devout feelings, which these scenes appear so calculated to cherish. When the sun had already set in the valley, and his last light still clung to the snowy summits, the herdsman who dwelt the highest up the mountain-side, proclaimed through his horn *Lobet Gott den Herrn;** which words were repeated by the neighbouring herdsmen, till all the surrounding rocks and mountains became vocal to the praise of their Creator, and re-echoed the pious anthem *Lobet Gott den Herrn.* After this, it is said, a solemn silence was accustomed to prevail, while all knelt down, and uttered, bare-headed, their evening prayer. The horn then sounded, through the increasing shadows, the parting words *Gute Nacht*,† when all the other horns, and the surfaces of the rocks, responded *Gute Nacht;*— which was the signal for these children of the Alps to retire to rest.

Remains of this interesting custom are still to be met with; and similar characteristics of distant times are frequenlty recognised by the traveller, in

* Praise God the Lord. † Good night.

the remoter places, in such salutations as *Gott grüss' euch*;*—*Guten Morgen geb'euch Gott*;†—*Gute Nacht geb'euch Gott.*‡ The influence of France on Switzerland has, no doubt, grievously corrupted many parts of this country; but traces are everywhere to be seen of a purer and more simple age.

The little church of Grindelwald is Protestant, as is the bulk of the population of the Bernese canton. There was nothing in the building to attract notice; but under the porch was an object which mournfully harmonised with the awful sublimity of the surrounding scene. It was a grey marble tablet, with the following affecting inscription:

Aimé Mouron, Ministre du Saint Evangile,
Cher à l'Eglise par ses talens et sa piété;
Né à Chardonne dans le Canton de Vaud,
Le 111 Oct, 1791;
Admirant dans ces montagnes
Les ouvrages magnifiques de Dieu,
Tomba dans un gouffre
Du la mer de glace;
Le 31 Aout 1821.
Ici repose son corps,
Retiré de l'abîme apres 12 jours,
Par Ch. Burgener du Grindelwald.
Ses parens et ses amis,
Pleurant sa mort prematurée,
Lui ont élevé ce monument.

Heureux des à present ceux qui meurent au Seigneur.
Apoc. xiv. 13.

* May God greet you.
† May God give you a good morning
‡ May God give you a good night.

The simplicity of this plain inscription is peculiarly affecting. It tells, in few words, the melancholy tale, and leaves the imagination to supply the rest. The churchyard was lonely, and no human being was near, except the dead. The wildness of the mountains that towered immediately above, became more deeply impressive; and they seemed to have an aspect of ruthless horror, as they frowned on the sod that covered the remains of one who had fallen a victim in the attempt to climb their dreadful precipices. In contemplating such a scene, it was scarcely possible not to feel the mind recalled from its ordinary thoughts, and filled with a train of solemn and mingled emotions; which were only interrupted by repeated sounds by no means familiar, though distinctly heard; and somewhat resembling slight and distant claps of thunder. These noises I concluded must arise from the falling of *avalanches* among the mountains; and hearing a repetition of the same noise while in the common room of the inn, on inquiry, I was told it was a *lavange*, or avalanche; and that it is common for them here to be heard to fall many times every day.

These avalanches may take place at all seasons; for in the Oberland it is not at all unusual, even in the summer, as we ourselves often witnessed, for snow to fall on the mountains during the night; and to throw a fleecy mantle over their lower

parts, which were before bare. When this new snow falls on the frozen surfaces of former snows, it easily forms avalanches; for the wind blowing on the higher summits detaches successive masses of the recent fall; and they accumulate as they descend from ledge to ledge of the sloping rocks, till they often acquire an immense magnitude. Men and cattle have frequently been extricated from avalanches of this kind, which had buried them, as the snow is soft and not very compact. The sun, moreover, frequently so acts on the *glaciers*, in summer, as to produce avalanches of them: vast masses of ice are tumbled into the valleys, and have been known to be propelled down inclined planes of many miles in length.*

* Montgomery beautifully compares the effects of the invasion of Switzerland by republican France, in 1798, to the desolations produced by these falls; though some parts of the description are more applicable to the snow avalanche:

"By a hundred winters piled,
When the glaciers dark with death,
Hung o'er precipices wild,
Hung—suspended by a breath:

If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steep they fall;
For a pulse will break the charm,—
Bounding, bursting,—burying all.

Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that see it coming, die!

Sometimes, in the winter season, furious whirlwinds, which tear up the rock-planted pine, and overturn the habitations of men, will snatch masses of snow from the Alpine summits, and drive them along in clouds, like the sands of the Arabian deserts; till they fill up immense tracts of the valleys; and bury beneath them the tallest way-posts which are set up to direct the traveller.

In the spring, the enormous heaps of snow that have collected during the winter, and have been bound together by frost, become detached by a sudden thaw; and the deep silence of the Alpine villages is broken by the thunderings of the avalanches, which re-echo through the mountains. Even the solid crags are often torn away by them in their fall; and whole forests, immense quantities of earth, with huge masses of rock, and of hard frozen snow, are precipitated together, in wild disorder, and hurled with great violence into the valleys; so that houses, and sometimes entire villages, have been overwhelmed in sudden and hideous ruin. In a few moments, all vestiges of human industry are as if they had never been; and Nature, as though indignant at the encroachments

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In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL,
Thus the Gallic glacier burst,
Thus the Gallic *glacier* fell!

Wanderer of Switzerland.

of man upon her domains of ice and snow, takes destructive reprisals, as it were, on his boldness, with her terrible avalanches, and her bursting torrents.*

In the spring, when there is most danger to be apprehended, in consequence of the change of temperature, not only the convulsions which the air undergoes by means of thunder and storms, but even the least vibration,—such as that occasioned by the bells on horses' heads, the crack of a whip, or even speaking aloud, is said to have power to bring down an impending avalanche. On this account, travellers who have to cross mountains, often set

* During the passage of a French army over the Splügen pass, at the gorge of Cardinell, a poor drummer was carried down into an abyss by an avalanche from above: the snow had so far preserved him from being injured in falling, that he was able to extricate himself from it; and to beat his drum as a signal of distress;—but it was in vain! hours elapsed, and the sounds were still heard; but none, alas! could rescue the poor soldier from his frightful fate.

In the canton of the Grisons, which has been especially subject to the ravages of avalanches, the small village of Ruerns was visited with such a calamity, in 1749, during the night: but, strange to say, the shock was in this instance so unfelt at the moment, that, according to the testimony of about fifty or sixty persons who were dug out of the snow, it was only known by the extraordinary length of the darkness, and the morning not returning as usual! To about forty individuals it never returned more! Similar catastrophes, of greater or less extent, happen in Switzerland almost every year.—See *Beattie's Views*.

off very early in the morning, before the snow has begun to soften in the sun; and the guides sometimes fire a pistol, previously to reaching those spots where they know there is most danger, in order to bring the masses at once down from the mountains, while the party is in a place of safety. Tremendous noises frequently precede the fall of avalanches; which omen aids the traveller to escape. Their magnitude is sometimes so enormous that they have been known to cover a valley to the extent of three miles from the base of the mountain; and their destructive effects, in altering the course of streams, and in causing floods, have been felt at the distance of many miles from the place at which they were precipitated.

" Oft rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll;
From steep to steep loud thundering down they come,
A wintry waste in dire commotion all;
And herds and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets, sleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the smothering ruin hurled."

END OF VOL. I.

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ERRATA TO VOL. I.

Page 64, line 12, *for* fifty per day, *read* near fifty-eight per week.
— 105, Note, line 6, *for* zukömmt, *read* zakömmt.

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